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The ATLANTIC ADVOCATE

THE VOICE OF THE ATLANTIC PROVINCES

Vol. 51, No. 4 DECEMBER, 1960 35 cents

THE MAGAZINE OF NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, NEWFOUNDLAND

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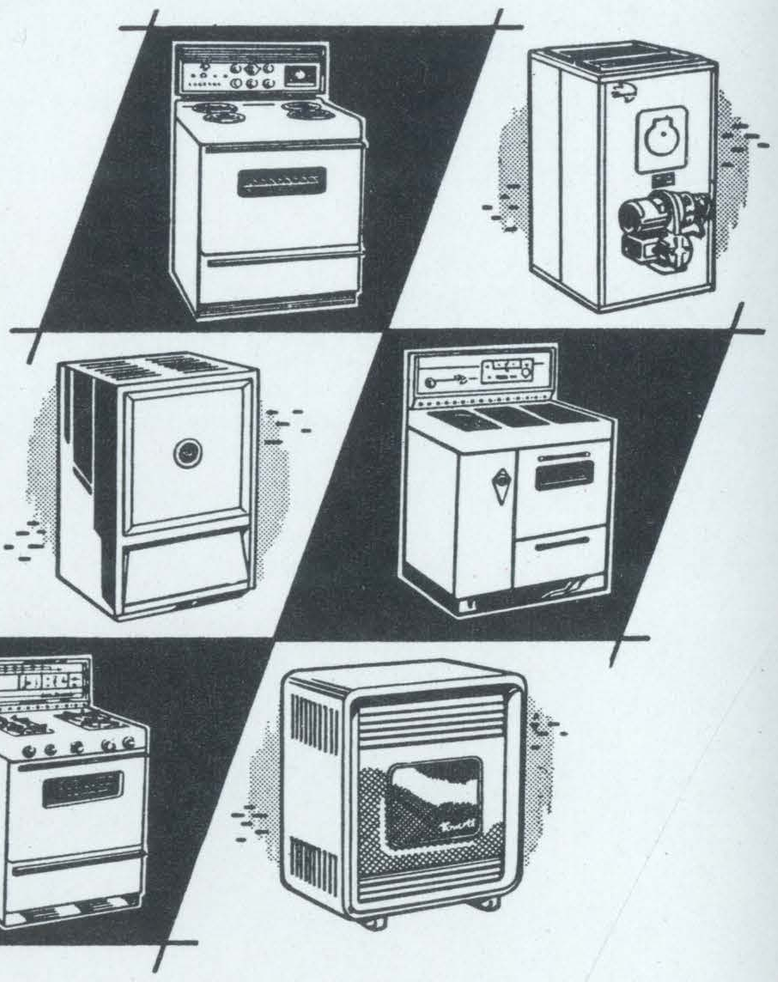

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Manuscripts or illustrations submitted to *The Atlantic Advocate* must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. *The Atlantic Advocate* accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or illustrations.

The cover illustration by Thomas D. Forrestall depicts the Christmas gift that all of the Atlantic Provinces would like to have: new industry in 1961.

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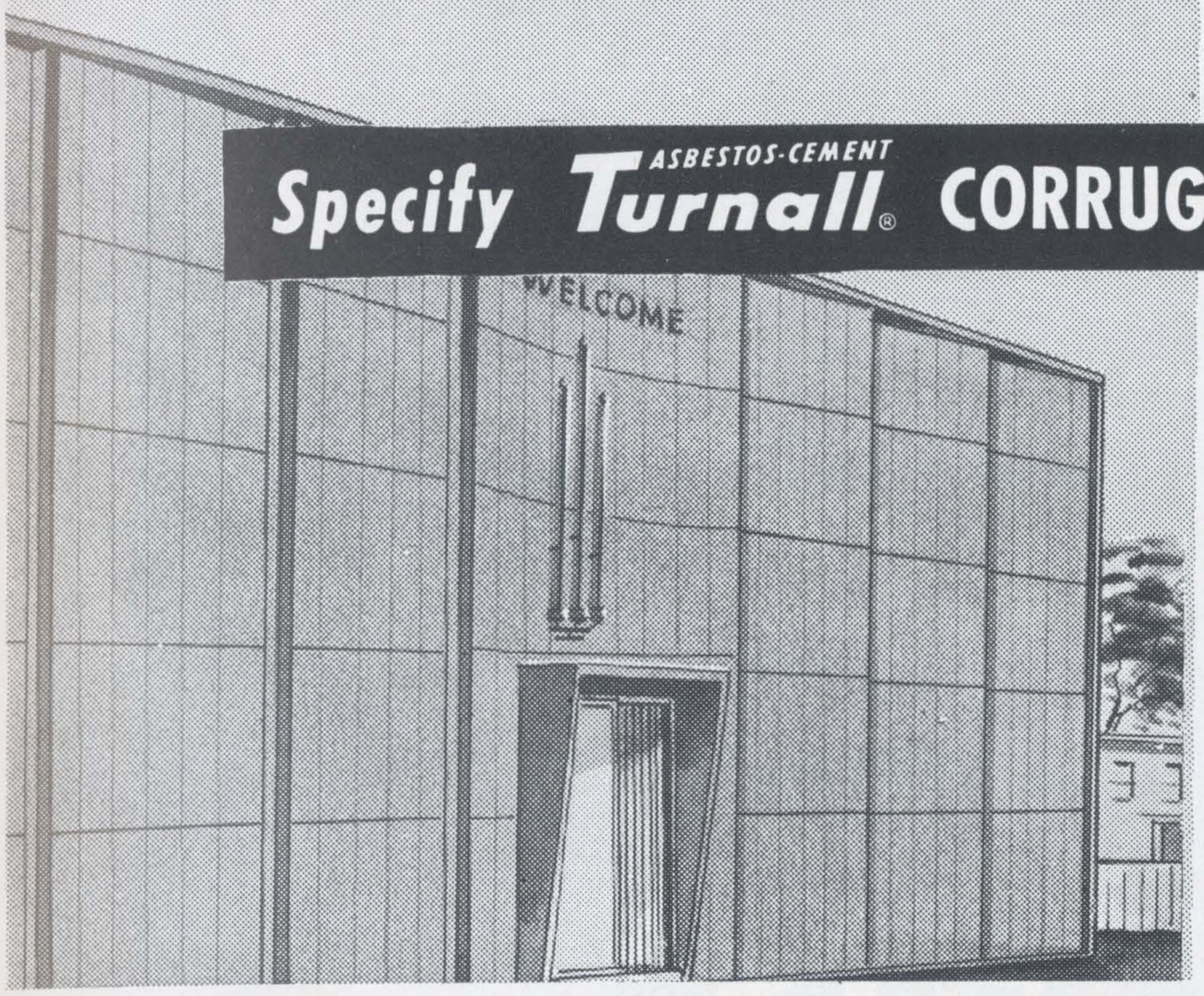

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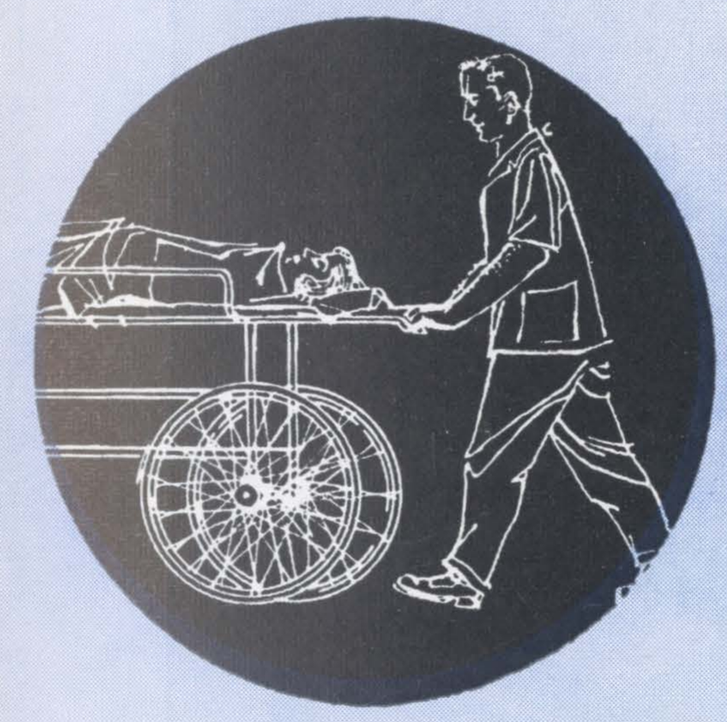
ADAPTABLE



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Curling in the Maritimes — 1860

FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY HENRY B. LAURENCE

In the mid-19th Century, during a two year sojourn in the Maritime provinces, an English Lieutenant, Henry B. Laurence, drew a series of sketches of winter pastimes. They were published in a bound volume which is now extremely rare.

OF THE OLDEN MARITIMES, what remains today? Not everything, to be sure. The curling party has left the frozen lake and from the point of view of atmosphere, perhaps we are the poorer for it.

But some things stay the same; our forest wealth, for example. It has been the responsibility of NBIP to harvest these trees, at the same time conserving the forests themselves. We have done so conscientiously, and today's productive woodlands are the result.

Another lasting thing is the friendly good wish. And so, at this happy time of the year, we offer you and yours season's greetings, full of the honest pleasures of the past, and the bright promise of the future.

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LETTERS

Excellent Article

Sir:

Please accept the sincere thanks of Acadia University for the publication in the November issue of *The Atlantic Advocate* of an excellent article on our University.

Maritime universities are making a fine contribution to higher education in Canada, and such a treatment as yours of their traditions and development is not only a recognition of achievements, but an encouragement for their proper support.

I enjoy *The Atlantic Advocate* very much. It is a credit to the Atlantic Provinces.

THOMAS B. MCDORMAND
Executive Vice-President,
Acadia University,
Wolfville, N.S.

Product Symbol

Sir:

I suggest that all manufacturers in the Atlantic Provinces should agree to an identifying symbol truly representative of the area, this symbol to be placed on all products manufactured in the Atlantic Provinces. One such symbol which I had in mind in view of its being already both nationally and internationally known was the replica of the famous schooner *Bluenose*, to be surrounded by the slogan "Made in the Atlantic Provinces."

Whilst it is quite logical for us to seek outside markets is it not also common sense that we should attempt to educate our own people to purchase Atlantic-made products and therefore create our own home market which we so urgently need? Such a mark on our manufactured goods would of necessity have to be followed through radio, newspaper and magazine media by an educational campaign throughout our four provinces to buy Atlantic-made products in preference to imports, all factors being equal as to price and quality.

I understand you are appearing before the present Royal Commission on publications. I simply wish to mention that I can think of no one better qualified to prove to the Commission that a Canadian product or publication once well organized and well presented, such as you have done in *The Atlantic Advocate*, cannot expect anything but success.

EDWARD H. CUROTTE
P.O. Box 71
Campbellton, N.B.

Indian Lands

Sir:

Mr. P. B. Cox's letter [*The Atlantic Advocate*, October, 1960] concerning a grant of 400 acres of land at Ste. Anne's (Fredericton) to the Maliseets in 1765 is an interesting one.

It is an established fact that the Maliseets had an ancient burial place there, apparently behind the carriage house of the present R.C.M.P. Headquarters. In 1933, archaeological investigations were carried out on the grounds of this property by the National Museum. Several graves were uncovered and an investigation of the skeletal remains led the party to classify them as 18th century Maliseet burials.

In the middle of the 18th century, a chapel and priests' house were located near the cemetery. These buildings were destroyed about February 28, 1759 by a British force under Lieut. Moses Hazen. At the same time this British party burned the 147 buildings making up the Acadian settlement at Ste. Anne's. Ste. Anne's was at the time the largest and most important settlement on the St. John. It is recorded that the settlers there had cleared close to 700 acres of land.

In 1765 the Indians received the 400-acre grant to which Mr. Cox refers. The chapel was not rebuilt, and I have not seen any

Continued on page 104

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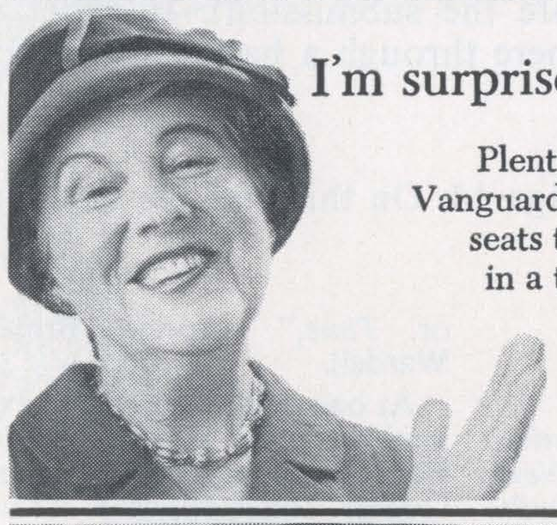
Early in 1961, the most modern airliner of its type will go into service in Canada: TCA's turbo-prop Vanguard! As TCA's fleet of 23 of these aircraft is delivered, Vanguard Service will be extended to all main centres across Canada, to the United States, and south to Tampa (Florida), Bermuda, Nassau and the Caribbean. All Vanguards will provide two classes of service for every travel purpose and for every purse.

The Vanguard is built by the makers of the famous Viscount—Vickers-Armstrongs, a member company of the British Aircraft Corporation. Like the Viscount—and TCA's DC-8 Jets, too—the Vanguard is powered by Rolls-Royce, offering TCA's passengers in 1961 a truly great *new* way to go places!

VANGUARD

SERVICE BEGINS IN EARLY 1961

AIR CANADA

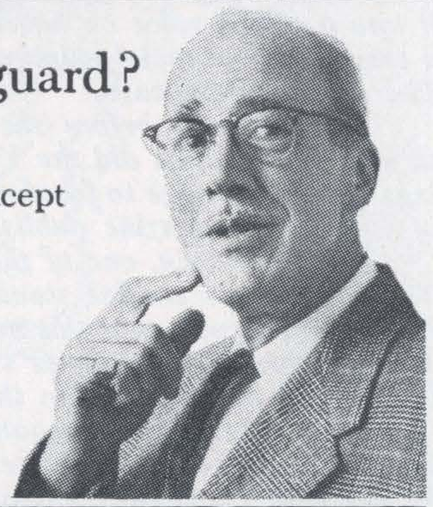


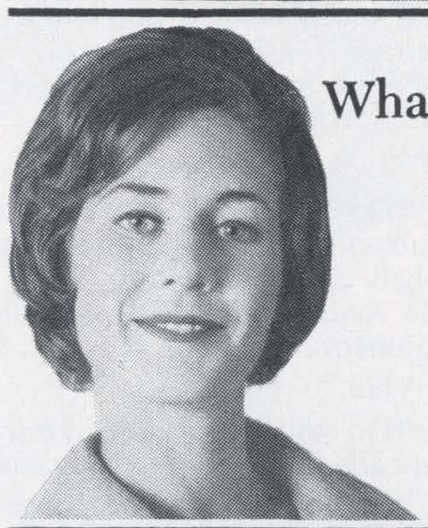
I'm surprised it's so BIG!

Plenty of headroom in the Vanguard. Wide aisles, roomy seats that lift up like those in a theatre, each with its own table. Carries 96 passengers *comfortably!*

How fast is the Vanguard?

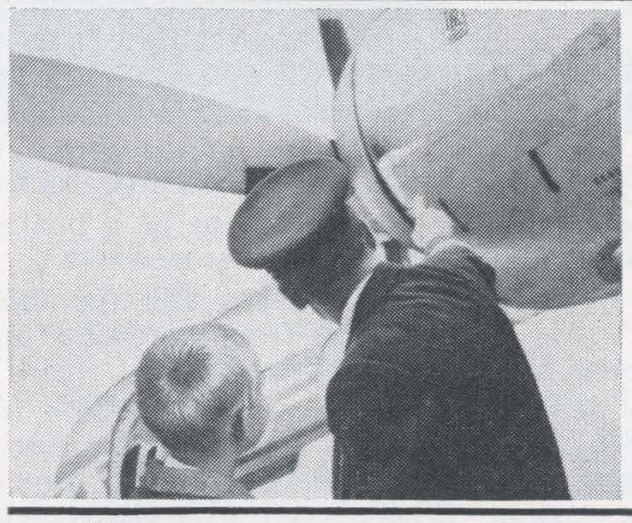
425 mph. Gets you there almost as fast as a pure jet except on long-distance flights: only 70 minutes Toronto to Montreal, 1 hr. 45 mins. Vancouver-Edmonton!





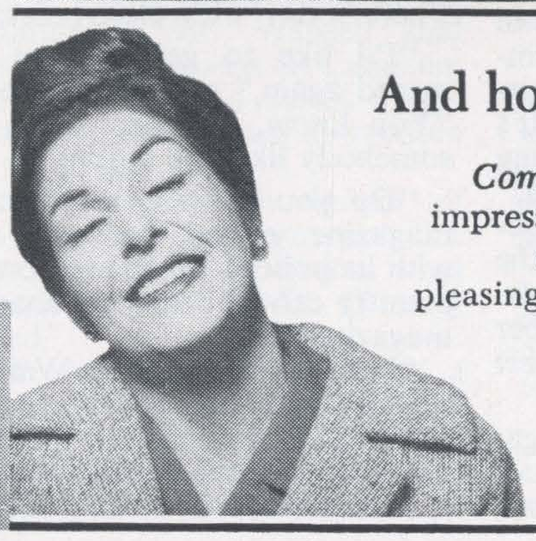
What a wonderful view!

Big oval windows for perfect viewing from all seats, taking pictures or movies! Flying in the Vanguard is better than a travelogue—you are *there!*



Is the Vanguard a jet?

The Vanguard's Rolls-Royce "Tyne" engines drive propellers, therefore it's called "turbo-prop" (sometimes known as "jet-prop"). The TCA DC-8 is a "pure" jet.



And how comfortable!

Comfort will be your main impression: Soft seats, "hi-fi" music, restful lighting, pleasing colours, superb meals prepared in one of two galleys, *four* wash rooms!

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON PUBLICATIONS

We publish our submission to the Royal Commission on Publications for two reasons.

First, because we believe that our readers will be interested to read something of the economics of their own magazine. Secondly, because the subject is one of first-rate national importance. Canada is in danger of being stampeded into a position of xenophobic discrimination (to quote the submission). In other words, of discriminating unfairly against the periodicals of the United States and elsewhere through a hatred of the foreigner, fanned by the publishers of Canada who demand protection from competition.

This is a threat to the good name of Canada.

The Atlantic Advocate submission is printed on page 14. On this and the next page we reprint some of the newspaper reports and editorial comments on it.

HE SPEAKS FOR FREEDOM

(Editorial in the Toronto Telegram)

Michael Wardell brings vigor, imagination and other attractive qualities to newspaper publishing. He came to Fredericton, New Brunswick, bought a faltering newspaper, **The Daily Gleaner,** ***built it into a strong voice on Maritimes and Canadian problems, expanded a thriving commercial printing business, and created a new magazine,*** **The Atlantic Advocate.**

He appeared before the O'Leary Commission on Publications to add his voice, as did the Victoria publisher, Stuart Keate, to warnings against damage to freedom of the press. He opposed the arguments of Canadian magazine publishers.

In desperation, one of the mendicant magazines has asserted that **The Telegram's** ***similar stand is dictated by its interest in television. Its argument was that this newspaper pleads for non-interference with*** **Time** ***magazine and*** **Reader's Digest** ***because it wishes a free hand to import TV programs from the U.S.A. for CFTO, Channel 9!***

How specious this argument is may be judged by the Board of Broadcast Governors' decree that TV programs shall ultimately be 55 per cent Canadian content. No parallel exists between magazines and TV. Anyone can go into the magazine business if he has money, brains and ability (or even if he hasn't). A measure of government control of television is justified by the limited number of channels.

As a successful magazine publisher facing competition, Mr. Wardell objected strongly to interference with the liberty of magazines to offer their wares to the Canadian public and to advertisers. It is a freedom of vital importance, and worth defending.

The Montreal Star

MAGAZINE TAX BARRIERS OPPOSED BY MARITIMERS

HALIFAX, Nov. 30—Canada's royal commission on publications stirred up a nest of free traders when it arrived here today for a one-day Maritime hearing.

From the moment Premier Stanfield of Nova Scotia welcomed the three-man commission to the Atlantic provinces, Maritime spokesmen began objecting to any tariff or tax barriers raised to protect large publications in eastern Canada.

Premier Stanfield set the tone of this morning's hearings when he warned the commission against recommending measures which would increase the price of foreign magazines in Canada.

"Although a certain amount of junk comes over the border," he said, "understanding what goes on in the United States is second in importance only to understanding what happens in our own country.

"We must not increase the difficulties of ordinary Canadians in reading foreign publications of their choice."

The premier's thesis was elaborated, vociferously, by Brigadier Michael Wardell, president of the University Press of New Brunswick Ltd. and publisher of the *Atlantic Advocate*. The *Advocate*, now in its fifth year of publication, has a monthly circulation of 23,000 copies and expects to make a profit for the first time during the current fiscal year.

"The argument that special taxes or hindrances to trade should be devised for a xenophobic discrimination against *Time* and the *Reader's Digest* is untenable and inconsistent with freedom of the press," said Brigadier Wardell in his formal submission to the commission.

"There can be no possible justification for a general assault upon American magazines.

Sole Money-Maker

"Your magazine seems to be in a very peculiar position," commented Grattan O'Leary, chairman of the commission. "It's almost the only one that's making any money this year in Canada."

"Doesn't your magazine receive a lot of money from the *Reader's Digest?*" asked Mr. O'Leary, referring to the number of articles picked up by the *Digest* from the *Atlantic Advocate*.

"Neither I, sir, nor my magazine, sir, have ever received a penny from the *Reader's Digest* or *Time*," retorted Brigadier Wardell.

At one point in the cross-examination, Brig. Wardell suddenly claimed that commission member George Johnston was accusing him indirectly of being "corrupted" by the *Reader's Digest* because his magazine's articles were reprinted in the *Digest*.

"I heard you in Ottawa insult *Time* in terms that would have made me walk out of the room," he told Mr. Johnston. "You suggest that I am subservient to American magazines because I have received something from them. I have received nothing from them.

"I deny categorically, publicly and under oath if necessary, that neither I nor my magazine ever received anything from these two publications."

Sees No Disadvantage

"Do you agree that Canadian publications are at a disadvantage when competing with *Time* and the *Reader's Digest*?" asked Mr. Johnston.

"No."

"Do you believe that *Time* can be called a Canadian magazine?"

"Now that it's in the process of being printed here, it will soon be a 100 per cent Canadian magazine," answered Brigadier Wardell.

"But it's edited from New York," protested Mr. Johnston.

"There has to be a final editorial decision somewhere."

"Would you edit the *Atlantic Advocate* from Toronto?" asked Mr. Johnston.

"A hypothetical question," Brig. Wardell retorted. "But you can do anything practically from anywhere today with electronics."

"I'd like to get you on the record again," said Mr. O'Leary. "You know, we don't often get somebody like you before us.

"Do you really believe that a magazine edited, printed and with its policies made in a foreign country can be called a Canadian magazine?"

"Yes," said Brigadier Wardell, drawing attention to *Time's* editorial staff in Canada and the amount of Canadian advertising it carries in its Canadian edition.

"Suppose *Time* and the *Reader's Digest* were owned by Khrushchev," said commission member Claude Beaubien. "Would you still take the same stand?"

"Certainly."

Brig. Wardell insisted that Canadian magazines have shown "sturdy growth" in recent years.

"By every ordinary standard, except for the profit and loss account, everything's fine," he said.

"If Canadian magazines disappear, as some people have predicted, isn't that interfering with the free flow of ideas in Canada?" asked Mr. Johnston.

"That's hypothetical," said Brig. Wardell. "In fact, at the present moment, I'm thinking of starting another magazine myself."

He accused the Periodical Publishers' Association, representing many of Canada's largest magazine publishers, of "doing nothing but crying havoc" before the commission during earlier hearings.

The Catholic Women's League of Canada told the royal commission that "offensive" foreign magazines should be excluded from Canada.

In the offensive class the league included publications that glorify crime, use profane or obscene speech "indiscriminately," or feature "lewd or suggestive" illustrations.

National President Marguerite Burns of Halifax and Past President Dr. Grace L. Caughlin of Milltown, N.B., presented the league's submission.

They urged special consideration, and assistance if necessary, to Canadian publishers of "the better type of periodical."

Telegraph-Journal

THREAT TO PRESS-FREEDOM SEEN BY N.B. PUBLISHER

HALIFAX (CP) — Maritime magazine publisher Michael Wardell told the publications royal commission Wednesday that arbitrary restrictions on Canadian editions of United States magazines would be a threat to press freedom.

In his brief to the commission Mr. Wardell said some aspects of foreign competition may need adjustment but any general as-

Some kids are wise beyond their years.

sault upon American magazines should be combatted at all costs.

He suggested that Canadian publishers are no worse off in relation to U.S. competition than Maritime publishers are in competing with magazines from Ontario and Quebec.

"The mass-circulation publishers of central Canada feel the pains of free competition from their big brothers across the border. As a Maritime publisher I feel similar pains inflicted by my big brothers in Toronto.

"All our Maritime manufacturing operations suffer the same pains; and it is to be hoped that the great Canadian publishers, wielding as they do so powerful a weapon of propaganda, feeling their own pains, will invoke more sympathy than heretofore for Maritime manufacturers, whose sufferings, inversely, are so similar to their own."

The Canadian Press

In a formal submission to the commission Mr. Wardell said arbitrary restrictions on Canadian editions of United States magazines would be a threat to freedom of the press.

"If you were in danger of having your magazine put out of business by competition, what would you do?" Mr. O'Leary asked.

"I would try to make it a better magazine," Mr. Wardell replied. "I don't think I should ask for special laws to be passed to keep me in business."

REFRESHING REALISM

(Editorial in *The Chronicle-Herald*)

A special salute is merited for the Publisher of the* Atlantic Advocate, *Brigadier Michael Wardell, after his spirited stand at the Halifax hearings of the Royal Commission on Publications this week.

The enterprising Brigadier is engaged in the same business as those who preceded him in a great parade to the investigating body's witness box in recent weeks to plead for restrictions on the flow of foreign magazines into this country; but he rebelled against their cry for protection and sensibly suggested that the answer to their problem lay simply in turning out better products.

The Fredericton publisher speaks from experience. From almost the bare bones of a struggling predecessor, he has developed his* Advocate *into one of the best in the country—and, as he disclosed to the commission, it has become a fairly profitable one, too.

He has done this by bringing together a combination of feature articles, regional news briefs, fearless but fair editorial comment, and attractive advertising, and presenting it all to his readers in a bright

package. It is one in which all Maritimers, indeed all Canadians, might well take particular pride.

It is the old story of building a better mousetrap. And this, he properly advised the associates in his trade, is where they should be concentrating their efforts, not on resorting to the initiative-sapping practice, which has plagued the development of this nation since Confederation, of asking Parliament to raise barriers against foreign competition.

As was stated in Vancouver several days ago by Stuart Keate of the Victoria Times, *one of the few other witnesses to take a similar position before the commission, the producers of Canadian periodicals could study with profit the U.S. publications that they fear so much—and, he reminded them, there are many areas in this country still lacking good magazine coverage.*

We hope that the investigators also will pay special heed to one other warning Brigadier Wardell left with them. Any effort to restrict the trade in publications from outside the borders of Canada, he said, would be "the thin edge of absolute control on thought and opinion." That is the paramount danger—one about which all who cherish their fundamental liberties should be concerned. What has happened in so many other lands where the freedom of expression, through the printed word and otherwise, has been snuffed out in recent years should teach us that. It always started in just such an "innocent" fashion.

And, there is one further important point, which Premier Stanfield emphasized at the hearing. This is the need for Canadians to read as many outside magazines as possible, particularly those from the U.S., so they can better keep themselves informed on what goes on beyond their own borders.

This is not to say there should be absolute freedom to ship anything into this country. We concur in the stand of those organizations which urged a closer check on salacious and certain crime-inspiring literature. But there should be hands off the rest. All Canada would get from its interference with the importation of acceptable publications would be a narrowing down of Canadian enlightenment—and economic retaliation.

Submission of THE ATLANTIC ADVOCATE
TO THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON PUBLICATIONS

University Press of New Brunswick, Limited
MICHAEL WARDELL, President

November 30, 1960

1. The *Atlantic Advocate* is the only "consumer" magazine published in the Atlantic area. For record I give some description of it. The *Atlantic Advocate* is wholly owned by Brunswick Press Limited, a company incorporated under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, a wholly owned subsidiary of University Press of New Brunswick Limited, a company capitalized at $1,400,000, incorporated under the laws of New Brunswick, and of which I, John Michael Stewart Wardell, own the controlling shares.

2. My company has four divisions, (1) the newspaper division which owns and publishes *The Daily Gleaner*; (2) the magazine division which publishes *The Atlantic Advocate* and the annual *Atlantic Almanac*; (3) the book division, which has published 127 titles, including our present 1960 Fall list, Sholto Watt's *I'll Take The High Road*, Dr. Clarke's *Six Salmon Rivers*, Dr. Engel's *The Problem Of Tragedy*, and James Wentworth Day's *Newfoundland—The Fortress Isle*; and (4) the printing division, UNIPRESS, which prints and binds our products and carries on a general printing business in letterpress and lithography.

Our sales turnover exceeds $1½ million per year, and is substantially rising in all divisions. I mention this as evidence that we are making a practical contribution to the Maritime economy.

3. *The Atlantic Advocate* incorporates *The Maritime Advocate*, which was established in 1910 as *The Busy East*, and *Atlantic Guardian*, which was previously published in Newfoundland.

4. Three quarters of the circulation of *The Atlantic Advocate* is within the four Atlantic Provinces, and 85 per cent of its entire sales are by subscription.

5. The current circulation figures are given below, and represent an over-all increase of 19 per cent over the past six months.

Atlantic Provinces	**17,457**	**(76 %)**
Quebec and Ontario ...	**3,116**	**(13.6%)**
Western Canada.....	**858**	**(3.7%)**
United States	**1,182**	**(5.1%)**
Overseas.....	**369**	**(1.6%)**
	22,982	

6. The aim of *The Atlantic Advocate* is to promote the welfare of the Atlantic Provinces, believing that a prosperous Atlantic region would enrich Canada; and to provide an outlet for the literary talents that abound in the Atlantic area of Canada.

Among the contributors to *The Atlantic Advocate* are: David Walker, Charles Bruce, Thomas H. Raddall, Dr. George Frederick Clarke, Dr. Frank MacKinnon, Dr. F. Fraser Bond, Dr. Desmond Pacey, Dr. Fred Cogswell, Professor David Galloway, Dr. Will R. Bird, Ernest Buckler, Barbara Grantmyre, Bruce S. Wright, Albert B. Perlin, Michael F. Harrington, Phyllis R. Blakeley, H. Shirley Fowke, Harold R. Hatheway, Lorne C. Callbeck, Jack Golding, Jean E. Sereisky, Mrs. Vera Ayling, Robert A. Tweedie, Fred H. Phillips, and many other writers of the four Atlantic Provinces.

7. *The Atlantic Advocate* fills a need, and it therefore, to some extent, occupies a protected position.

It is obvious that many people want to read the magazine, and for them there is no alternative competitor from Canada or the United States. Similarly, for the advertiser, *The Atlantic Advocate* offers an incomparable advantage to those who wish to cover the four Atlantic Provinces. While for national coverage across Canada *The Atlantic Advocate* is competitive in its rates with the mass circulation magzines, it is, on average, ten times cheaper than other magazines in terms of cost per page per 1,000 Atlantic area readers.

The following figures illustrate this statement:

Magazine	Canadian Circulation	Page Cost B and W	Cost per 1,000 Readers	Atlantic P. Circulation	Cost per 1,000 Atlantic Readers
Reader's Digest	**1,060,752**	**4,305.00**	**4.06**	**69,534**	**61.94**
Time	**222,997**	**2,020.00**	**9.60**	**18,607**	**108.60**
Chatelaine.....	**881,006**	**5,720.00**	**6.49**	**85,248**	**67.13**
Liberty	**591,239**	**3,155.00**	**5.33**	**78,694**	**40.09**
Macleans	**524,815**	**4,265.00**	**8.12**	**44,210**	**96.49**
Canadian Homes and Gardens.....	**135,035**	**1,970.00**	**14.59**	**9,240**	**214.13**
Saturday Night.....	**77,250**	**780.00**	**10.10**	**6,034**	**130.00**
Atlantic Advocate.....	**22,982**	**184.00**	**8.06**	**17,457**	**10.54**
Average other than Atlantic Advocate.....			**$8.32**		**$102.62**

8. The fact that *The Atlantic Advocate* has a reason for existence and that it is growing and thriving profitably as an independent publication should not lead to the assumption that it was a simple task to establish it. The cost of establishing the magazine upon a paying basis, including the cost of the titles and goodwill of *The Maritime Advocate* and *Atlantic Guardian*, was over $140,000.00. The year ending March 31, 1961, its fifth year, will be the first year in which the magazine has been published profitably. One of the reasons that a publication may

Winter gently blankets the campus and with it comes a flurry of new activity—hockey, skiing, skating and basketball, climaxed by colorful winter carnival festivities. Extra-curricular activities are only one feature of college life at the University of New Brunswick, albeit an integral one. Students are encouraged to take part in every aspect of this life, and freely make use of the Lady Beaverbrook rink and gym and other outdoor facilities. But, more important, the skier and skater pursue the arts and sciences in library, lab and classroom, maintaining the University's tradition of scholarship. From this healthy environment emerge the self-discipline, skill and enthusiasm that typify graduates of U.N.B., past, present and future.

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The University of New Brunswick

FREDERICTON, N.B.

be costly to launch in spite of a successful reception from both readers and advertisers is that a magazine such as *The Atlantic Advocate* costs much more per copy to produce than the amount received from the reader for its purchase. The balance is received from the advertiser; but when a rate is set for a circulation that is in fact soon exceeded, a loss is made which grows in direct ratio to the success of the publication. Contracts must elapse before the advertising rate can be adjusted in relation to the increased circulation.

The cost of establishing publications is nothing new, and if it were not the usual experience, there would be no value in the goodwill of an established and profitable magazine or newspaper.

9. The somewhat protected field which *The Atlantic Advocate* occupies does not blind me to the volume of competition facing Canadian periodical publishers.

10. On November 24th, the day that this submission was prepared, a survey of the main news-stands in Fredericton disclosed that there were 301 different magazines on sale.

The following is a breakdown of them:

U.S. magazine titles	**253**
United Kingdom titles	**18**
Polish title	**1**
Canadian titles: English 17	
French 12	**29**

In the above figures, *Reader's Digest* and *Time* are counted Canadian, as which, in my opinion, they must be ranked.

11. Very few of the U.S. publications have substantial sales. So far as I can ascertain from the records which are available, the total number of U.S. periodicals sold in the Atlantic area is 375,000, compared with 566,000 Canadian publications.

The Canadian total includes:

Reader's Digest	**69,534**
Time	**18,607**
Weekend and Star Weekly	**234,683**

The two last named must be considered as magazines rather than newspapers, although *Weekend* is distributed by newspapers as a supplement. It is a tribute to the genius of John G. McConnell that this brilliantly contrived weekly magazine has been harnessed to the newspapers from coast to coast, so that they carry their most dangerous competitor with an unconscious tolerance seldom equalled since the Trojans admitted the horse into their city.

12. No consideration of the present position of Canadian periodicals is valid which disregards this category, which had so spectacular a success.

In reading my representatives' reports, I am constantly reminded of the number of national advertisers who rely for their coverage of New Brunswick, for example, on their advertisements in *Weekend.*

Here in Nova Scotia *The Halifax Herald* does not carry it. Neither do I in *The Gleaner*; but I must confess I could not even if I wished, because Mr. K. C. Irving's newspapers published in Saint John and Moncton have the monopoly for *Weekend* in New Brunswick.

One other point about the figures is that, rightly or wrongly, we counted a rather unsavoury quartet called *Hush*, *Tab*, *Midnight* and *Flash* as periodicals. Whatever category they may belong to, it is hard to see how they advance Canadianism; and their existence is a reminder that publications of this sort would flourish like toadstools behind a tariff barrier, in the absence of censorship, which, I believe, no one recommends.

13. I have discussed with several leading advertising agents the question of advertising in relation to foreign competition, and their views may be summarized by the opinion expressed by Mr. C. E. Brown on behalf of the MacLaren Advertising Company. It is that the purpose of an agency and its prime obligation to its client is to advertise a product as efficiently as possible in terms of cost and consumer attention.

While foreign magazines carrying Canadian advertising which are written, edited, or printed outside Canada, and foreign magazines printed with split runs which import a regional edition into Canada, threaten the stability of the Canadian magazine industry, in the opinion of MacLarens, yet an agency must, they say, recommend any of such foreign magazines to its clients if it sees them as the best advertising buy for the clients.

In that phrase is reflected the difficulty in reconciling opposing interests. From one point of view it is certainly desirable that Canadian advertisers may advertise in the way that is the most efficient for them. Similarly, the Canadian reader has an undoubted right to read the magazine of his choice.

The argument that artificial impediments, special taxes, or hindrances to trade, should be devised for a xenophobic discrimination against *Time* or *Reader's Digest* is, I believe, untenable and inconsistent with the freedom of the press.

Reader's Digest is an international magazine distributed throughout the world, printed in Canada, and making a valuable contribution to the Canadian economy.

Whether or not Canada is to impose any restriction on foreign shareholdings is a question for the future; but there can be no case for special restrictions being applied solely to magazines. And, from a practical point of view, any burden placed upon *Reader's Digest* could, no doubt, be passed on to the advertiser by a raise in rates, which happened when the 20 per cent advertising tax was imposed. This, to my own knowledge and experience, had the result of taking more dollars out of the Canadian advertising pool, to the detriment of Canadian magazines, including *The Atlantic Advocate*, which was then in its early struggles. The case of *Time* is somewhat different. Here we have a weekly news magazine which has no Canadian counterpart. That it is wanted is proved by its sales.

For myself, I regard it as part of the stock-in-trade of a journalist. I could not do without it. That is not to say I do not ever criticize it. I do, from time to time, both verbally and editorially. I get about the same satisfaction as a gnat biting an elephant, but I enjoy it. It is my privilege as a publisher, just as it is the privilege of the public to buy it and damn it if they please. That is the inalienable right of free people in relation to a free press.

14. As to unfair competition, the great mass-circulation publishers of Central Canada certainly suffer some stiff competition from the United States.

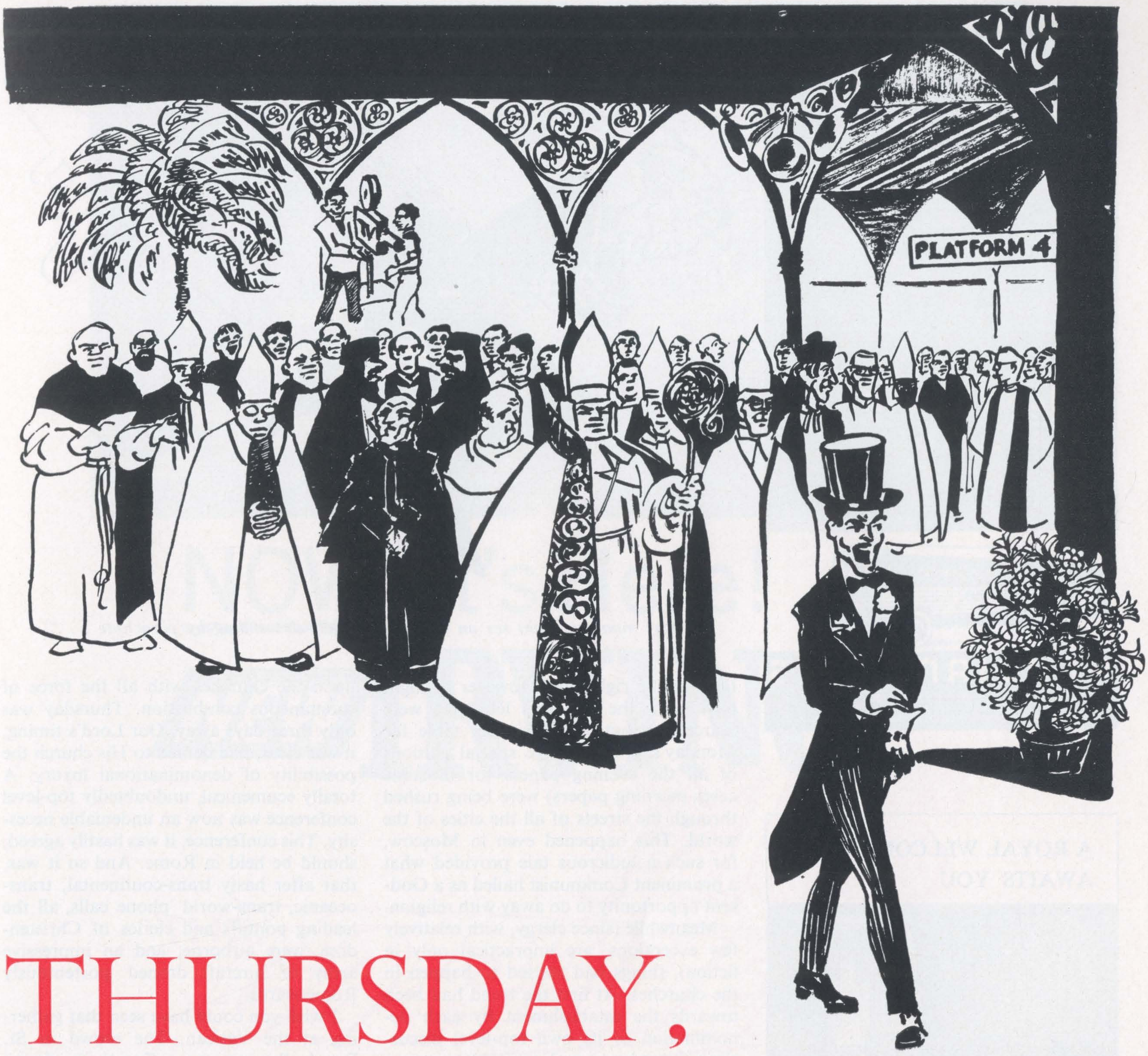
There may be a tendency to dump surplus American magazines in Canada; there is certainly a misuse of Canadian mails which carry incoming American periodicals which have paid a very cheap American export rate, and carry also a huge tonnage of American periodicals trucked into Canada for mailing at an even lower rate. There is clearly a case for amending the reciprocal postal arrangements between Canada and the United States, and for overhauling our own internal regulations.

15. Certainly, too, it is sad to see the whole system of distribution and newsstand sale of Canadian periodicals controlled from the United States.

That is deplorable, and a reproach to the Canadian industry, and proportionately to me as a very small part of it. It is certainly not a matter for government intervention.

16. There are, as has been mentioned, areas which appear to need adjustment. But there can be no possible justification, in my opinion, for a general assault upon American magazines, which would be nothing short of an assault upon the freedom of the press, and would set a precedent that should be combated at all cost.

The mass-circulation publishers of Central Canada feel the pains of free competition from their big brothers across the border. As a Maritime publisher, I feel similar pains inflicted by my big brothers in Toronto. All our Maritime manufacturing operations suffer the same pains; and it is to be hoped that the great Canadian publishers, wielding as they do so powerful a weapon of propaganda, feeling their own pains, will invoke more sympathy than heretofore for Maritime manufacturers, whose sufferings, inversely, are so similar to their own.



THURSDAY, FOUR-THIRTY

by Rev. R. H. L. WILLIAMS

IT ALL BEGAN when the Pope, the Patriarch of the Eastern Orthodox Church, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the President of the Methodist Conference, and all the other leaders of the world-wide church, received a message from an undeniably authentic source. It was from the head of the church, Our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and read: "Returning Thursday, details later." The message was received on Monday morning, just as most bishops' wives were starting the weekly wash, and the steamy atmosphere of all the palaces and rectories and manses was tinctured with the perfume of a wide variety of soap powders. Since the message was received simultaneously by all the clerics, their telephone lines were tangled in the twinkling of an eye, and for the next half-hour confusion reigned—although some of the wiser ones got down and prayed about it first.

Just how the press got hold of it, no one ever knew, but of course religion is always news—if only bad news—and a reporter is never far away from the dwel-

"Any moment might see an impatient prelate descending by parachute . . ."

lings of the righteous. However it might have been, the Sunday's left-overs were scarcely set out on the kitchen table for Monday's lunch, before special editions of all the evening papers (or in some cases morning papers) were being rushed through the streets of all the cities of the world. This happened even in Moscow, for such a ludicrous tale provided what a prominent Communist hailed as a God-sent opportunity to do away with religion.

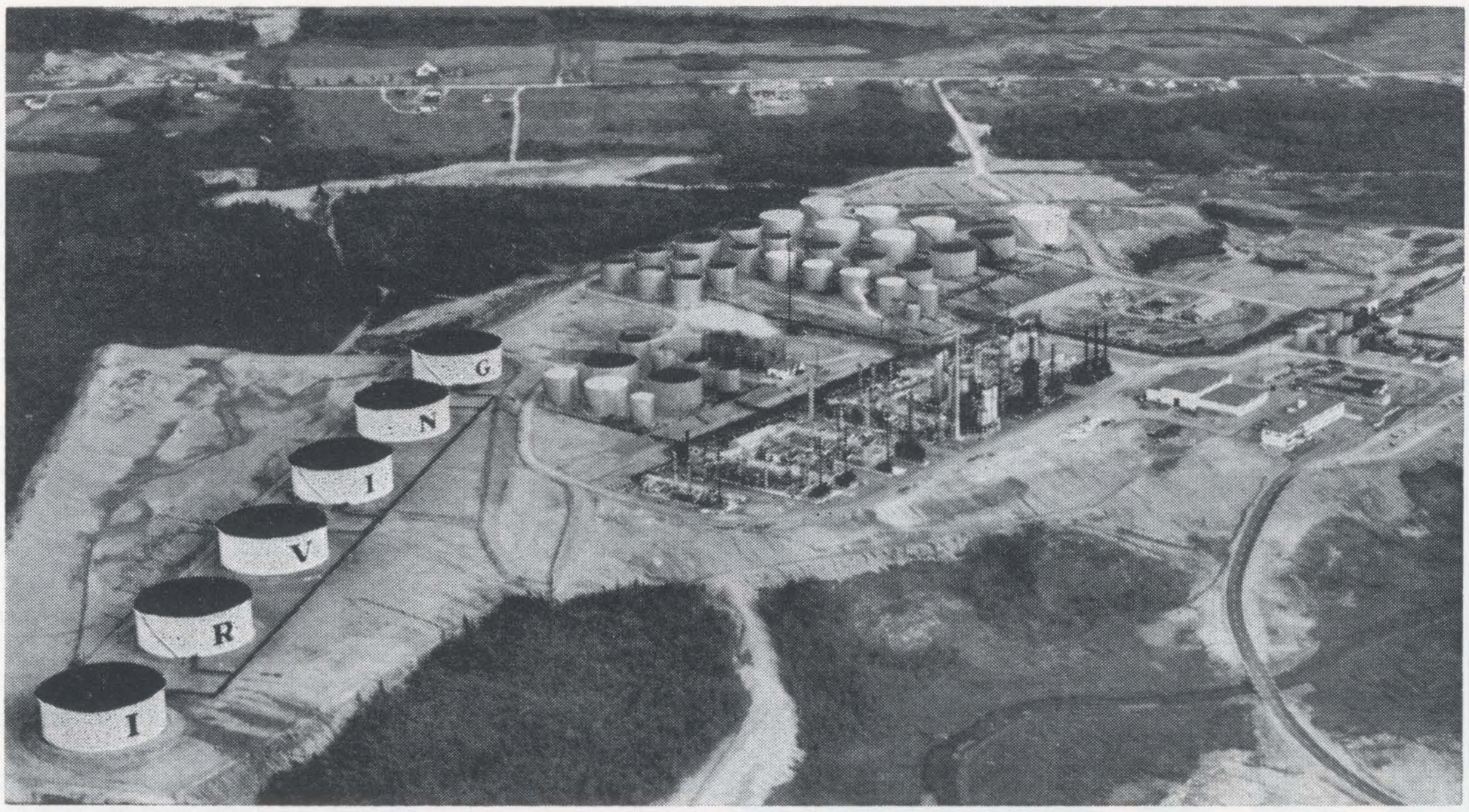
Meanwhile (since clergy, with relatively few exceptions, are impractical only in fiction), things had started to happen in the churches. At first the trend had been towards the establishment by each denomination of its own top-level discussions, in order to make suitable arrangements for Our Lord's welcome. The Anglican bishops had been on their toes all over the world, preparing to make a dash for Lambeth, while some Roman Catholic leaders were already bustling to Italy. Lutheran leaders were contemplating the possibility of calling their discussions in Eisenach, Germany, and the World Baptist Alliance headquarters in Washington hatched plans to pull in Baptist leaders from all corners of the globe. In Edinburgh, boarding houses bristled with financial excitement at the thought of a possible convocation of Presbyterian leaders which had been mooted, and Istanbul monasteries and hotels began to prepare for an imminent gathering of the leaders of the Eastern Orthodox Church. Central Hall, Westminster, was made available for the Methodist delegates.

Fortunately, preparations had not advanced very far before a new idea burst upon the churches with all the force of spontaneous combustion. Thursday was only three days away. Our Lord's timing, it was clear, had denied to His church the possibility of denominational luxury. A totally ecumenical, undoubtedly top-level conference was now an undeniable necessity. This conference, it was hastily agreed, should be held in Rome. And so it was, that after hasty trans-continental, trans-oceanic, trans-world 'phone calls, all the leading pontiffs and clerics of Christendom, were airborne, and an impressive array of aircraft droned portentously Rome-wards.

I wish you could have seen that gathering at the Vatican. The crowd in St. Peter's Square was suffocatingly dense, as it swayed and mumbled and chanted. A wild cheer went up as each dignitary shot out of his taxi in turn. Inside, there was barely enough room to house them all, and still there were planes circling Rome airport waiting instructions to land. Any moment might see an impatient prelate descending by parachute, his purple cassock cork-screwing over his head, and gaitered legs threshing the air.

The conference could not wait for them all, so the Pope, who had acted as chairman, began the discussion. "Details later" had been the message. "How much later?" was the question which bothered the conference. The Bible suggests that His actual coming would be instantaneously known throughout the world in a moment of time; that did not give them much to go on, from the point of view of arranging a suitable welcome.

Certain questions swiftly emerged as the principal ones. At which city of the



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world would He arrive? Given that they knew in time to get there, what sort of reception should be provided? At this point in the discussion a helicopter hovered low over St. Peter's Square, and the international head of the Salvation Army was lowered to the ground. When he had gained entry he did so just in time to inform the company that an international band was available to fly anywhere, any time. He was received with a burst of applause which was a distinct echo of that which had thundered round St. Peter's Square at his arrival a few moments earlier.

Excitement was mounting. Feverishly the conference examined in turn the possibilities of all the world's capitals. Those who thought in terms of Our Lord coming to judgment felt that He would make a start on Moscow. Others thought that it was more scriptural to think of judgment beginning at the great centres of organized Christianity. The College of Cardinals would hear of no place other than Rome, the eternal city. The pietistic elements advocated Jerusalem, and quoted Scripture. Others, for reasons of historical symmetry, thought that it would be Bethlehem, or conceivably Nazareth. The Americans were quite definite that it would be New York, for the United Nations building was there, while the British and all Anglicans didn't say anything, but secretly felt that it would be London because Lambeth Palace was there. And so the list of conjectures grew: Lagos, Hong Kong, Vienna, New Delhi, Singapore, San Francisco (because of its Golden Gate), and so on.

Eventually a young missionary bishop suggested that, since the Lord had promised "details later", it was not for them to speculate, but to wait and see. They all, therefore, agreed to curtail this part of the discussion, for they were wise men. And then, since it seemed the best thing to do, they began to pray together, for they were humble men. A little later the impossible happened, and an eye-witness ran out to tell the world that the Pope was celebrating Mass, according to the Anglican rite, and assisted by the President of the Methodist Conference, following a brief ceremony in which each denomination had formally recognized the validity of the others' orders: for they were men of love.

Meanwhile, the rest of the world was not inactive. The number of Jehovah's Witnesses had trebled in the course of the afternoon, and those who had been witnesses for more than a week went about with an "I told you so" look on their faces, and the latest explanation of what happened in 1914 on their lips. They had reserved the Yankee Stadium for Thursday.

The Mormons had started work on a new pre-fabricated temple, and were

ready to rush it to the spot of the Lord's arrival at the shortest possible notice.

And of course, the value of all shares fell at the stock exchanges.

Busiest of all were the newspapermen. The photographic files of all newspaper syndicates were ransacked for pictures of the Holy Shroud, semblances of Christ's face and figure as suggested by mountain formations, or cloud patterns, or reproductions of old masters, in short, anything which could suggest to the world what we might expect Our Lord to look like. A recently fashionable theory that Christ was a hunch-back with black hair and a squint, based on an interpretation of Isaiah 53, leaped into prominence in the more sensational dailies.

Tuesday came and went, and the "details later" did not arrive. It was a strain all round. Members of church building fund payment schemes, and other pledged contribution projects, swiftly brought their contributions up to date. Family quarrels came to a peremptory end. Donations to charity abounded. Flowers were shovelled into the hospitals. Parsons were in a state of hoarse exhaustion.

The governments of Christendom all wrestled with the problem of their armed forces. It was decided not to disband them. This, it was felt, would be hypocrisy. But all arms were stockpiled, and remaining equipment was cleaned, shined and polished. All units were on advanced drill training every day. The atom bombs, which were now nothing but an infernal nuisance, were hurriedly rendered harmless and locked away in impregnable underground bastions.

Wednesday dawned. Television cameramen reported for work with bags packed, ready for instant departure anywhere. Vessels at sea stayed on the alert for any messages, prepared, with fine disregard for scheduled destinations, to change course immediately. The world stood on tip-toe.

The day waned, and people nibbled without enthusiasm at impromptu meals, wondering, waiting.

Then, late on Wednesday evening, the same church leaders who had received the first message also received the second. It read: "Arriving Capetown, Thursday, 4.30 p.m."

Capetown! The name scorched across the globe, bouncing off the ionosphere at a million points, and prodding into life as many aircraft engines. The first plane to arrive, and begin circling the airport, was not the first allowed down. The Pope was permitted to land first, and the other dignitaries of the church followed. There were a hundred bishops in one big plane. The Salvation Army band arrived in another. Several gross-looking transport aircraft came lumbering to a stop on the runway, and the prefabricated Mormon temple was unloaded.

Civic dignitaries were there too. A plane load of prime ministers flew in just after the Pope, and the senior officials of U.N. were close behind.

The question of where the Lord would be arriving, whether it would be at the railway station, airport, or landing stage, was swiftly dealt with. The only arrival scheduled for that time of day, was a train. True, it was due to arrive at 4.15, and not 4.30, but perhaps He knew in advance that it would be late. And so it was that television crews were fighting for positions around the station. Why Our Lord should be arriving by train from the heart of Africa, no one could guess.

You can imagine the feeling of the passengers on that particular train, when on the last day of its journey south, they heard that it was presumed that one of their fellow passengers was Our Lord Himself. A large stout man, with a bald head, who had been noticed reading a huge Bible, was eyed curiously, and left to himself.

At four o'clock the station was ready. A huge array of exquisite tropical plants and flowers had been reared on either side of a vast expanse of red carpet. The Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury arrived and stood fidgeting, while the other great men of Christendom lined up looking like new boys on the first day of a school term. The politicians looked uncouth. The mayor had collapsed at noon, and was in hospital, suffering from nervous exhaustion. The Salvation Army band quietly played through a few hymns, and this brought an electric calm upon the crowds.

At precisely 4.15 the great train drew into the station. At first nothing happened. None of the passengers dared get out. Then, timidly, one by one, they hopped off the train, and with faces burning red, rushed through where the barrier should have been, but wasn't, and buried themselves thankfully in the crowd.

In a fever of anxiety all eyes scanned each embarrassed face as its possessor hurried off the platform. Here was the problem. What did Christ look like? You could not expect Him to wear the flowing robes of a Palestinian rabbi. Of course he would be wearing a commonplace suit, and His hair would be cut short. But to recognize Him?

The bishops all had a good idea of what to look for. They knew quite well that He would be the only member of the crowd, now surging hectically off the platform, who would not be embarrassed, or awkward, or hasty. He would be the only one, who, in such a situation, would be able to walk with a quiet and natural dignity. Nevertheless, they sought in vain for a glimpse of one calm, assured face.

As the last passengers ebbed through where the barrier should have been, but wasn't, and were absorbed into the now faintly murmurous crowd, the bishops and clergy exchanged shifty, uneasy glances. The stationmaster, his face empurpling, coughed with biting emphasis, and rushed along the length of the train to confirm that all the carriages were empty. There were some titters among the crowd. Then the young missionary bishop, whose speech we noted earlier, awoke with a start from the waking dream which had enwrapped him for the past—he knew not how long. Realizing that he was clutching a neatly folded piece of paper in his hand, he slowly unfolded it, and read the following words, written on it in a bold, neat hand: "Lo, I have told you."

With a gasp, he began to push his way from the rear ranks of the episcopal representation, where he had been posted, and by dint of much elbowing, reached his archbishop, who, having heard his story, and read the message, took the paper to the Pope. There was a brief whispering consultation. Then with brisk nods of the head they all settled with composure to wait until 4.30.

Meanwhile Sam Orlando was busily sweeping up the garbage which littered the alley way running behind a series of the larger stores in the town. There was little shade from the sun, and his black face was knotted into an expression of dogged persistence. He was a Christian, and would dearly have loved to be present at the railway station. He glanced at a nearby clock: 4.20 p.m. He paused, cocking his head to listen for the distant cheers. But all was strangely quiet. Quite apart from the puzzlement at the station, of which he as yet knew nothing, there was another cause for the vast stillness which gripped the city. There was no one at work. No one, that is to say, except Sam. With a mournful excitement, trembling joy, he returned to his lonely job, much pre-occupied. So much absorbed was he with his muttered prayers that he did not notice the stranger's approach.

A friendly hand rested momentarily on his shoulder, and a brisk voice said: "Why ever aren't you at the station?"

Sam knuckled the sweat from his eyes, and murmured with shy weightiness: "Well, ah thought it all out long ago, what ah should want to be doing the day the Lord should come, and ah come to the conclusion that ah should just want Him to find me doing mah job to the praise of His Name—just the same as always! Has He arrived yet?" he queried anxiously.

"Well," said his companion, soberly, "they appear to be having their doubts at the station."

"He'll come," said Sam, with finality. "He ain't never broken His word yet, and ah don't expect He'll start now."

"Tell me," said the stranger, "you don't seem to be a bitter person. Do you

mean to say you aren't unhappy with the way that you folk get treated in this land, or are you one of the lucky ones?"

"Well, ah don't know that ah's specially lucky. Ah live in a tiny little shack with mah family . . . There's twelve of us, y'know, and nobody can be made to feel small or dirty, and be *happy* about it. And what's more ah've been sent to jail a few times for doing nothing worse than leave my pass at home. And then again, there's some around here as thinks that ah oughtn't to go to the same church as white fellows, like yo'self. Oh no, you aren't quite white, are you? I thought for a moment that you were."

"Well, no. I'm a Jew from Palestine," the other said, and smiled with rare charm. "And yet you know, I've seen some of your fellow darkies—if you'll forgive the expression—who are all twisted up with venom because of the treatment they get. Or if not that then just sodden with drink and self-pity."

"Well, there's no good end'll be 'chieved through being such like, and doing such-like," observed Sam, scratching his head, and gazing at his toes. "You think of the Lord Himself (say, He ought to be here by now), why when He'd been kicked around the place, and whipped, and spit upon, and nailed to the Cross . . . did *He* get all twisted up with anger? No sir. He just went right ahead an' said: 'Father, forgive them.' And in any case," and here Sam frowned sorrowfully, "ah do plenty wrong myself, and the Lord taught us to pray: 'Forgive us, *as we forgive* . . .' And believe me, young fellah, nuthin' in this world gits put right, till it gits forgiven. Ah'm older'n you, so perhaps you'll pardon the liberty ah take."

For a few moments there was an enchanted silence, then:

"Sam," said the stranger.

His voice was warm with something more than laughter, though of the same nature.

Sam looked a trifle put out. "Say, how did you know my name?" he asked, and peered up into the stranger's face, and then his breath caught in his throat, and his heart almost stopped beating, for a few wild, sickening seconds. The face he saw was a face he had never seen before, but one which he recognized immediately.

"Oh Master!" he sobbed, and fell on his knees, weeping and laughing.

"That's right, Sam," the Lord said. "I've come for you first."

The sunlight (or was it the sunlight?) seemed to enter into Sam, and lifted him to his feet again.

"And now we must go straight to the station," said the Lord. And together they walked, the one with brisk, firm steps, the other with capers of delight, towards the entrance to the station. They disappeared inside. A few moments later, the clock struck the half hour.

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teletype

See

facsimile

Control

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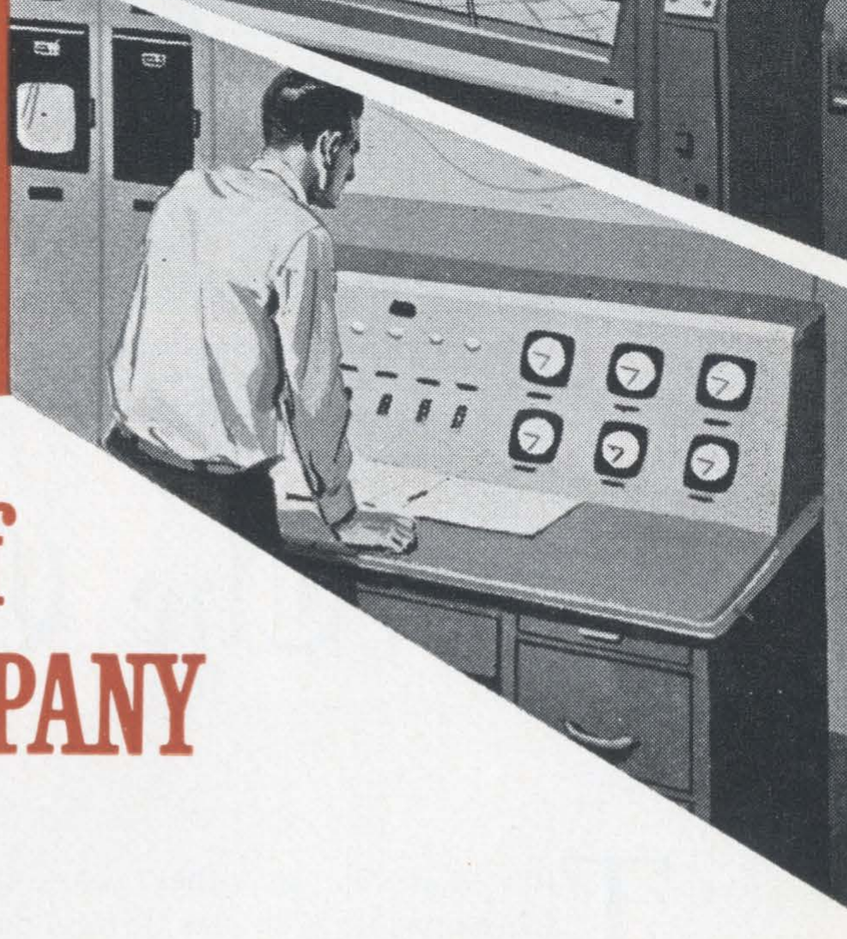

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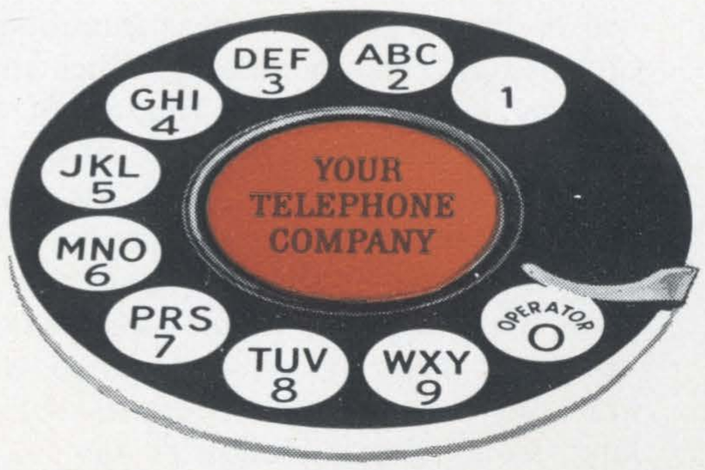

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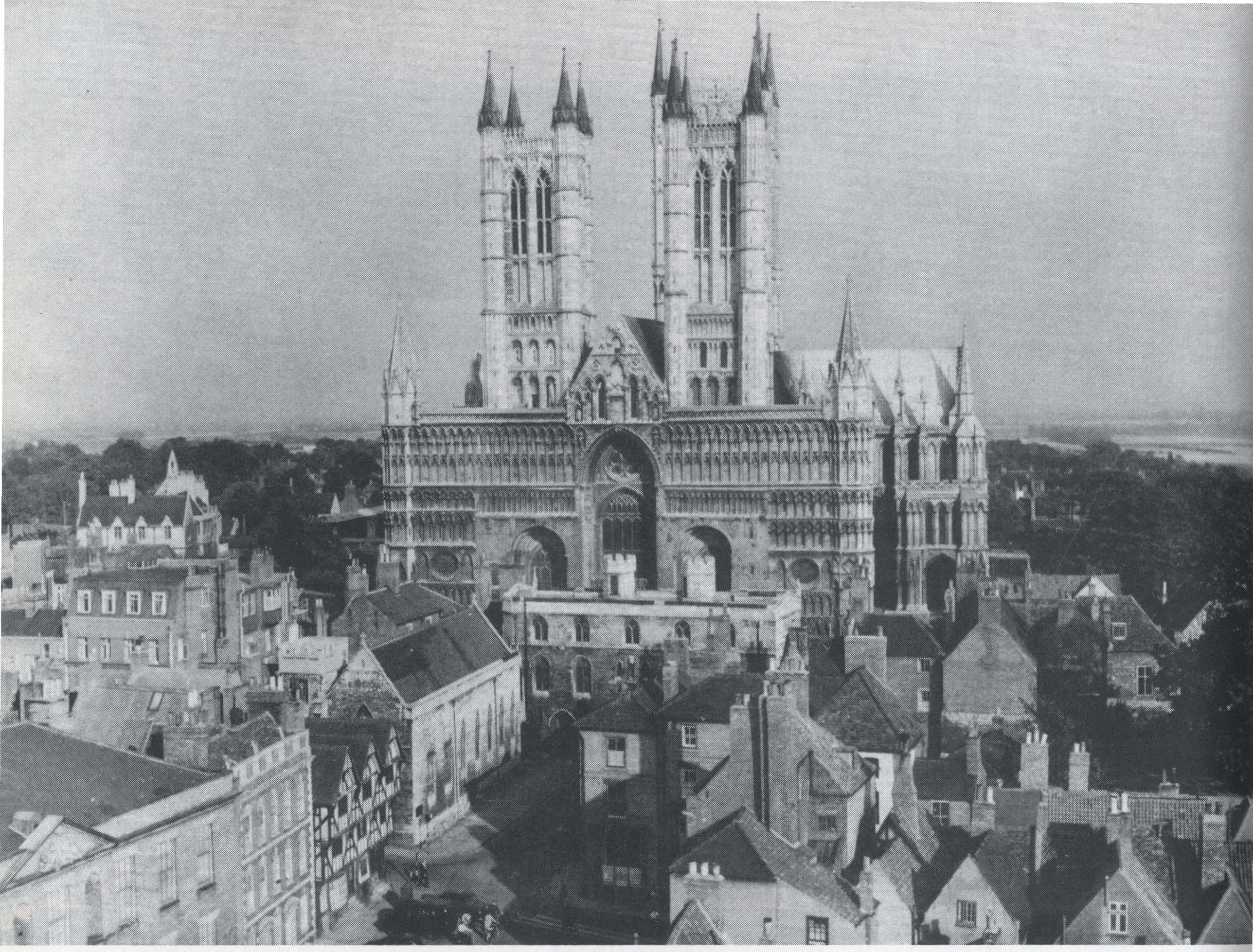


The flat countryside of Lincolnshire is dominated for many miles around by the graceful towers of Lincoln Cathedral. Construction of the cathedral was begun in 1192 and the three towers were completed by 1380. The library includes one of the four existing copies of the Magna Carta.

The Churches of England

by Arthur K. Leslie

THIS YEAR, as in other years at Christmas time, homes throughout the Atlantic Provinces will be gladdened by associations with the great churches of England.

Carol programmes and religious services will be broadcast from these monuments of Christendom. In many families these tributes and the change-ringing of the bells will bring back memories of Christmases in another home across the sea.

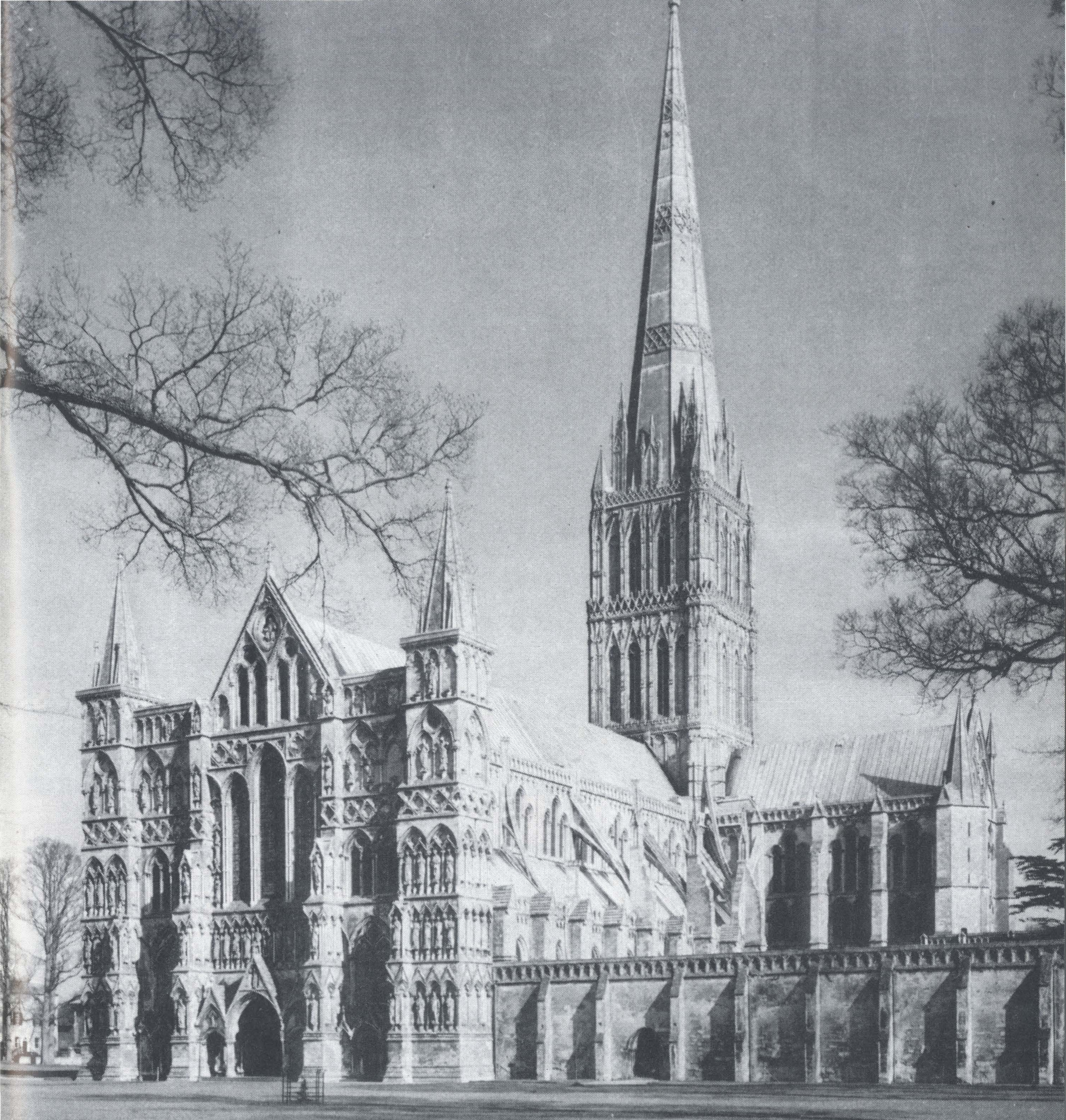
In the churches of this region of Canada, Christmas music will also rise up from congregation, choir and organ. Many of these hymns and carols were first sung in the historic churches of England, some of them centuries ago.

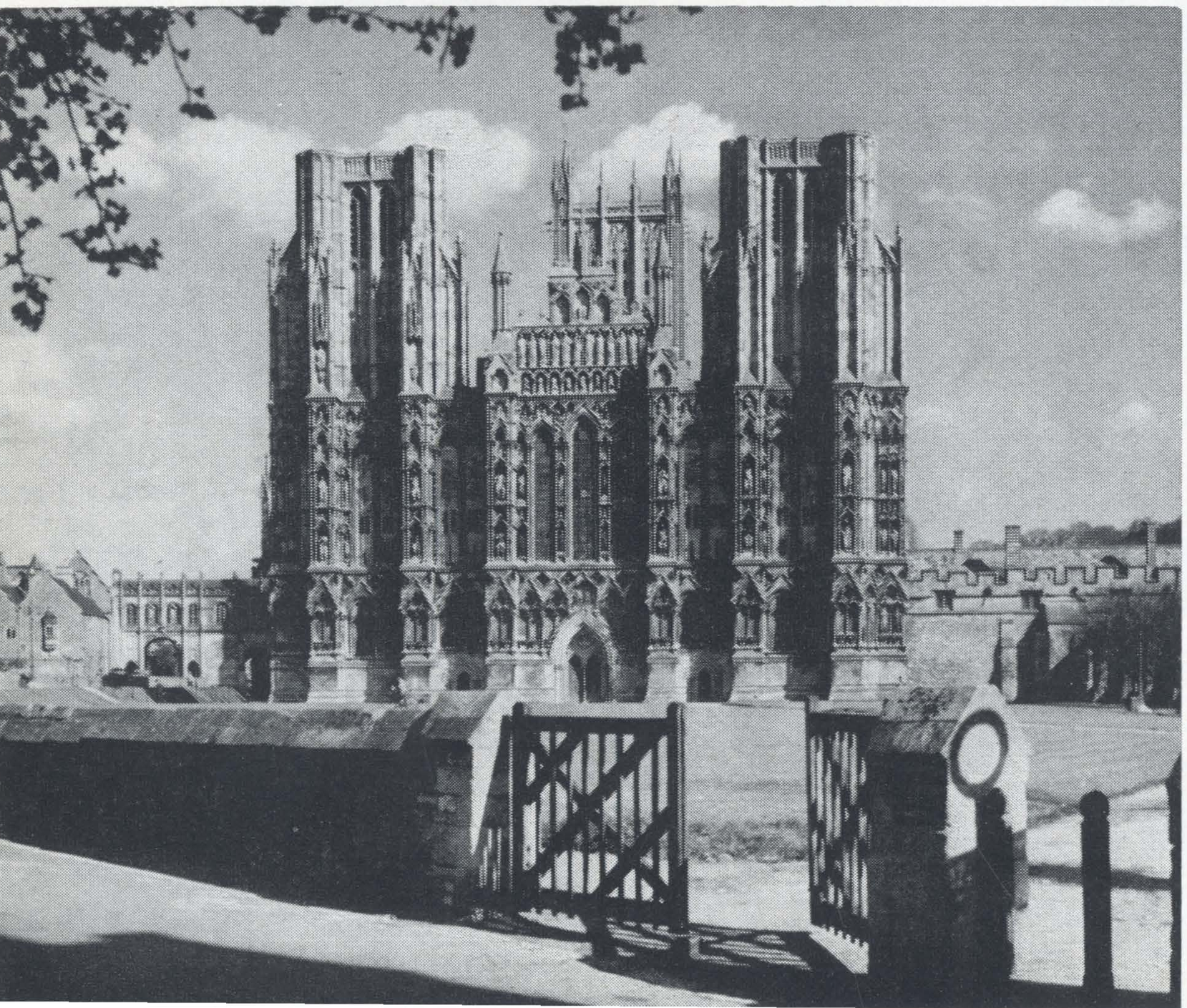
The building of most cathedrals took several centuries, resulting often in a mixture of architectural styles. Some cathedrals, such as Wells, were never completed, and some more recent ones are still in the process of building. Notable among these are Liverpool, which will be the largest in Britain when complete, and Coventry, being constructed to replace the cathedral that was destroyed during the Second World War.

The cathedrals of England are triumphs of architecture. They have been so much a part of the life and spirit of the people that the history and literature of the nation are constantly linked with them.

The best-known example of this association is, of course, that with Canterbury, where Thomas Becket, the archbishop, was murdered on December 29, 1170, by courtiers of Henry II. After Becket's canonization in 1172, Canterbury became the resort of innumerable pilgrims. These pilgrimages were the framework upon

Salisbury Cathedral, right, rising majestically from the Salisbury Plain in Wiltshire, is the finest example of early English architecture. The main part of the cathedral was completed in 1258, making the building unique, since the structure is of one period. Salisbury has the tallest cathedral spire in Britain, 404 feet, and what is believed the oldest working clock in the world, built in 1386.





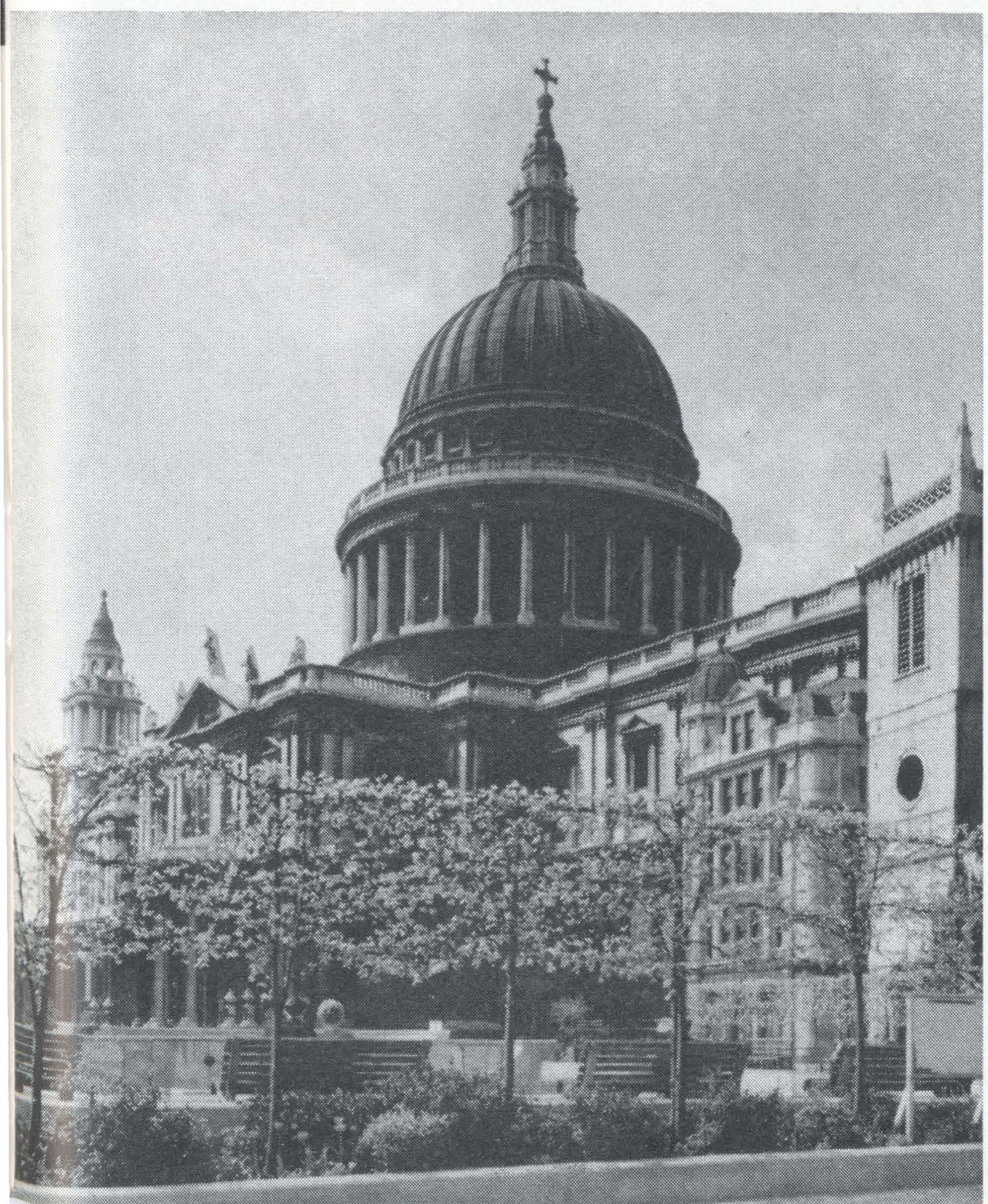
which Chaucer constructed his *Canterbury Tales*.

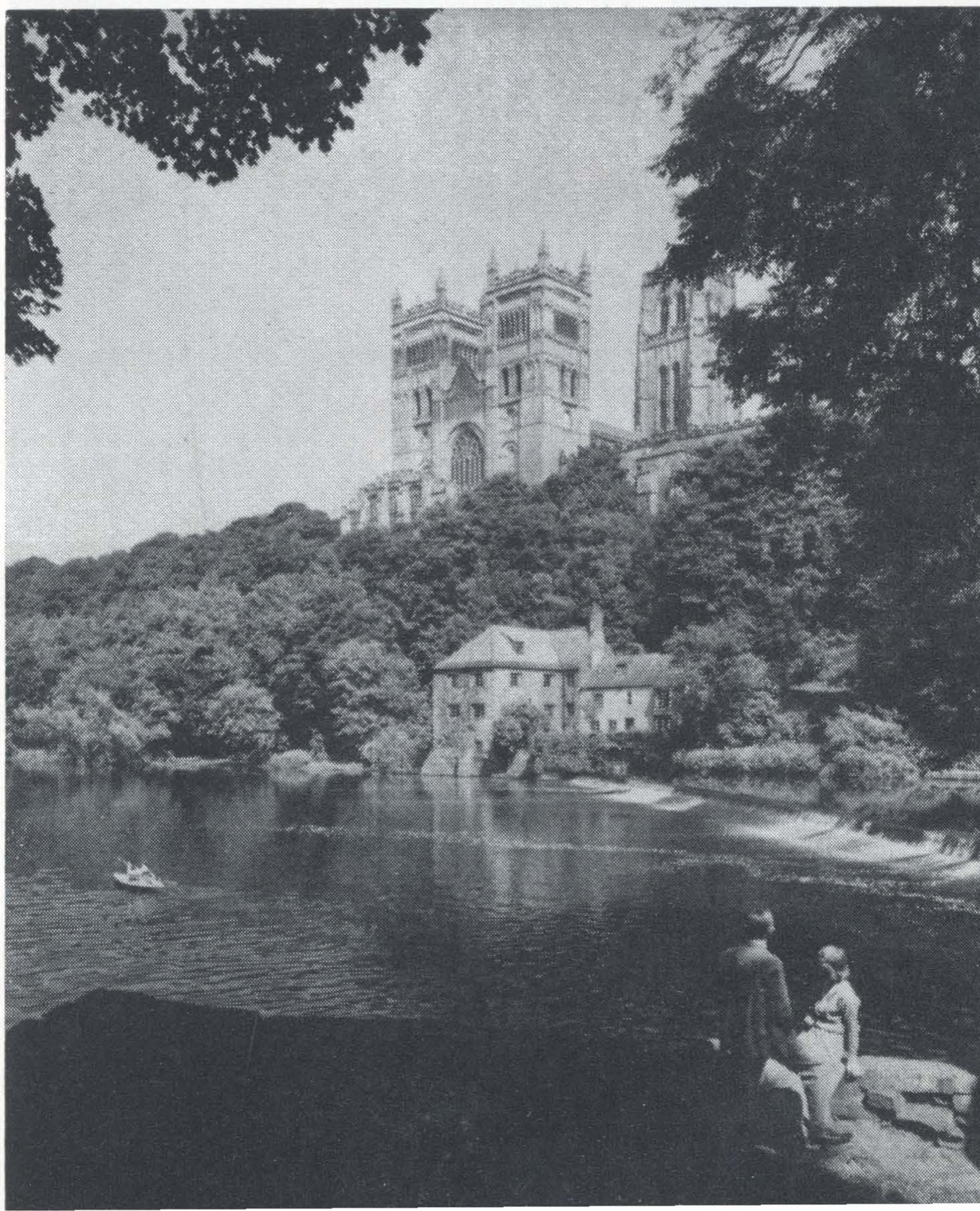
There are thousands of other examples, but perhaps no event or story can equal the impression of majesty and faith created by the churches themselves.

As a Christmas treat, here are views of some of the best-known and most historic places of worship in England.

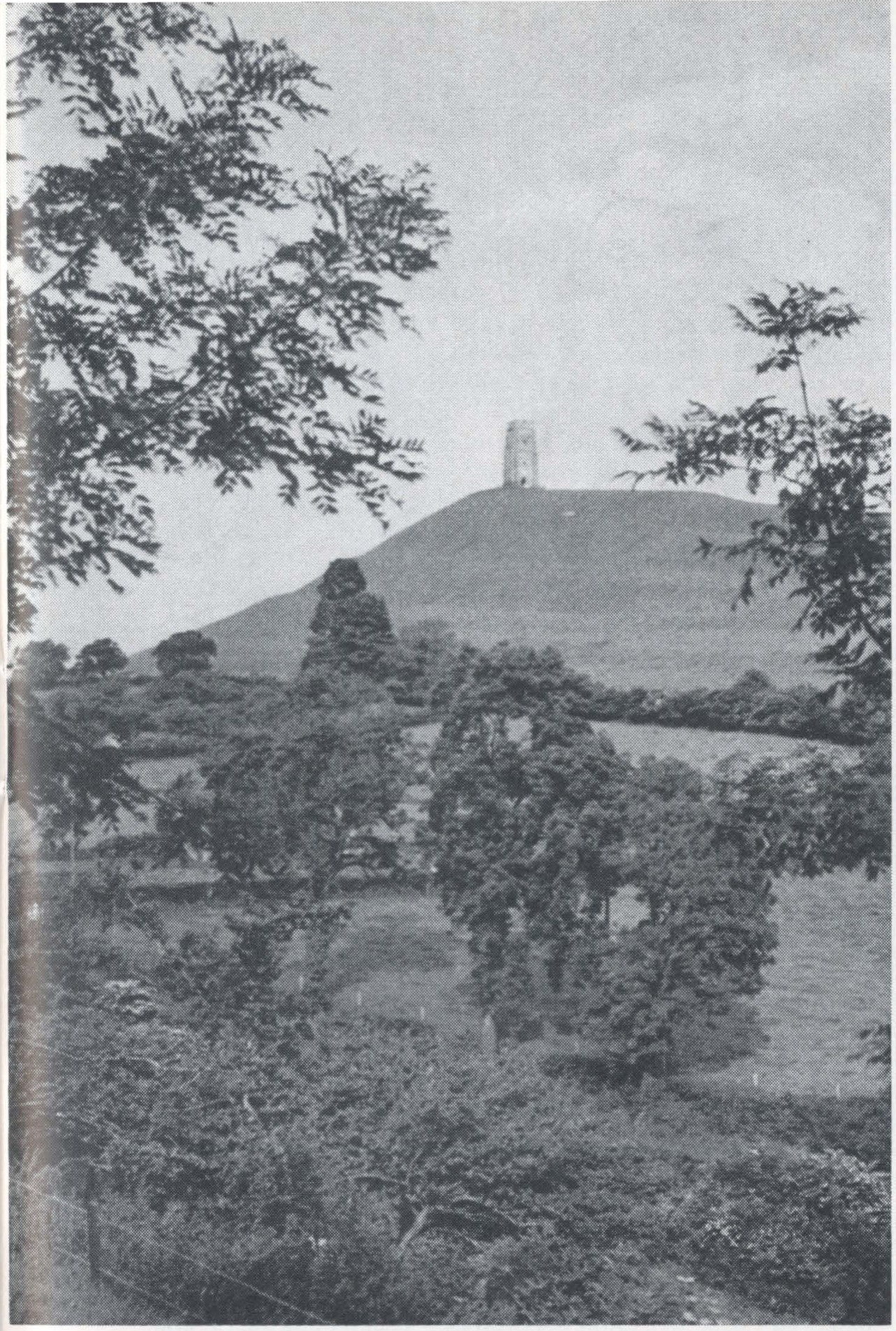
Canterbury Cathedral, above, is the "mother church" of England. St. Augustine and his fellow missionaries from Rome came here and settled in 597 A.D. and originated Canterbury's position as the metropolis of the Church of England. The original cathedral was destroyed by fire in 1067. Rebuilding was undertaken late in the eleventh century and completed in 1503. It is a magnificent example of many architectural styles, from Norman to Perpendicular Gothic. Wells Cathedral, in Somerset, left, is one of the most beautiful churches in the world. It was begun in the twelfth century and the principal structure was completed in the fourteenth century. The upper half of the two western towers has never been built. The west front is decorated with hundreds of carved figures.

Hereford Cathedral, above, on the banks of the Wye, is built from red sandstone. Most of the building is of the late Norman period. Below left is St. Paul's Cathedral in London, designed by Sir Christopher Wren and built between 1675 and 1710. At right below is Durham Cathedral, overlooking the River Wear. The building was started in 1093 on the site of a former Saxon cathedral.





Gloucester Cathedral, left above, is said to be one of the six most beautiful buildings in Europe. Tewkesbury Abbey, right above, has one of the finest Norman towers in existence. St. Botolph's Church, left below, in Boston, Lincolnshire, is a magnificent example of English Perpendicular architecture. The pavement of Trinity Chapel, at Canterbury Cathedral, right below, has been worn by the feet of thousands of pilgrims.



The tower at left above, on Glastonbury Tor, Somerset, was probably built in the fourteenth century. It was restored 400 years later. At right is the stone that marks the supposed spot where the original Holy Thorn grew.

Legends of Glastonbury

by LORNE C. CALLBECK

The New Testament tells us very little about the early life of Jesus Christ. His followers believed that he would return at any moment to set up His kingdom; but as time passed on and his disciples passed on with it, men like Matthew, Mark, and Luke recorded sketches of his works and teachings so that these would be preserved for generations yet unborn. The first of these accounts, known as the Gospels, was written by St. Mark, a man who had neither heard the Lord nor had been his personal follower. The book was written some time between 65 A.D and 67 A.D., and it was the chief source of material for a later book by St. Matthew.

It was natural that these writers, who had to depend on the numerous stories of Jesus that during the long interval since the crucifixion had been preserved by the unreliable method of word-of-mouth, concentrated on the relatively short period of his ministry and passion. For this reason we know almost nothing concerning the first thirty years of the life of our Lord.

What did Jesus do in the eighteen-year period between his visit with His parents to the temple in Jerusalem, where He astonished the learned doctors with His intelligence, and His baptism in the River Jordan? Was He a monk in the Essene monastery at Qumran as some students of the Dead Sea Scrolls suggest? Or did He lead a quiet and unobtrusive

life in Nazareth, content to ponder over the religious literature of the Jews, to sit in the synagogue on the Sabbath, and to toil in a carpenter shop in order to maintain His widowed mother and His younger brothers and sisters?

Did He ever take a holiday? Did He ever leave Nazareth? Or did He stay in His shop, shaping plows and other mute things until the day He pulled down His sign, walked out, and went away to hear the preaching of John the Baptist, His cousin and the last of the Old Testament prophets?

Ancient legends of Glastonbury in Somerset suggest that Jesus did not lead a complete stay-at-home existence, but that He wandered very far from Nazareth indeed—even to England.

William Blake (1757-1827), painter, poet, prophet, used this legendary idea to write his celebrated verses, later set to music by Charles Hubert Hastings Parry.

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

In the days of Christ the leading metalurgical material was bronze, an alloy of copper and tin. One of the major sources of the tin component was the mines of Cornwall and it was necessary for merchants of the Mediterranean area to journey thither to trade for the precious metal. A resident of Arimathaea, an unidentified town in Palestine, was a prominent figure among the metal merchants. His name was Joseph and he was destined to become one of the best loved men in the Christian world.

The beginning of the legends rests on the supposition that Joseph of Arimathaea had visited England, perhaps more than once, to trade for tin. It is reputed that he was an uncle of Mary, and thus it is quite within realm of possibility that he may have taken the lad Jesus with him on one of his business trips to the land of the heathen Celts. There may be, then, some substance to the ancient belief that the feet of the Master once walked on the green pastures of England and that his eyes beheld the beauty of its rolling landscape.

Joseph of Arimathaea was a good man, and, although the Gospels intimate that he was abundantly supplied with the material possessions of this world, he looked and hoped for the coming of the kingdom of heaven among men. He believed in the principles that were being taught by Jesus and he must have suffered all the agonies of fear and remorse at the trial which, as a member of the Sanhedrin, he attended. Blessings be on thee, thou merchant of Arimathaea, for thou alone hadst courage to speak on Christ's behalf.

In the evening of Good Friday, Joseph went to Pilate's palace to ask permission to remove the sacred body from the cross and give it a decent burial. The Procurator, who had been badly confused by the priests and the howling hired rabble, and by his wife, had discreetly withdrawn himself from the jumbled case, a position he made clear by washing his hands in a basin before the multitude. He readily consented to Joseph's removal of the body, perhaps because he sensed that the longer it hung on Calvary the greater the chance that the strange Galilean might become a martyr and still cause trouble and embarrassment in the dominated country.

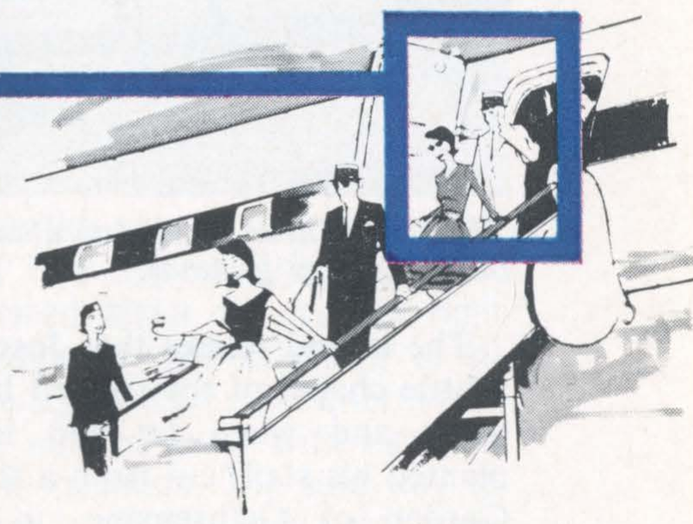
The good Joseph and his friend Nicodemus took the body down from the cross, wrapped it with spices and ointments in a winding sheet, and laid it in the strong and expensive tomb that the metal merchant had intended for himself. It is the last act of the man from Arimathaea that we are told of, for he is not mentioned again in the Scriptures.

Nevertheless, the story continues. The stone is rolled away from the door of the sepulchre and the report that Christ is risen is circulated. He is seen by many, and, after giving some final instructions to His disciples, He is seen no more. St. Stephen is stoned by a mob and dies in the filth of the street; persecutions to stamp out the strange belief arise; and the little band is scattered.

But the power of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter that Christ had promised, soon prevails over doubts and fears, and despite the efforts of both pagan Roman and orthodox Jew the remnants of the Saviour's followers gradually become organized and determined to publish the good tidings to all peoples. Yes, to Rome, Greece, China, India, Ethiopia. And what of the great lands to the north-west? Who can go there? The logical choice is a Christian who has already visited that remote region of the Gentiles—Joseph of Arimathaea.

From Southern France comes a tradition that some of the Christian refugees, among whom was Joseph, took ship and sailed to Provence. Some remained there and the region was stamped with the imprint of their missionary labours and holy examples. Joseph and twelve chosen companions journeyed on, and the trail of tradition follows the same route as that of the Phoenician tin merchants—from Caesarea to Provence, thence to Brittany and across the Channel to Marazion in Cornwall. Arviragus, the British chief who had succeeded his renowned cousin Caractacus in leading the struggle against the Roman invaders, allowed them to settle on the Isle of Ynyswitrin and eventually gave each a hide of land.

Caribbean sights begin with B·O·A·C flights



On this warm and dreamy afternoon, when the Caribbean islands shimmer in the heat haze, our BOAC travellers are watching limbo*dancers on a crescent-shaped rim of white sand beside a gleaming opalescent sea.

You'll probably never dance the limbo, but if you begin *your* Caribbean holiday with BOAC you can be part of these sun-soaked islands within a few short hours, too.

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**An expert limbo dancer, by bending backwards, can pass beneath a horizontal bar placed 18″ above the ground without losing balance or letting his shoulders touch the sand.*

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The Holy Thorn in bloom, above, is one of the two thorns at Glastonbury. This one is on the Abbey grounds.

The legend relates that Joseph erected a little chapel of the twisted branches of trees, and when he had finished he planted his staff, cut from a thorn in the Garden of Gethsemane, in the earth before it. It budded the following spring and thereafter flowered every year at Christmas.

An early literary mention of the wondrous thorn is found in Hearne's History and Antiquities of Glastonbury, published in 1772. In this work it is written: "Whether it sprang from St. Joseph of Arimathaea's dry staff, I cannot find, but beyond all dispute it sprang up miraculously."

Tennyson makes use of this part of the legend in his Idylls of the King.

From our old books I know
That Joseph came of old to
Glastonbury,
And there the heathen prince
Arviragus
Gave him an isle of marsh, whereon
to build;
And there he built with wattles
from the marsh
A little lonely church, in days
of yore.

Glastonbury is a town on the River Brue in Somerset, about twenty-five miles southwest of Bath. It nestles comfortably at the foot of a series of hills that possess such quaint names as Tor, Chalice, Edmund's, Weary-all, et cetera. Because of its central location, its peculiar conical shape, and the ancient tower that crowns its summit, Tor (525 feet) is the most conspicuous of these elevations.

Although the site of the town is now a peninsula, it was a marsh in Joseph's time and the hills formed the centre of an island, known to the early Britons as Ynyswitrin—the Glassy Island. Later, when it became cultivated, it was called the isle of Avalon, from *avalla*—an apple. It is considered that the modern English name Glastonbury and the old British name Ynyswitrin are of similar meaning. It may have originated from a tribe or family of the Glaestings who settled there, thus making it the burgh of the Glaestings or eventually Glastonbury.

The Isle of Avalon, as suggested by writers such as the great twelfth-century Welshman, Giraldus Cambrensis, is regarded as the place where King Arthur and Queen Guinevere were buried. Arthur, so the legend that has been so beautifully recorded by Tennyson relates, received a grievous wound in a great battle at Camlin, in Cornwall, and came to the monastery to be healed. But he died there and he and his Queen came to rest in the same tomb.

The site has been regarded over the centuries as one of the holiest shrines in England, and it has been variously called the English Jerusalem, the Mother of Saints, the Grave of Kings. A monastery was founded there in 601 and it was replaced by an abbey built in 708 by the Saxon, Ina. The abbey is now a ruin, and the only buildings extant are the ruins of the Church, Saint Joseph's Chapel, and the Abbot's Kitchen.

St. Joseph of Arimathaea was not the only saint whose eminence in holy things contributed to the everlasting glory of Glastonbury. Here St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, died about 461, and St. David, the patron saint of Wales, came to worship and to bestow on the altar a great sapphire which was later confiscated by Henry VIII. Both these saints accepted the belief of Joseph's connection with the revered place as one which dates from Apostolic times.

St. Dunstan, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury, was born at or near Glastonbury and was educated at the monastery. He became its abbot about 936. Being a pupil of the Benedictines, he ran the monastery in strict accordance with their rules, and made it a model for other monastic establishments. It seems that he was a remarkably brave and agile fellow, for while he was engaged in adorning the sanctuary with beautiful metal work he caught the devil by the nose with a pair of tongs.

Another legend connected with Joseph of Arimathaea is that of the Holy Grail. Tradition has it that the saint took the sacred cup that Jesus and His disciples used at the Last Supper into his keeping and in it caught some drops of blood and water that dripped from the pierced side of his crucified Master. He carried the cup with him to Glastonbury and buried it on Chalice Hill, or as Tennyson writes:

The cup, the cup itself from
which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper
with His own;
This from the blessed land
of Aramat,
After the days of darkness, when
the dead
Went wandering over Moriah—
the good saint,
Arimathean Joseph, journeying
brought
To Glastonbury, where the
winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful
of our Lord.

When Britain adopted the Gregorian calendar in 1753, two thousand people assembled at Glastonbury on December 25—Christmas, new style—to see if the Holy Thorn would bloom in agreement with the new calendar. When it did not, many refused to participate in the usual observance of Christmas. The supposed evil of changing calendars was considered to be demonstrated when the tree bloomed on January 5—Christmas Eve, old style—and many clergymen in the area appeased their parishioners by announcing that Christmas would be observed according to the old calendar.

There are two species of the thorn at Glastonbury, one in the Abbey grounds and the other in St. John's churchyard. We are told that the original tree was hacked by a fanatic in the time of Oliver Cromwell and gradually died of its injuries, but not before several other trees had been budded from it. It had stood on the ascent of Weary-all Hill, reputed to be the place where Joseph and his disciples rested and on which he planted his staff as a sign. An inscribed flat stone marks the supposed spot where the original tree grew.

Another descendant of the thorn grows near St. Alban's School in Washington, D.C., where it was planted in 1900. This latter cutting blossomed for the first time in December, 1918; since then, it has blossomed every year at Christmastide and attracts thousands of visitors annually.

The legends and traditions of Glastonbury are all associated, directly or indirectly, with the tin merchant from a small town in Palestine.

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This progressive highway program is a wise investment. For good roads do more than carry you quickly, easily and safely to the places you want to visit, they pay back their original cost many times over in economic benefit for everyone—in Quebec and from sea to sea.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

by Gerald E. Tomkins

LASSIE WAS THE loving, intelligent, but much spoiled collie of the Tomkins family of East Florenceville. Lassie has received much publicity as a collie. If truth must be told, she is only partly collie. Really, she is "just a dog".

The story, a true if fantastic one, began at Hallowe'en three years ago, when a small animated ball of fur joined the family circle. Her name had been decided weeks before when the four children, Joan, Gary, Don and Tim, had first seen her at her birthplace overlooking the Beechwood power plant, a few miles from home.

As with most pups she soon won a place in the hearts of all members of the family. On Saturday evenings the television was forgotten by the children as they gathered to see Lass receive her weekly bath. There was always an audience as she sat patiently to be scrubbed down, then towelled and carried downstairs to finish drying by the fire.

Her favourite spot was on a cot in the den with a cushion under her head. From there she could survey almost every activity within the house, and welcome any member of the family returning from a short absence. On school days she watched for the school bus and seemed as anxious as their mother to see that the children were ready in time. At four o'clock she was always on hand to greet them on their return.

In fact, Lassie lived like any number of dogs until a day in the middle of December, just two years ago.

That fateful morning, the children said their good-byes to Lassie, and promised as usual to see her again at four.

She settled down to her daily routine, first a nap on her favourite cot, then a romp outdoors with the neighbour's dog Scamp, then in to dinner. In the middle of the afternoon she was awakened from another nap by a fateful knock on the door. An insurance adjuster had called about a small accident of a few days earlier. When he left, Mrs. Tomkins walked to the car parked by the side of the road. Lassie followed. Trotting out from behind the car, she didn't see another one approaching at a considerable speed. The mistake was fundamental. She was thrown a clear two hundred feet, landing in a crumpled heap by the side of the road. There was no doubt that she had been killed instantly. The insurance adjuster, a retired R.C.M.P. officer, examined her thoroughly and confirmed it.

The driver of the car was shocked and contrite. He asked what he could do. "Just take away the body before the children see her," Mrs. Tomkins said, eyeing the school bus half a mile up the road. The stranger placed the body in the trunk of his car, and drove off in quest of a burial site at the town dump.

Thoughts of Christmas just ten days away were uppermost in the minds of the children as they alighted from the bus. Along with other things, they had plans for a new collar for Lass, as she had outgrown the one she had worn as a puppy. When they heard the sad news, all the spirit seemed to go out of the joyous season. They were inconsolable as they mourned their friend and had perforce to realize that she would never again be waiting to welcome them home from school. As Christmas grew nearer, grief descended on the family in ever deepening gloom.

Then came the twenty-fourth, the day before the great day. Christmas Eve offered but a cheerless anticlimax for a family who were mourning their beloved Lassie. Mr. Tomkins thought of buying a new pup, but second thoughts forbade it. It would be a betrayal in the minds of the children. He drove across the river on an errand which took him near the dump.

Suddenly he saw a dog. It was as though the ghost of Lassie stood before him, sad, emaciated, but the very spit and image of the dear departed. Mr. Tomkins stopped his car. The dog was all alone. Mr. Tomkins walked forward, and the dog brushed against his leg. Another instant, and there was a meeting between man and dog that brooked no doubts.

Mr. Tomkins lifted the weak and panting Lassie into the car and carried her home.

What a reunion! To the family it seemed a miracle—a resurrection. It *was* a miracle. How did she endure those ten bitter cold days and nights lying on the frozen ground in which she would have been buried if a spade could have dug her grave? To Joan and Gary and Don and Tim the miracle was a happy and glorious one—but not so extraordinary for all that. To them it was a natural thing, just an answer to their prayers, and the prayers of countless others, for a happy, happy Christmas.

How else could Christmas be happy?

A Revolution in Beauty

by Mary Barker

A REVOLUTION IN BEAUTY is here for a whole new race of women—smudge-eyed beauties with sleek, cheeky coiffures and long swan necks who evoke an aura of elusive intrigue.

Not since Irene Castle cut her hair all those decades ago have women been seriously challenged with a new concept of beauty. And the inspiration of it all is the highlighting of the eyes. Bobbed hair was the fashion shocker of the First World War; today's is the technique of eye make-up via the modern version of kohl* and ravishing eye-shadows that have suddenly sky-rocketed on the market.

Two fascinatingly new looks—both of them terrific—have emerged in 1960. The latest—enormous, deep-pool eyes, welcomed enthusiastically in Paris this fall—is created by blending black and brown eye-shadow along the entire curve above the eye from the bridge of the nose to the eyebrow. There are no high-lights, no eye-liner; but there are fake lashes to mix densely with your own.

At the other end of the delicious extreme, are eye-shadows in intense shades of violet, blue, green and turquoise that might have come from a painter's palette. With these, you emphasize the eyes by highlighting the surrounding area, with the deepest intensity at the inner corner and a gradual lightening colour over the entire upper lid and brow-bone.

As one beauty consultant put it: "Until now, lipstick has been the focal point of make-up. Why not emphasize the *eyes* which, after all, are the mirror of our souls?"

Two lipsticks that are having a widespread vogue at the moment and look devastating in the light of owl-eyes, are a deep, glowing crimson and a pretty pastel pink. High gloss lipsticks that are in the shops now give new, shimmering dimensions to your lips. The same effect can be achieved with lip gloss, also on the cosmetic counters of most stores. It can be used over any lipstick colour and bestows a moist gleam of glamour.

A second revolution in the total beauty look is a new night-blooming make-up that seems spun of fantasy and pure gold. This glittering Golden Girl look starts with the face and goes on to the lips, to the eyes, to the fingertips.

There is gold eye-shadow that goes on like a lipstick and three new lipsticks that have flecks of gold in the pink.

Gold has gone to the girls' heads, too, with special gold and glitter rinses.

But the most startling idea is just gold dust, which you puff on your face over your face powder. For evening wear, it's just the thing to make you glitter the whole night through.

To wear it could be an exquisite adventure. But this Midas touch is only for the woman who is daring enough to face the spotlight.

Many of the new face powders—some imbued with royal jelly—have marvellous light-refracting qualities that fill out the hollows in the face and impart a pearly luminous look to the skin when worn over one of the feather-light cream or liquid foundations. You can be mysterious with an "interesting pallor" of palest ivory; blushingly pink with the rosiness one associates with Renoir's beauties, or frankly, glowingly healthy.

Highlighting, again, is the underlying principle of tinted foundations, which combine delicate oils with fine colour pigment. One of the newest has a soufflé texture and consistency which spreads smoothly over the face and neck without telltale smudges and looks darker in the jar than on the skin.

Yet another beauty revolution is one based on the fact that as the skin's natural oils wane, a steady replacement is necessary. These creams nourish the skin's underlying elastic quality, which lessens as we grow older, thus delaying premature wrinkling and sometimes wiping out—temporarily—tiny new-born lines.

They perform a true dermatological function in that they help ward off the excessive dryness, chapping and cracking to which older skins are susceptible. And if pouches under the eyes are your problem, invest in one of the special eye emollient creams formulated to an especially light texture so that they glide on easily to nourish with a minimum of skin stretching.

Today medical authorities are reverting to the view that the sensible use of cosmetics is beneficial to the skin. Co-operation between the medical profession and the cosmetic industry is common.

Skin specialists endorse and uphold three cosmetic methods for the skin and complexion, which have been proved by objective tests.

They are: to oil it, moisturize it and (at an appropriate age) treat it with hormones. All can be carried out at a reasonable cost.

These, then, are the Three Golden Rules of cosmetics. The gilding is up to you.

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* An eye-shadow preparation dating back to the Egyptians.

E *Wishing Well yields treasure trove of Blue Grass Perfume Mist, Luxury Dusting Powder, Perfumair, Fluffy Milk Bath, Bath Soap, 20.00*

L *Chatterbox for beauty on the go! Essential preparations for skin care, make-up. Pink, Blue, Rawhide, Red Alligator in simulated leather, 12.00*

I *Beauty Bag has capacious interior fitted with Elizabeth Arden preparations. White, Patent, Suntan, White and Black patent, White and Suntan in simulated leather, 37.50*

Z *Golden Shell . . . its perfumed cargo Mémoire Chérie Perfume Mist, Perfumair, Luxury Dusting Powder, Luxury Soap, 18.50*

A *Triple Treat. A shining rack holds Blue Grass Luxury Bath Salts, Flower Mist, Hand and Body Lotion, 10.00*

B *Bath Shell clasps a round of fragrant, hard-milled Bath Soap. Blue Grass, June Geranium, 1.25*

E1 *Christmas Jester presents a Perfumair for the handbag. Blue Grass, Valencia, 3.50*

T *Rolling Mirror Lipstick. With one little twist out rolls a highly polished mirror. It's magic! 3.50*

H *Pyramid Petal Wafers—12 fragrant foam-making Fluffy Milk Bath tablets, 2.00*

A1 *Golden Square Basket. Filled with perfumed delights . . . Blue Grass Flower Mist, Dusting Powder, Fluffy Milk Bath, Bath Soap (2), 12.00*

R *Perfume Mist and Luxury Dusting Powder, a fragrant and decorative addition to her dressing table. Blue Grass, Mémoire Chérie, My Love, Valencia, 10.50*

D *Valencia, aura of great elegance—6.00 to 26.00*

E2 *Mémoire Chérie, acclaimed "the finest fragrance ever created in France"—9.50 to 50.00*

N *Blue Grass, the great perfume classic—7.50 to 45.00*


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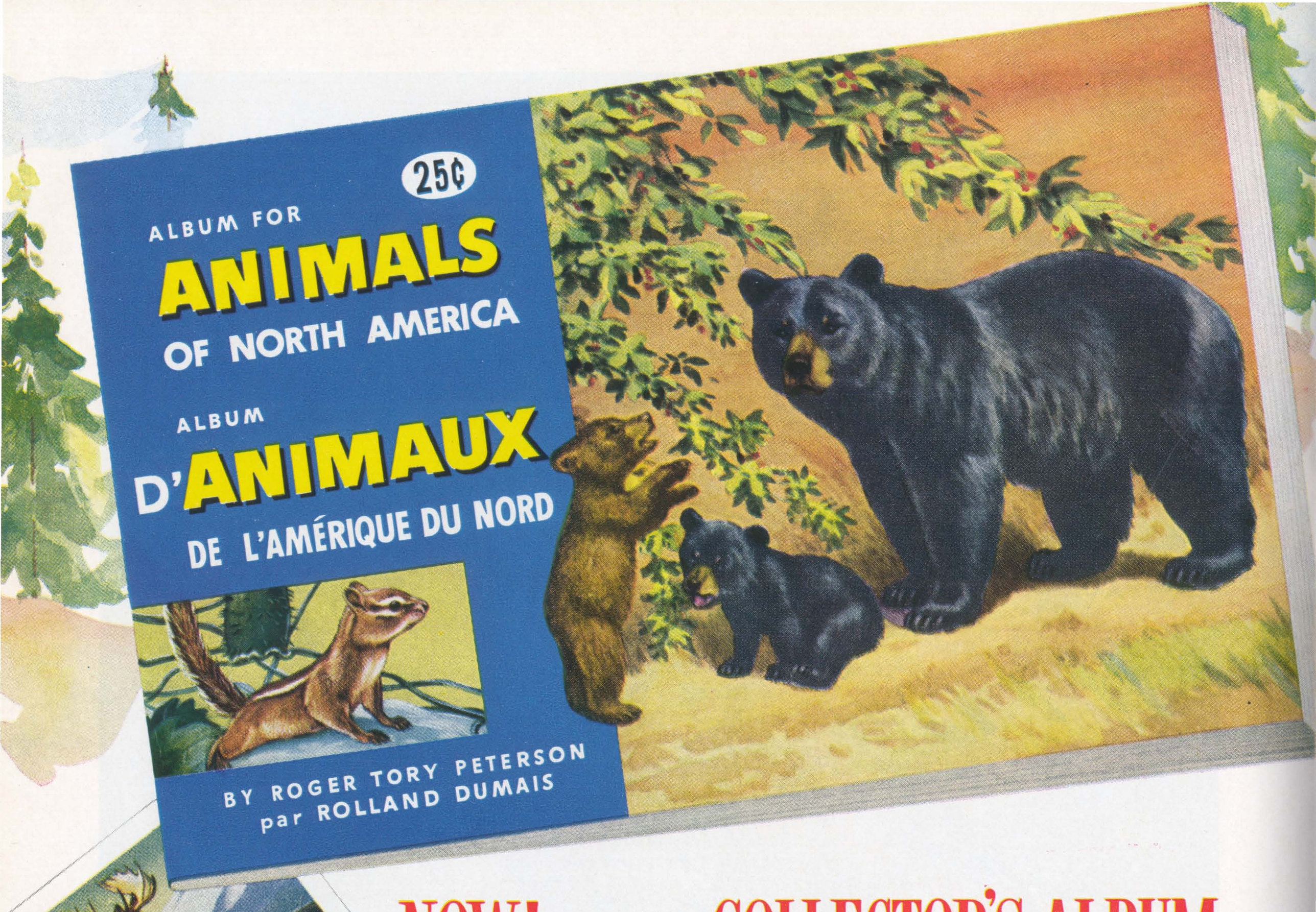

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NEWFOUNDLAND

THE FORTRESS ISLE

by J. Wentworth Day

"To hym that found the New Isle—£10."

THAT SHORT ENTRY, dated August 10th, 1497, in the Privy Purse account of King Henry VII, now in the British Museum, is the birth certificate of Newfoundland.

Seven weeks before, John Cabot, Master Mariner of Bristol, born of Genoese parents, sank on his knees on the bright dawn of St. John the Baptist's Day, June 24th, in thankful prayer. The Barrelman at the masthead of the galleon *Matthew* had just shouted "Land Ahead". They had sailed from England on May 2nd.

Above an opal sea rose a vision of grey-pink cliffs, pock-marked with the stone pulpits of puffins, a lace of surge breaking at their feet. A white cloud of gulls winnowed about the ship as she wallowed, under a press of sail, in the slow Atlantic swell.

"Bona Vista," cried Cabot. The Italian words of his youth sprang to his lips in that high moment of triumph. Thus Cape Bonavista, the "good sight", remains to this day, the first Atlantic outpost of the "New Found Land".

That first sight of the fortress-isle was more than a mere "good sight" to the sea-tired eyes of Cabot and his crew. It meant the end of a long gamble with fog and mountainous seas, the threat of ice and the blank horrors of an unguessed future.

For fifty-four days Cabot had sailed his little *Matthew* into the setting sun. Long grey miles of the Atlantic, void of sail, mocked them each dawn. Far ahead, new lands

must lie. How far no man knew. How long, in sailing time, none would say. Whether water and food would last was a toss with death. Whether any would ever return to the red roofs and chiming bells of Bristol city, climbing the hill above the shining Severn, was a bigger throw with fate.

The *Matthew* was a three-masted, square-rigged, deep-waisted galleon, of perhaps 50 tons. A high forecastle perched like a house in her bows. Equally high, the stern castle was built aft. She carried a lateen sail on her mizzen and a crew of 18 men only.

Five years earlier Columbus had discovered America. So John Cabot petitioned Henry VII for a charter to sail at his own expense to seek new lands in the Western ocean. It was granted, with the proviso that the King should have a fifth of all discovered.

Armed with his charter Cabot sailed from Bristol, steered North up the Irish coast and then bore due West "with the Pole star on his right hand."

A few days before they sighted land he sailed over waters where codfish were so thick "that a boat could hardly be rowed through them." Later, Sir Francis Bacon declared, "they contain richer treasures than the mines of Mexico and Peru."

When Cabot returned to Bristol, in a clamour of bells and cannon, a fluttering of flags, "the people ran after him like mad." The "Great Admiral" came home to swift glory.

Next year he set sail again with five ships. One went ashore on the Irish coast. There the tale of John Cabot ends. No one knows where or how he died. The triumph of the Great Admiral was as short as his life.

Two years later, a Portuguese, Gaspar Corte-Real, sighted huge icebergs and floes off Labrador. Next year he returned, ascended the Exploits River, saw stags, salmon and Indians. He captured 57 men, women and children, who were taken back to Portugal. Corte-Real himself was drowned on the homeward voyage.

Two years later, his brother, Miguel Corte-Real sailed with three ships. His own ship was lost, probably in Belle Isle Straits. The other two sailed into Conception Bay and Portugal Cove and gave them their names.

Next came Sebastian Cabot, son of John, a vain, lying fellow. He captured three Eskimos and tried to persuade England that he, and not his father, was the true discoverer of the New Found Land.

Finally, Jacques Cartier, a great French sailor, got up the St. Lawrence river in 1534 as far as the spot where the city of Quebec stands today. In three voyages he sowed the seeds of the great French colony and made a lasting mark on the history of Canada.

For forty years after Cartier's discoveries, fishing fleets from France, Spain, Portugal and England sailed each year to the Grand Banks. Little ships from 10 to 40 tons each, they sailed "by guess and by God". Their crews belong to the immortal roll of great seamen. They caught cod by the ton, salted and dried them and sailed home—when they were not pooped and sunk without trace. Anyone who knows the North Atlantic hazards of fog, hurricanes, icebergs and blinding snow will salute the superb seamanship of those men who navigated their pathetic little ships across 5,000 miles of uncharted ocean.

Thus Spain, France and Portugal bred splendid sailors. England saw in these foreign fishing fleets a lasting threat. They were too good a nursery for the seamen, soon to threaten her with the Grand Armada of Spain.

So, in 1578, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half-brother of Sir Francis Drake, was sent by Elizabeth I with two ships to capture as many fishing boats as possible and burn the rest. One ship was sunk by the Spaniards. He sailed back to England, beaten but sharp to try again.

He sold half his landed estates, fitted out five ships and manned them with 250 men, including carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, musicians and ex-convicts.

One ship deserted and took to piracy—a paying trade.

Gilbert sailed into the land-locked harbour of St. John's on August 3rd, 1583. The English fishermen, and merchants, had built a little town of wooden houses. When he showed his charter from the Queen they welcomed him, took his orders and sent aboard salmon, trout, codfish, lobster, wines, bread, biscuits and marmalade. Gilbert and his captains were given a great feast.

Two days later, on August 5th, Gilbert read a proclamation from the Queen of England on the spot where the war memorial now stands.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert plants the English flag for Queen Elizabeth

Masters of the fishing fleet, merchants, foreigners and fishermen gathered round whilst Gilbert in leather top boots, velvet surtout and breastplate of light armour, with a lace collar about his neck, read the Queen's orders. They proclaimed the Church of England as the official church of Newfoundland. Any action which might infringe the Queen's rights would be high treason with the penalty of death. Any man who spoke disrespectfully of the Queen would lose his goods—and his ears.

Then a great wooden pillar with the Royal Arms upon it was set up. A piece of turf with a twig was solemnly presented to Sir Humphrey as a sign that "The Newfoundlande" was now the possession of England.

It had been an English colony for many years before but that ceremony stamped Royal seal of ownership.

A month later Gilbert sailed to annex other parts of North America. A great storm blew up. His largest ship broached-to, was swamped and went to the bottom. Disease broke out in another ship. He sent it to England with the sick men aboard. His other crews became sullen, mutinous.

So Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a man of kind heart, turned his bows for home.

The seas were still running high so he transferred his flag to the smallest ship, the *Squirrel*, a mere 10-tonner. His only other ship was the *Golden Hind* of 50 tons. He would have saved his life had he remained aboard her. That was not his nature. Off the Azores the wind blew with hurricane force. The seas rose in white-capped majesty. Sails blew out like gun-shots. The *Golden Hind*, reeling drunkenly, weathered the storm. The *Squirrel* went down.

The last they saw of Sir Humphrey Gilbert was a glimpse of him on the lurching deck, reading the Bible. He called: "Cheer up, boys, we're as near to Heaven by sea as on land!"

So died the sea-hero who made Newfoundland "England's oldest colony."

There were forty or fifty houses in St. John's as early as 1582. They were built by fishermen who stayed each winter to cut timber, build cookhouses, boats and fishing stages. Most came from the West of England. That is why lakes are called "ponds" as they are in Devonshire and why the Willow Grouse is called a partridge, because it looks like the English partridge.

The first planned colony was set up by John Guy, in 1610. He sailed from Bristol with three ships, forty-one people and a Royal Charter from James I which granted him all the lands between Cape St. Mary's and Cape Bonavista and all seas and islands within ten miles of the coast.

Guy reached Newfoundland in 23 days, and set up his little colony at Cupids, then called Cuper's Cove. He built stores, houses, jetties and a fort with three guns. He called it "Sea Forest Plantation". Then he started another colony at Clarke's Beach, South River. Cattle, pigs, goats, poultry and wheat were imported and the first real farm was started.

Guy went home for the winter of 1611 and returned next spring with more men, horses, cattle, pigs and farm implements. He also brought a clergyman, the first permanent parson in the Island.

These bright beginnings were threatened by two enemies. In England the merchants, who had come to look on Newfoundland as their own fishing property, hated Guy's attempts to set up a permanent colony.

Guy handled them with tact and firmness.

A worse enemy was the famous pirate, Peter Easton, who had a fleet of ten pirate ships at Ferryland, the terror of the coast.

Captain Richard Whitbourne, after whom Whitbourne is named, was sent from England in 1615 to enforce law and order. Peter Easton captured him and held him prisoner for 11 days. This was too much for Guy. He stayed in England.

Two years later Captain John Mason, R.N. came out and soon put things in order. He explored the coast, produced the first good map of the island and set up a flourishing fish trade at Cupids and Harbour Grace. The cod were so thick that three men could catch thirty thousand fish in a month.

Mason's success infuriated the Devon and Bristol merchants. They told James I that the "planters" were harbouring pirates, stealing boats and provisions, taking the best fishing places, and obstructing fishermen. Sir Francis Bacon defeated this intrigue and the King rejected their petition.

John Guy

Thereupon the merchants bribed local hooligans to burn down houses by night, smash up their boats, cut their nets and drive off their cattle. They partly crippled the colony.

Mason's rule lasted six years only. Had he remained longer, Newfoundland would have got off to a better start.

Sir William Vaughan next tried to colonize the Trepassey area without much success. Lord Falkland had little better luck. Finally Sir George Calvert set up a colony at Ferryland in 1621. He became Lord Baltimore. A man of drive and vision, he built himself a mansion at Ferryland, whose foundations can still be seen.

A French warship raided the settlement at Cape Broyle and captured two English ships. Baltimore immediately chased them out to sea, recaptured the English ships and took sixty-seven French prisoners. He then sailed to Trepassey and captured six French fishing boats with all their oil and fish. Then he got the King to send a warship to patrol the coast.

Unfortunately an exceptionally hard winter nearly killed Lady Baltimore. She left for Virginia where Lord Baltimore founded the new colony of Maryland and gave his name to the city of Baltimore.

He was followed by Sir David Kirke, conqueror of Canada ten years earlier, when with his own fleet he had stormed and captured Quebec. Canada was ceded back to the French in 1632. Kirke was knighted in 1634 and in 1638 made Governor of Newfoundland. He set up headquarters in Baltimore's house at Ferryland and ruled with an iron hand. He charged rent for fish stages and rooms, levied taxes on all fish ports and sold tavern licences. Complaints against him led to an enquiry. It was found that he had swindled some of the partners in the colonization scheme. So Sir David Kirke was dismissed from office. He lived on at Ferryland until 1673 when a Dutch squadron bombarded the place, set it on fire, and plundered it. Some of his descendants live in Newfoundland to this day.

Thus ended the last official attempt to colonize Newfoundland. Thereafter, settlers were discouraged. Finally they were forbidden. If they insisted on living there they were ordered to live not less than six miles from the shore. To make matters worse they were forbidden to build chimneys to their houses. In short—smoked out!

Leif Ericson, son of Eric the Red, the Viking

These set-backs were engineered largely by the merchants in England. Yet scores of hardy fishermen founded their own lonely little settlements, usually not more than one or two shacks at the head of remote bays, inlets and sandy beaches. There, hidden from the sea, they fished, salted and dried their catches, cultivated their tiny plots of farmland, reared a few pigs or goats, shot caribou and seabirds for food and lived hard, lonely lives, often without seeing strange faces for a year on end.

For a century or more a ban on settling remained. Thus Newfoundland, oldest colony of all, waited for six generations before she became a colony again. She was handicapped from the start.

John Cabot is accepted as the official discoverer of Newfoundland but there seems no doubt that Leif Ericson, son of Eric the Red, the Viking, reached Labrador and Newfoundland from Greenland in about 1018. Ericson called it Markland. He reported seeing Eskimos. There is no record that he saw any Red Indians.

Yet Cabot, nearly five hundred years later, met the Beothucks, a Red Indian tribe, now extinct. Evidently they had come over from the mainland between the visit of Leif Ericson and the coming of Cabot.

It is likely that the Beothucks drove the Eskimos from the island just as the Indians on the mainland had swept the Eskimos into the dreary Arctic wastes.

The Beothucks were of average height, black-eyed with brown, black or yellow hair. A few were six or seven feet tall. Oddly enough they wore long, plaited hair, exactly after the Viking fashion. There seems little doubt that they were cross-bred descendants of Viking seamen, who, five hundred years before, had left their mark on the population. The wiping-out of the Beothucks is rightly described as "a black page in the history of British colonization in America." John Guy and other settlers tried to make friends with the Beothucks, but a few unlucky accidents, beginning with the bombardment of Guy's friendly Indians by an unknown ship, led to bloodshed. The Beothucks became a hunted people with a price on their heads. They were shot like dogs. In return they beheaded the whites and stole their goods. When the Micmac Indians migrated from the mainland they joined in the hunt with bloodthirsty zest. It was the end.

Attempts were made by various Governors, in the early 1800's, to establish friendship with the few pathetic survivors. It was too late.

The final, sad chapter came in 1823. Two men out shooting saw a Beothuck walking towards them with a wooden club in his hand. One man shot the Indian dead. Then they saw a wigwam. A Beothuck man bolted across the river on the ice, fell through, and was drowned. Inside the wigwam they found a Beothuck mother and two daughters, starving. They were taken back to St. John's, fed well and looked after.

One girl was ill, but the other daughter, about 22 years old, was quick, intelligent and affectionate, with a tall, well-built figure. When she saw herself in a mirror, she danced with delight. A ticking watch made her laugh. They gave her paper and pencil. She was enchanted. In a few bold strokes she drew a startlingly good picture of a caribou.

She told them her name was Shanawdithit, but they christened her Nancy.

When the three women had recovered, they were taken to Exploits River, with food and presents for their friends. A few weeks later they turned up again and made signs that they could find no Beothucks. Soon after, the mother and one daughter died.

Nancy remained living at the house of Mr. John Peyton, Junior, at Exploits, where she did housework and was free to come and go. Occasionally she had fits of melancholy and took to the woods. Normally, she was bright and friendly. She made many drawings which gave an invaluable insight into the habits of the Beothucks. She also carved various articles out of caribou horns.

Finally, she learned enough English to tell them that her tribe had numbered only 13 in 1823.

Shanawdithit, the last of her tribe, died of consumption on June 6th, 1829. She was probably the last Red Indian who could possibly claim descent from the Christian Vikings of eight centuries before.

During the years in which the Beothucks were hunted to death, Newfoundland settlers were harassed by muddled government, corruption, wars, piracy, murders, burnings and insecurity. Between Lord Baltimore's departure in 1629 and the year 1817, when the Governor, Admiral Pickmore, was told to live on the island all the year round—which none of his predecessors had done—the whole picture is lit with the flames of war and the dark tones of tragedy.

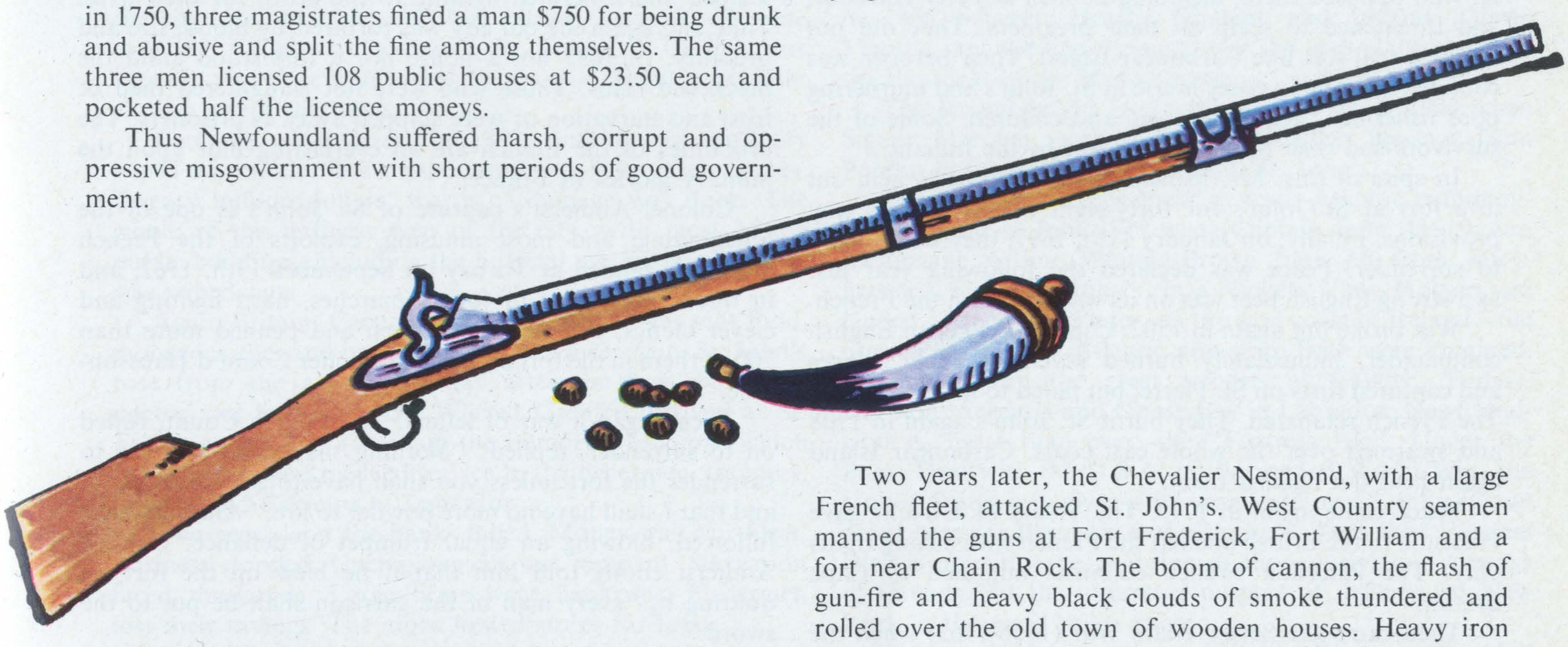
During those 188 years, Newfoundland was governed or misgoverned by successive naval officers and so-called "Fishing Admirals". Some Governors, notably Captain Henry Osborne, Admiral Waldegrave, Sir Hugh Palliser and John Treworgie, whom Cromwell sent in 1653, were wise and strong men. These were in the minority.

The so-called "Fishing Admirals" were an unmitigated curse. They were appointed under a law which said that the skipper of any fishing vessel which was the first to enter any harbour at the beginning of the fishing season, was to govern that harbour for the rest of the season.

Thus any ignorant bully, unable to read or write, totally unacquainted with law and often half-drunk, held enormous power, almost of life and death. He could eject local fishermen from their beaches and houses, fine them heavily and order people to be whipped or put in the stocks. The result was a reign of terror in many a little outport.

The district magistrates were little better. In St. John's in 1750, three magistrates fined a man $750 for being drunk and abusive and split the fine among themselves. The same three men licensed 108 public houses at $23.50 each and pocketed half the licence moneys.

Thus Newfoundland suffered harsh, corrupt and oppressive misgovernment with short periods of good government.



The harsh laws which forbad settlers to build houses, or live within six miles of the shore remained in force until after the end of the eighteenth century. The result of this was that in many outports, riot, bloodshed, and drunkenness were lamentably common.

In St. John's itself when the foreign fishing fleets were in port, the town was often in an uproar. Smuggling was rampant. Pirates were a continual menace. Worse, the French, who had a strong fort and extensive territorial fishing rights, based on Placentia, constantly raided St. John's and other places.

The Newfoundland settlers lived with muzzle-loading rifles and guns always loaded and ready. More than once those hardy fishermen, mainly descendants of Devon, Dorset and Somerset men, fought the French trained troops to a standstill or defeated them utterly. Too often their own houses were burnt to the ground and men, women and children slaughtered by the French-hired Indians.

War broke out between France and England in 1688. It lasted on and off until 1763. Black tragedy came to Newfoundland. St. John's and the outports were constantly harried by French ships. Death came up over the sea with many a dawn.

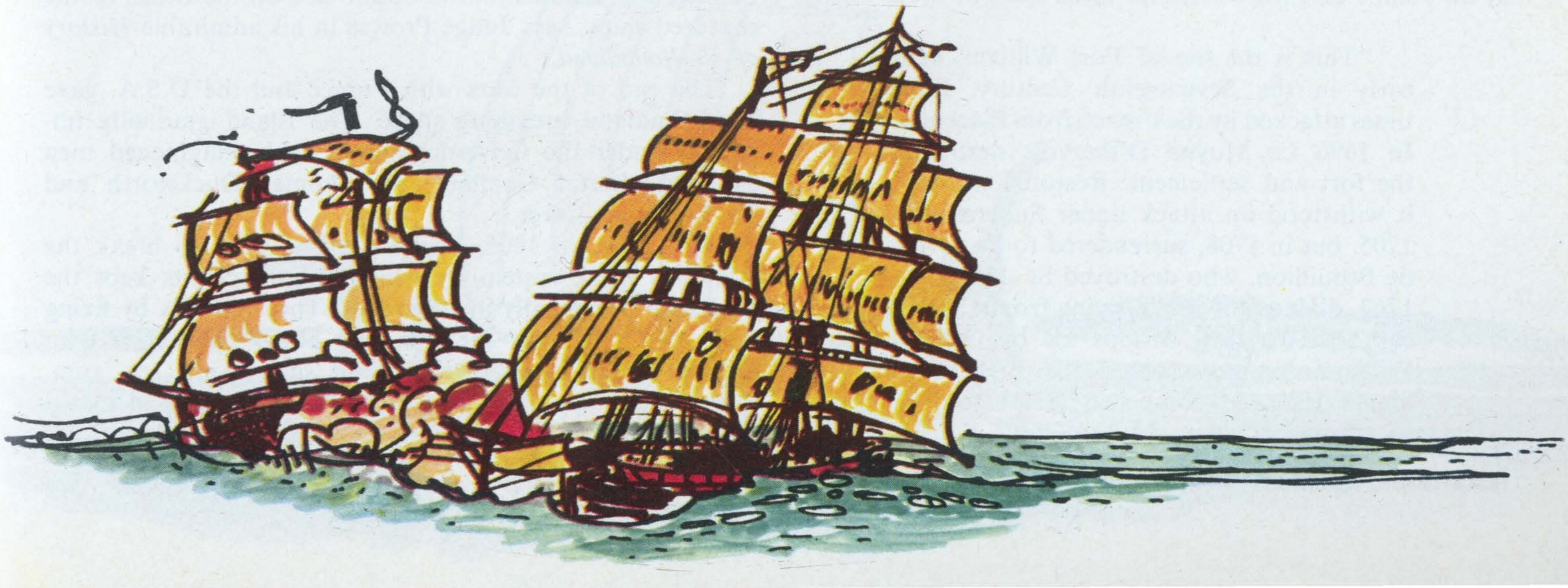
There were bright flashes of heroism to off-set the dark tragedies. Captain William Holman of the 16-gun galley *William and Mary* was attacked at Ferryland on August 31, 1694, by seven French warships. In a five-hour running fight, he killed about 90 Frenchmen, and sent their ships flying out to sea.

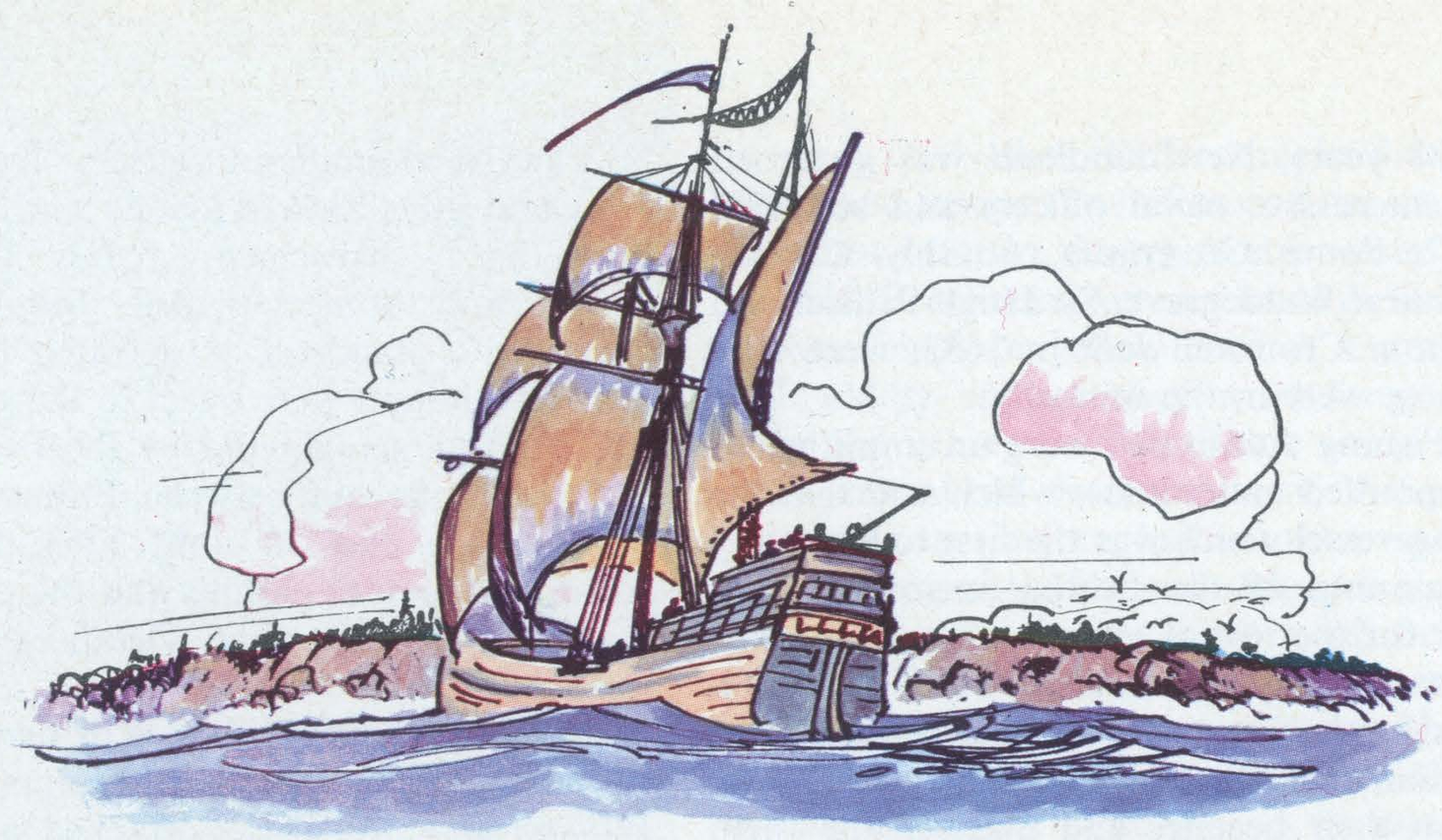
Two years later, the Chevalier Nesmond, with a large French fleet, attacked St. John's. West Country seamen manned the guns at Fort Frederick, Fort William and a fort near Chain Rock. The boom of cannon, the flash of gun-fire and heavy black clouds of smoke thundered and rolled over the old town of wooden houses. Heavy iron cannon balls ripped into the wooden hulls of the French ships. They fled.

Then the Devonshire ships left for home in August and September, leaving the people of St. John's, under Governor Miners, undefended.

That winter the French came back, under Captain Pierre Le Moyne D'Iberville, the brilliant French-Canadian sailor. He had fourteen ships and a small army of Canadian Indians.

On November 1st, 1696, with four hundred French troops and Indians, he marched overland from Placentia,





through deep snow and over ice and attacked Ferryland, Bay Bulls, Petty Harbour and St. John's. They slaughtered all who opposed them, including 26 men at Petty Harbour, and threatened to scalp all their prisoners. They did not attack a real fort like Carbonear Island. Their heroism was confined to burning every house in St. John's and murdering poor fishermen, helpless women and children. Some of the survivors had their brains dashed out by the Indians.

In spite of this, Mr. Miners and Mr. Roberts held out in a fort at St. John's for forty-eight hours, without any provisions. Finally, on January 12th, 1697, they were forced to surrender. Peace was declared the following year just as a strong English fleet was on its way to thrash the French.

War broke out again in 1702. Captain Leake, an English commander, immediately burned several French villages and captured forts on St. Pierre, but failed to take Placentia. The French retaliated. They burnt St. John's again in 1708 and swarmed over the whole east coast. Carbonear Island again held out against them.

Peace came again in 1713. The Treaty of Utrecht gave Placentia to the British and left the French with fishing rights only. The Placentia French colonists migrated to Cape Breton.

Then came the Seven Years War (1756-1763) when the French made their last desperate bid. They landed at Bay Bulls, marched overland and captured St. John's in 1762. Colonel Amherst promptly landed at Torbay, with four companies of British troops, stormed Signal Hill and took St. John's. The French ships in the harbour escaped in a fog. Thus ended the last attempt by France to dominate Newfoundland. Under the Treaty of Paris (1763) she was given the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon as shelters for her fishermen on the Grand Banks. That is all she has today. No forts or garrisons may be maintained there.

A plaque in the entrance of the Newfoundland Hotel at St. John's tells the outline of these wars in these words:

> "This is the site of Fort William, built early in the Seventeenth Century, three times attacked by the French from Placentia. In 1696 Le Moyne D'Iberville destroyed the fort and settlement. Restored in 1697, it withstood an attack under Subercase in 1705, but in 1708, surrendered to St. Ovide de Brouillion, who destroyed St. John's. In 1762, d'Haussonville, arriving from France, captured the fort. Troops led by Colonel William Amherst routed the French on Signal Hill and compelled d'Haussonville to surrender."

That brief inscription paints recurring pictures of burning houses, murdered women, children stabbed and scalped and fishermen fighting to the death for their lives. Time and again the old city was tortured by blood, fire and brutality. In 1697 not a house nor a fort stood amid the blackened ruins. Those who were not slaughtered died of frost and starvation or were shipped away as prisoners. The brutalities of the French are an everlasting blot upon the military glories of France.

Colonel Amherst's capture of St. John's is one of the outstanding, and most amusing, exploits of the French Wars. He landed at Torbay on September 13th, 1762, and in three sharp days of forced marches, hard fighting and clever tactics, defeated the French and penned more than 700 of them in the fort at St. John's under Count d'Haussonville.

Then began a war of letters. The French Count, called on to surrender, replied: "Nothing shall determine me to surrender the fort unless you shall have totally destroyed it and that I shall have no more powder to fire." Another letter followed, blowing an equal trumpet of defiance. Colonel Amherst coolly told him that if he blew up the fort on quitting it, "every man of the garrison shall be put to the sword."

He demanded total surrender and added: "I don't thirst after the blood of the garrison, but you must determine quickly or expect the consequences." Count d'Haussonville surrendered like a deflated frog.

The American War of Independence and the War of 1812 put Newfoundland, the "Fortress-Isle", in the forefront of the sea-fighting. American privateers plundered the outports. They got more than they bargained for. The British Navy captured so many American ships that, in 1812, on one day alone, thirty American prizes were chained side by side in St. John's Harbour. One man walked from Bennett's to Alsop's on the South side on the decks of the captured ships, says Judge Prowse in his admirable *History of Newfoundland*.

The end of the wars with France and the U.S.A. gave Newfoundland breathing space. The island gradually improved under the Governorship of such enlightened men as Vice-Admiral Gambier, Sir Thomas Duckworth and Sir Erasmus Gower.

The latter, in 1805, issued the first edict to break the infamous truck system by which the merchants kept the fishermen perpetually in their debt. They did this by fixing their own prices for the fish they bought and their own prices for the bread, flour, meat, sugar, salt, tea, rum, tobacco, canvas and other goods which they sold in return for the fish. Many fishermen never saw real money from

one year's end to another. The relics of this foul system endured in outlying places within living memory.

After war came fire. The Great Fire of 1846 swept St. John's in a hell-fire blast of flames, smoke and blazing embers. It began with a glue pot boiling over in a cabinet-maker's shop in George Street. Neighbouring houses caught fire. Vats filled with seal oil then went up in flames. In a few hours even the ships in the harbour were on fire, for the burning oil set the harbour itself ablaze.

When night fell, the city of St. John's was a blazing bed of embers, with a forest of blackened chimneys standing up against the red-hot ruins. No house was left, except a few to the west of George Street and one or two in the north of the city.

Twelve thousand people lost their homes. England and various places in North America sent food and money to ward off starvation.

No sooner did re-building begin than a hurricane swept the city. Half-built houses were blown down. Roofs were torn off. Ships were wrecked. St. Thomas's Church was actually moved several inches by the gale. Eight years later cholera swept the town.

Forty-six years later, in 1892, another fire virtually wiped out the city. Eleven thousand people lost their homes. Twenty million dollars' worth of damage was done. The whole of the business part of the city, with most of the public buildings, including the hospital and many churches, was wiped out.

Again Britain, Canada and the United States sent food, money, clothes and building material. Once again, St. John's rose from the ashes. The day after the fire, that great doctor and humanist, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, arrived at St. John's on his way to set up the immortal Missions which brought help and medical service to the fishermen, trappers, Indians and Eskimos of Labrador.

Two years later the banks failed. Money was worthless. Business stopped. Unemployment was rampant. Starvation faced thousands. Large firms went bankrupt. Fishermen lost their savings. The mobs looted stores for food.

Again the British Government came to the rescue and actual starvation was prevented.

That bank failure of 1894 left a lasting mark on Newfoundland. Many people refused to invest their money in the country and its future. Fishermen put their savings in a tin box instead of in a bank.

The last century and a half was not entirely a march of tragedy. Responsible Government came, at last, in 1832, long after Vice-Admiral Gambier had recommended it in 1803.

The railway across the island was built between 1881 and 1908. Robert Reid, the contractor, received more than four million dollars. It never showed a profit. In all, the railway is said to have cost the Government no less than 43 million dollars between 1875 and 1935. It is now part of the Canadian National Railway system.

In bigger spheres, there were resounding events. The world was made to realize that Newfoundland, the Fortress Isle of North America, the front door of Canada, was also the most vital link with Britain and the rest of Europe.

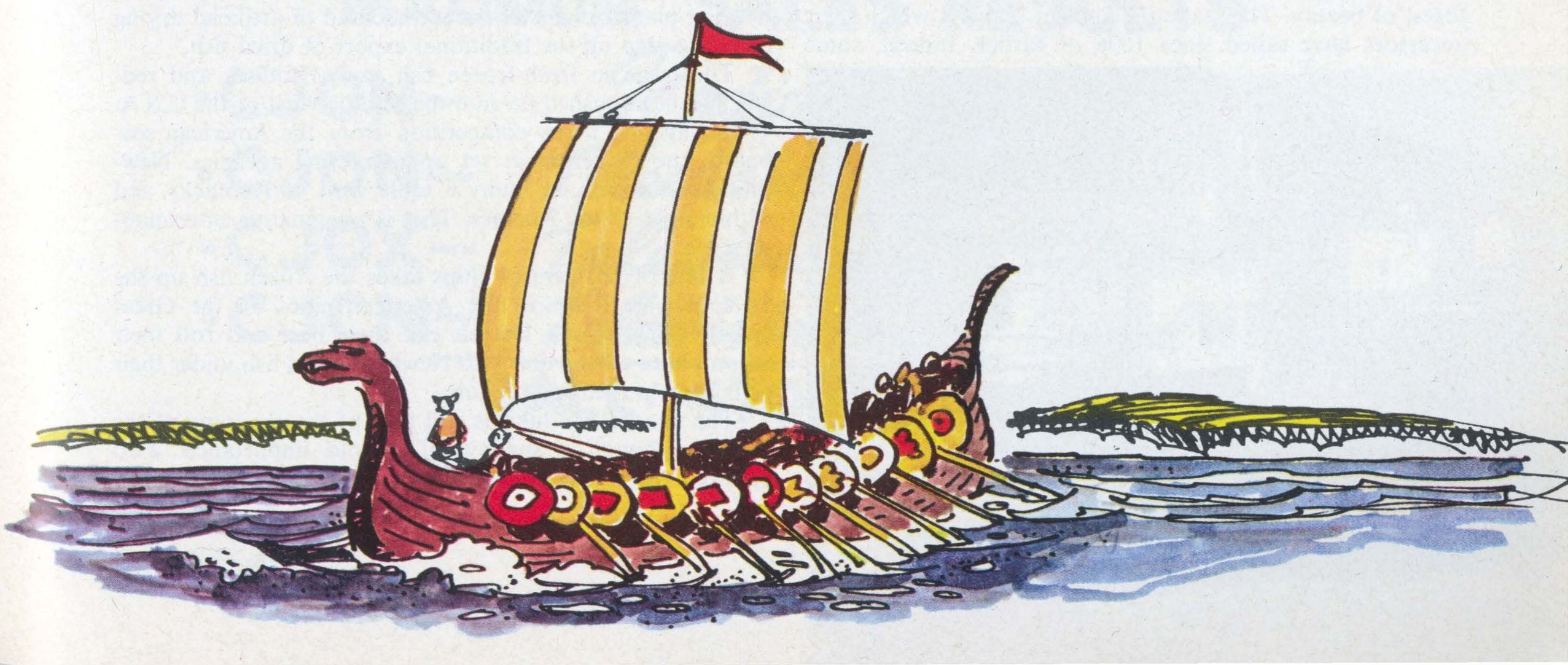
The first event which shook the world was when the Atlantic cable, after many failures, was finally connected in 1866 between Heart's Content and Ireland. Queen Victoria sent the first message over the bed of the ocean to the President of the United States.

The second bright landmark was set up in 1903 when Signor Marconi received the first wireless message from Poldhu in Cornwall at Signal Hill, St. John's.

The crowning achievement in trans-Atlantic communications came in June 1919 when Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur Whitten-Brown took off from Buckmaster's Field, St. John's, in a Vickers Vimy biplane and landed, sixteen hours later, on the west coast of Ireland—the first men to fly the Atlantic non-stop. Both were knighted.

Today, with the great airports at Gander, Torbay, Harmon, Argentia and Goose Bay in Labrador, Newfoundland is, more than ever, the "Fortress Isle". Under the Bases Deal with the U.S.A. in the Second World War, the United States was given a 99-year lease on all military and naval bases at Placentia and elsewhere. Thus the "Fortress Isle" is not only the guardian of the seaways and airways of Canada but the uttermost outpost of defence for New York, a thousand miles away.

That was why in August 1941 Sir Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt signed, aboard a warship in Placentia Bay, the Atlantic Charter. Once again the "Fortress Isle" became the heart of world affairs.



"For generations Newfoundlanders have lived by fish and forests." Fish-drying flakes in an outport

. . . By the Arctic sea there's a treasure to be won.
Follow and follow a lone moose-trail till you come to a valley grim
On the slope of the lonely watershed that borders the Polar brim.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

Newfoundland is founded on fish, forests, minerals, hard work and brains.

Fish are the ancient harvest of the sea. The Grand Banks, nursery of historic sailors, are still the best cod fisheries in the world, the mainstay of thousands of homes.

Yet, sad but true, fewer Newfoundlanders fish for a living. Whereas 65,000 men were fishing less than forty years ago, only 18,000 put to sea with the fishing fleets in 1959.

That is why the Smallwood Government and the Federal Government have sponsored loans to fishing firms to enable them to modernize their ships and replace old schooners with modern trawlers, draggers and long liners. Such ships catch more fish with fewer men.

Meanwhile, each March and April, the landlocked harbour of St. John's, placid within encircling hills which saw the Redcoats rout the French with rattle of musketry and glint of sword, annually is brightened by the white-hulled Portuguese fishing fleets, whose tall masts make a forest of beauty. They take the ancient seaways which their ancestors have sailed since 1506 or earlier. Indeed, some claim that Portuguese fishermen discovered the Grand Banks in 1455.

Their sailors, olive-skinned and friendly, swarm ashore in tartan shirts. Those shirts tell a tale. For they derive from the Peninsular War when Wellington's Highlanders fought alongside Portuguese allies and, between battles, taught them to weave and wear the Scottish Tartan.

Thus a whiff of old heroic days comes each year to the Grand Banks with the white-hulled ships.

Cod-fishing can be summed up in three sentences. Catch them, split, trim and gut them. Salt and dry them. Then sell them. Newfoundland fishermen can split, trim and gut cod at the rate of five fish a minute. That is sheer art.

Dried cod is the old staple trade. Italians love it. Jamaicans buy it. Puerto Ricans flourish on it. It is their great source of salt, apart from its food value.

Today, a new trade has grown up in frozen fresh fish. The Smallwood Government financed the setting up of freezing plants to aid this new trade and of artificial drying plants to step up the traditional export of dried fish.

The trade in fresh-frozen fish, cod, haddock and redfish, has been pushed far into the Middle West of the U.S.A. There, against fierce competition from the American seaboard, the Government set up marketing agencies. Newfoundland cod is on many a table west of Kentucky and within sight of the Rockies. That is imaginative statesmanship.

A line of refrigerator ships takes the frozen fish up the St. Lawrence River to the American cities on the Great Lakes. Chicago and Detroit can their beef and roll their automobiles off the line with Newfoundland fish under their belts to help them do the job.

The annual seal hunt is still part of the economy of the island, although a shadow of its old importance. Two hundred years, and more, ago, seals were caught inshore in

Fishing Settlement at Trouty

(*continued on page 57*)

Old English Mummers' Christmas Play in Newfoundland

by

Michael Francis Harrington

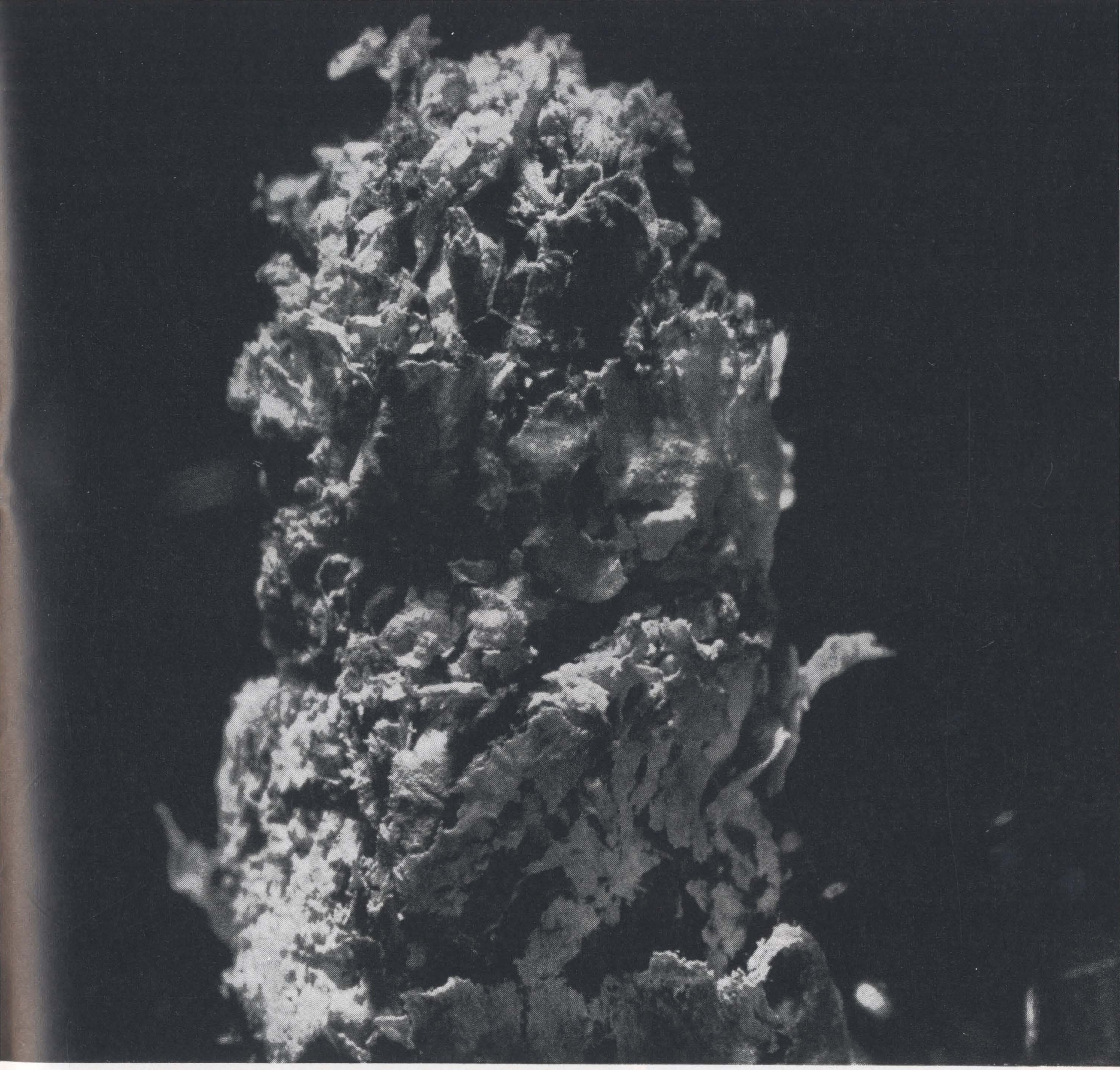
IN THE BOOK *Pre-Shakespearian Drama*, a collection of plays made by Adams, there is printed the "Leicestershire St. George Play". Its principal characters are: Captain Slasher, in military costume, with sword and pistol; the King of England, in robes and crown; Prince George, the King's son, in robes, sword by his side; Turkish Champion, in military attire, with sword and pistol; a noble Doctor; Beelzebub, and Clown.

Adams states that this play was printed by William Kelly in *Notices Illustrative of the Drama and other Popular Amusements* in 1865, with the following comments: "Among the most vivid of our boyish recollections, some five and thirty years ago, is that of seeing parties of mummers going about the town, from house to house, some of them wearing high conical caps of pasteboard, decorated with ribbons and gilt paper, and carrying wooden swords, a club, frying-pan, etc"; and he adds: "As the last traces of this ancient custom will be inevitably swept away in a very few years, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of placing before our readers the 'Mummers' Play' as performed in some villages near Lutterworth at Christmas, 1863."

William Kelly would have been very interested to learn that at the same time, and even for a generation after he set down the Leicestershire play, a variation of it was being performed on different parts of the northeast coast of Newfoundland. There were many variations of this particular mummers' play. E. K. Chambers in *The Medieval Stage* devotes a chapter to it. He follows with a bibliographical note listing the origin of twenty-nine printed versions of the St. George play from at least eighteen sources in the English counties and shires, Wales, Ireland and uncertain localities. Later in an appendix he gives the Lutterworth play in the version previously referred to, which appears to be the most used.

There are known to be at least two versions of this play in Newfoundland. There may be others, but these two at least have been written down. It is possible that the play, or some of it, is still performed in the more remote areas. It is a fact, however, that the two versions referred to were performed regularly in settlements in Bonavista and Notre Dame bays as recently as the early part of this century.

One of these versions is presented herewith. "The whole performance", E. K. Chambers writes, "may be divided, for convenience of analysis, into three parts, the Presentation, the Drama, the Quete. In the first somebody speaks a prologue, claiming a welcome from the spectators, and then the leading characters are in turn introduced. The second consists of a fight followed by the inter-



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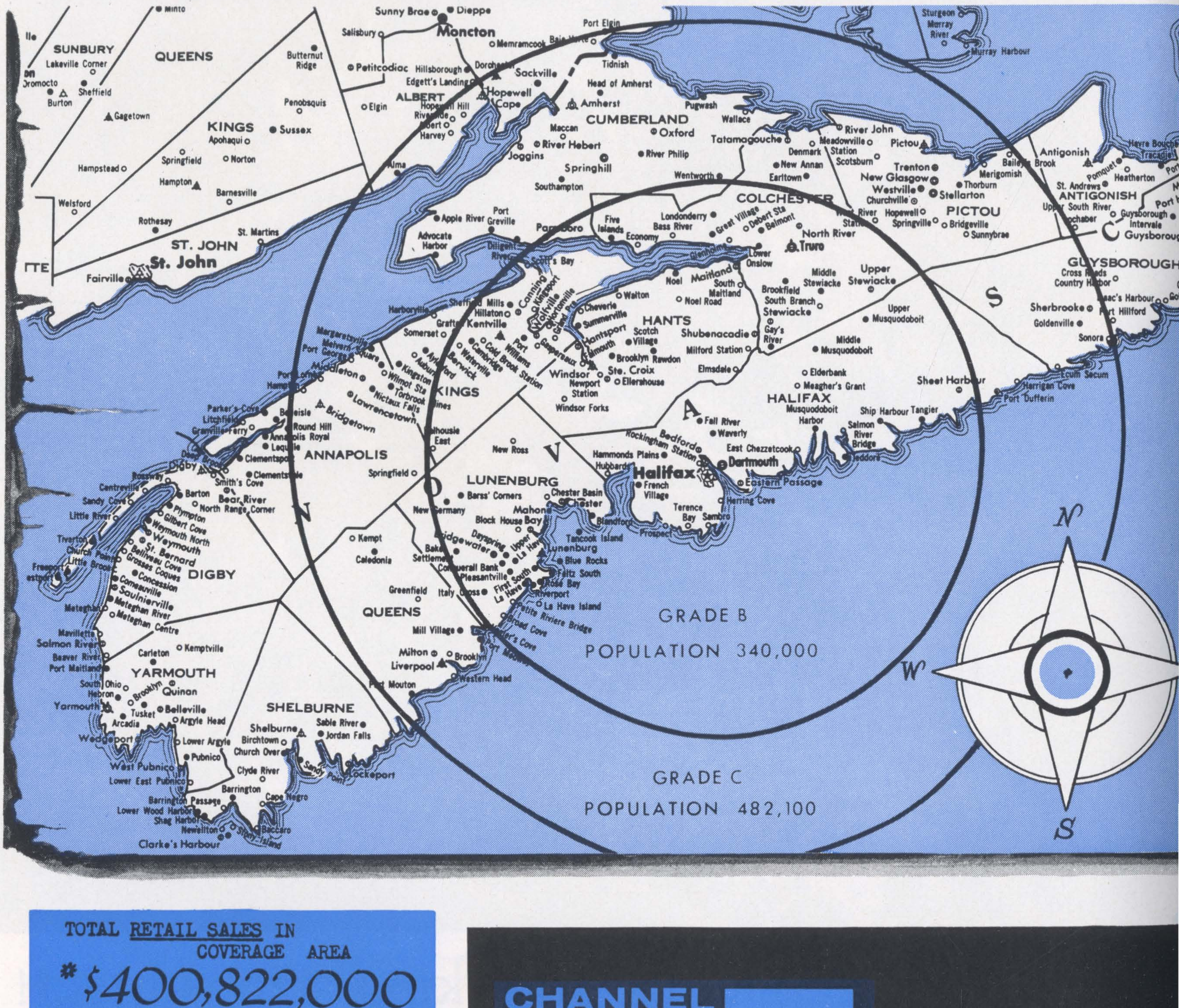

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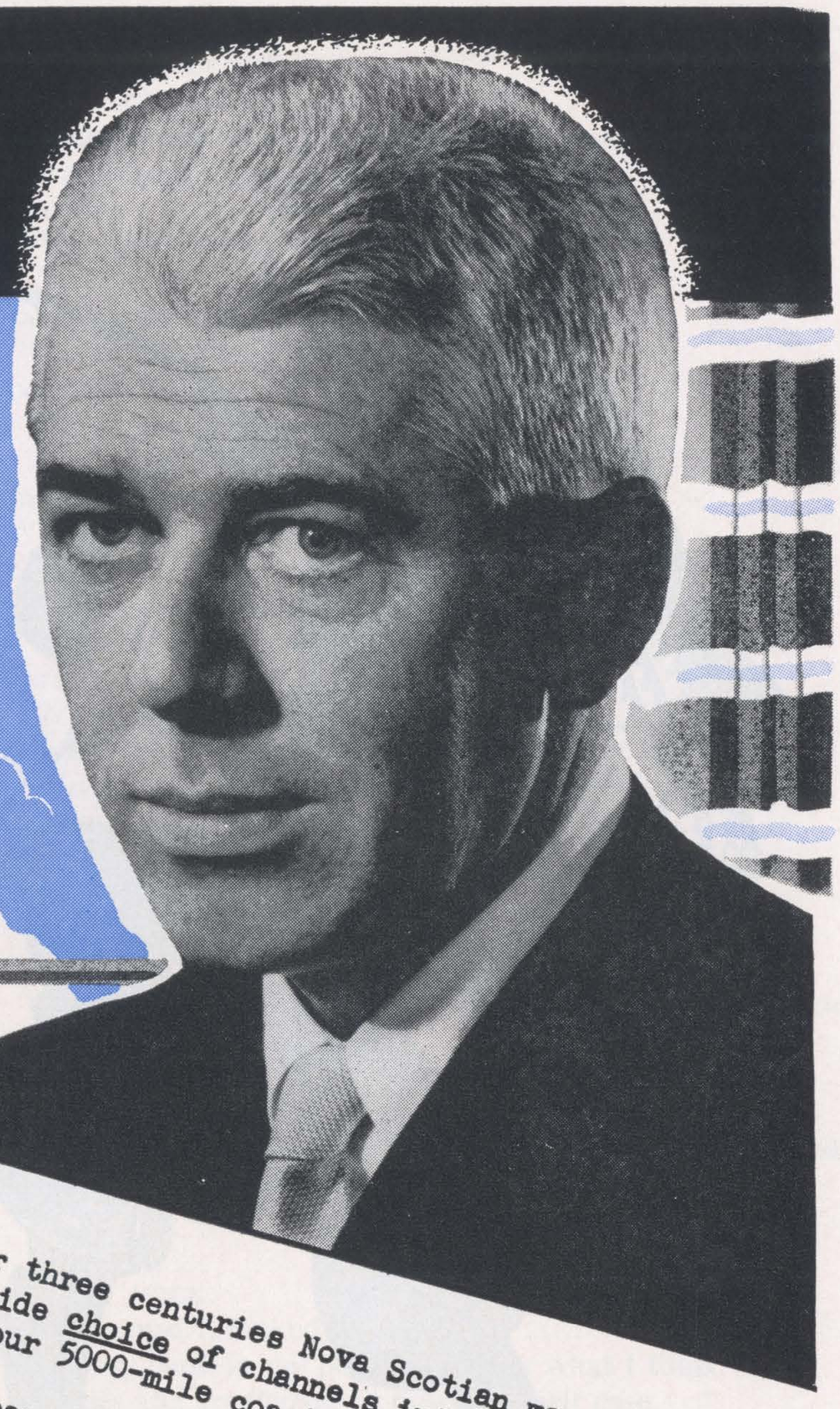

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vention of a doctor to revive the slain. In the third some supernumerary characters enter, and there is a collection . . . The leading fighter is generally St. George, who alone appears in all the versions . . . He is sometimes called 'Sir George', and more often 'Prince George' or 'King George', modifications which one may suppose to be no older than the present Hanoverian dynasty . . . George's chief opponent is usually one of two personages, who are not absolutely distinct from each other. One is the 'Turkish Knight' . . . the other is variously called 'Slasher', 'Captain Slasher', 'Bold Slasher' . . ." It might be added that the supernumerary characters are as varied as the locales in which the particular versions of the play originated.

The great English novelist of the West Country, Thomas Hardy, makes use of the St. George or Mummers' Play in his famous novel *The Return of the Native*. It is an historical fact that a majority of the settlers on the northeast coast of Newfoundland came from the West Country, from Dorset and Devon mainly. It is therefore fascinating to observe that a comparison of the excerpts from the St. George play in Hardy's novel with the versions known in Newfoundland reveals a marked resemblance, even more so than in the standard Lutterworth version. The "Dim Dorothy" who appears in the Bonavista Bay version is none other than "Dame Dorothy" of the Dorsetshire play.

Mummers or "janneys" are rapidly disappearing in Newfoundland, though they still make their appearance in some places. The version of the play which is printed below comes from Notre Dame Bay. It was called "Soldiers Acting at Christmas". The "soldiers" (i.e. the actors) would start performing their play on St. Stephen's Day and visit all the houses in the village before they stopped around Twelfth Night. They looked very smart in their coloured pants, white shirts and high "dunce's caps" with ribbons and tassels. Their swords were made from birch wood. Here is the play.

SOLDIERS ACTING AT CHRISTMAS

FIRST SCENE

ROOMER (Introduction Officer)

"Room, room, gallant room, room required here tonight!
For some of my bold champions are coming forth to fight;
For I am the very champion that brings old Father Christmas to your door,
And if you don't believe these words I say,
Step in, Father Christmas, and boldly declare thy way.

FATHER CHRISTMAS

"Here come I, old Father Christmas, welcome or welcome not,
I hope old Father Christmas will never be forgot;
Here come I, old Johnny Jack, my wife and family on my back;
My wife so big and my children so small,
Takes more than a crumb of bread to feed them all,
And if you don't believe these words I say,
Step in, King George, and boldly declare thy way.

KING GEORGE:

Here come I, King George, from old England I did spring,
Some of my victorious works I am going to bring;
I fought the fiery dragon, I brought him to the slaughter,
And by those very means I'll win fair Zebra, the King of Egypt's daughter.
And if you don't believe these words I say,
Step in, King of Egypt, and boldly declare thy way.

KING OF EGYPT:

Here come I, the King of Egypt, in uniform do appear;
King George, King George, thy comrade is here;
He is a man of courage bold, I am his armour-bearer

To cut down his enemies if there are any of them here.
And if you don't believe these words I say,
Step in, Valiant Soldier, and boldly declare thy way.

VALIANT SOLDIER:

"Here come I, the Valiant Soldier, Slasher is my name,
Sword and pistol by my side, I hope to end the game.
One of my brothers I saw wounded, the other I saw slain,
And by those very means I'll fight King George all on the plain. (*Takes a step*)

SECOND SCENE

KING GEORGE:

"Whist, whist, bold man, what thou art telling,
Apple dumplings thou art selling,
Stand where thou art,
And call in Brother Turk to act thy part.

VALIANT SOLDIER:

Turk, Turk, come with speed, help me in my time of need,
Thy time of need I do implore, I was never in such need before.

TURKISH KNIGHT:

"Here come I, the Turkish Knight, come from the Turkish land to fight;
I'll fight King George with courage bold, if his blood in hot I'll make it cold.

KING GEORGE:

"Who art thou, that speaks so bold?

TURKISH KNIGHT:

"Haul out thy purse and pay,
For satisfaction I will have before I go away.

KING GEORGE:

"No satisfaction shalt thou get, while I have strength to stand,
For I don't care for any Turk that stands on this English land.
(*They cross swords*)

KING GEORGE and TURKISH KNIGHT (*together*):

"You and I the battle try,
If you conquer I will die.

TURKISH KNIGHT:

I am cut down but not quite dead, it is only the pain lies in my head;
If I once on my two legs stood, I'd fight King George to my knees in blood.

KING GEORGE:

On the ground thou dost lie, and the truth I'll tell to thee,
That if thou dost but rise again thy butcher I will be.

TURKISH KNIGHT:

Come Valiant Soldier, be quick and smart,
And with my sword I will pierce King George's heart;
(*On his feet again, continues*)

"I do not care for thee, King George, although thou art a champion bold,
I never saw the Englishman yet could make my blood run cold.

KING GEORGE:

"You Turkish dog, King George is here, happy for another hour to come,
I'll cut thee and I'll hew thee, I am bound to let thee know,
I am bold King George from England before I let thee go.
(*The two together with crossed swords*)

"You and I the battle try, if you conquer I will die.
(*KING GEORGE falls on the floor*)

TURKISH KNIGHT:

Now the battle I have won, thank God I am free,
And if that man do rise again, his butcher I will be.
(*KING GEORGE rises and strikes the Turk*)

KING GEORGE:

"I suppose you thought that I was dead, but yet alive remain.
And go and tell the doctor the Turkish man is slain.

TURKISH KNIGHT:

"Doctor, doctor, come with speed, help me in my time of need,
My time of need, I do implore, I was never in such need before.

(*Father Christmas tries to revive the Turk himself; but with no success*)

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

"Is there a doctor to be found,
Can heal my son of his deadly wound?

DOCTOR:

"Yes, there is a doctor to be found,
To heal thy son of his deadly wound.

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

"What is thy fee?

DOCTOR:

Fifty guineas is my fee,
But if thy money is paid down, I will do it for ten pounds.

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

"What can you cure?

DOCTOR:

"I can cure the hits, fits, palsy and the gout
If there is an evil spirit in this man, I can drive it out.

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

"What kind of medicine have you got?

DOCTOR:

"I have a little bit of hare's grease and mare's grease,
The wig of a weasel and the wool of a frog,
And twenty-four ounces of September fog.

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

"Where do you rub all this stuff?

DOCTOR:

"I rub a little to his temple, and a little to the crack-bone of his heart,
Arise, arise, bold champion, and boldly act thy part;
Arise, arise, my lofty man, I long to see you stand,
Open your eyes and look about, I will take you by the hand.
(*The Turkishman comes to his feet*)

THIRD SCENE

PICKEDY WICK:

Here come I, Pickedy Wick,
Put my hand in my pocket and pay what I think fit;
Ladies and gentlemen sit down to their ease,
Put their hands in their pockets and pay what they please,
And if you don't believe those words I say,
Step in, Beelzebub, and boldly clear thy way.

BEELZEBUB:

"Here come I, Beelzebub, under my arm I carry a club,
In my hand, I keep my pan, I think myself a jolly fine man.
Money I want, money I crave, and money I'll have to carry to my grave;
And if you don't believe those words I say,
Step in, bold Hercules, and boldly clear thy way.

BOLD HERCULES:

"Here come I, bold Hercules, I boldly stem the weather,
I took the rainbow from the skies and spliced both ends together;
And if you don't believe those words I say,
Step in, Jack Tar, and boldly clear thy way.

JACK TAR:

"Here come I, Jack Tar, just returned from sea, sir,
With the shiners on my breast, and what do you think of me, sir?
I am a brisk young sailor and always on the sea,
And now I am home, my heroes, I am full of life and glee;
The battle will soon be over and now we will sing one song,
And will cheer our hardy comrades as we gladly march along.
(*All the company then form into a ring with Father Christmas in the centre and sing the following ditty*)

The pig and the bug and the bumble-bee
There is one more river to cross;
The pig and the bug and the bumble-bee,
There is one more river to cross;
One more river and that's the river of Jordan,
One more river, there is one more river to cross.

Products of Number Ten

New industries in Newfoundland are adding a fresh quality and impetus to the economy of the Atlantic Provinces.

In factories and plants across the Island Province local workers are turning out products that are second to none in Canada – high-styled knitted dresses, work clothes, boots and shoes, handbags, batteries, candy and chocolate bars, plywood, particle board, gypsum board, cement, machinery and motion pictures.

"Made in Newfoundland" is becoming more and more a symbol of quality and durability, gaining growing acceptance across the Canadian nation of which the Island became the Tenth Province just ten years ago.

DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

GOVERNMENT OF NEWFOUNDLAND

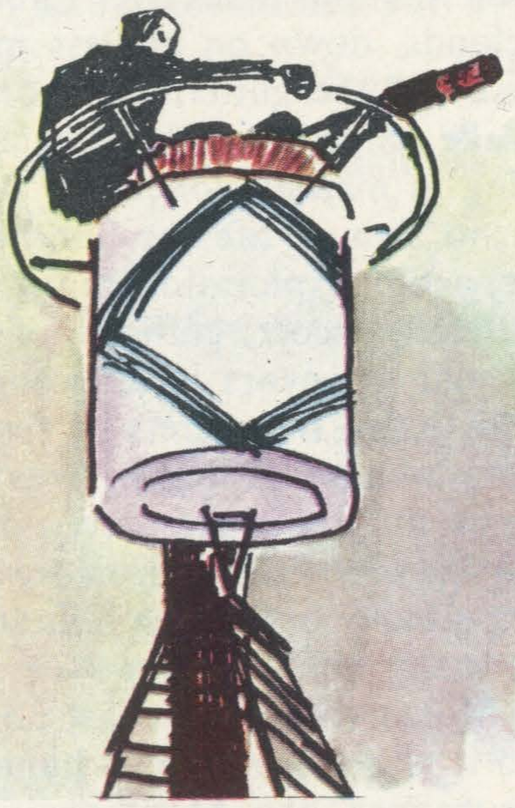
ST. JOHN'S **NEWFOUNDLAND**

NEWFOUNDLAND—*The Fortress Isle*—*Cont. from page 48*

nets. Later they were hunted on the ice with muzzle-loading guns and shot or clubbed. Today, the sealing fleet is equipped with wireless and radar and accompanied by aircraft to spot the seals.

The market is for pelts and oil extracted from seal fat. The first known record shows that, in 1749, five thousand dollars' worth of oil was exported. That total rose to sixty thousand dollars nineteen years later.

Schooners, usually small vessels of from 20 to 40 tons, were first used for sealing in about 1793. Later, vessels were built up to 160 tons and manned by 25 to 40 men. In its heyday the Spring sealing fleet totalled about 400 ships, crewed by 13,000 men. Crews increased in number as sail gave way to steel-built steamships.



The main quarry are the young seals or "white-coats" born on the ice in mid-February. They yield the finest oil and are in first-class condition by March 20th.

As soon as a herd of young seals is spotted far out on the ice-field, the crew goes overboard, armed with six-foot poles, with a hook at the end, called "gaffs". With these they jump from floe to floe and club the baby seals to death.

They are skinned on the spot, leaving about three inches of fat clinging to the pelts, which are then stowed in the ship's hold.

This work, a murderous necessity, carried out on "the prisoned seas, wind-lashed and winter-locked" is the hardest work in the world. It takes its own murderous toll of human life.

Storms and sudden blizzards spring up. The ice grinds and crashes. Groaning bergs and floes can crush a ship like a match-box. Often men far out on an ice-field are suddenly cut off by a lane of black and icy water—marooned in the Arctic waste with a blinding blizzard freezing them to death.

Thus, in 1868, twenty-six men were crushed in the ice or frozen to death. In 1898 the sealer *Greenland* was caught in the ice and almost capsized. Of 154 men out on the ice, more than fifty were cut off on an island of ice and frozen to death. Again, in 1914, the *Southern Cross* was sunk without trace of 173 men on board and a full cargo of seals.

In the same year, the *S.S.Newfoundland* lost 77 men in a blinding blizzard which struck them far out on the ice.

Such tragedies are a daily risk in this pitiless game.

Forests are Newfoundland's second source of riches. They are among the world's greatest natural riches.

At Corner Brook a modern city has bloomed in twenty-five years. The great Bowater pulp and paper mills are the basis of life for twenty-five thousand people. That new, bright, gaily painted garden city, fresh, clean and airy, lives from the green and silent forest.

Bowater timber rights cover 11,000 square miles, one-quarter of the whole island area of Newfoundland. Each year more than forty million dollars' worth of forest products go by ship from Corner Brook.

Within the giant mills, the whirl of the grinders and the jungle-roar of the "chippers" devour more than a million tons of spruce and fir a year. Another hundred thousand cords of timber are shipped from east coast ports to Bowater mills in England.

Do you wonder that Bowaters pay out ten million dollars annually to loggers and timber cutters, the men who work with axe and saw in the green aisles of the endless forests which clothe secret valleys and forgotten hills?

Towns, villages and hundreds of scattered log cabins, and frame houses depend largely for their living on Bowater paper which feeds the newspaper presses of America, Canada, Britain and the world. Endlessly, the logging roads are driven into the lonely places. More than seven hundred and fifty miles of roads have been hacked through the forest and laid down by the company. Each year it spends six hundred thousand dollars on capital improvements in the silent windy places, where, but for the maw of the all-devouring Press, no man would tread, no wheel would turn.

Their truck roads have opened up the Great Northern Peninsula where no roads were. It was the lost land of Newfoundland.

At Deer Lake, thirty miles from Corner Brook through the forests, up the salmon-silver Humber river, the company built a great dam. There they set a white and shining hydro-electric power station. It generates a hundred and fifty thousand horsepower of electric energy. The mills live by it and scattered houses by river rapids and on lonely hills depend for light, heat and power on that harnessing of the waters.

At Grand Falls, in the heart of the island, the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Corporation operates in like manner. Eight thousand people live by it. A bright modern town has sprung up in the old wilderness of trees and lonely rivers where died the last men of the Beothuck Indians.

Meanwhile, the east coast of Labrador, untouched by saw and axe, holds the greatest stand of disease-free timber in North America. I flew over it, a dark-green carpet of silent trees marching into infinity. The wilderness untouched, empty of bird song, empty of man.

These enormous forests mean, in plain words, that Newfoundland and Labrador can produce several million cords of timber a year *for ever*. Natural regeneration replants the forests as they are felled. New trees grow where old trees stood. Thus the wilderness becomes a new-grown forest of clean and useful beauty.

Fish and timber, however, are not enough in themselves. Minerals are the long-term salvation of Newfoundland. Under the earth and ancient rocks lies wealth untold.

Iron ore, copper, lead, zinc, fluorspar, limestone, asbestos, titanium, gold, silver, marble and, now, uranium, in probably breath-taking quantities, are the minerals which will build the future. Coal exists. Oil is known. Neither, so far, has been worked.

The Bell Island iron ore is the property of the Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation, a subsidiary of A. V. Roe of Canada, Limited, and feeds their giant mills at Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Before the war Germany was a big customer for the surplus and British steel merchants were not particularly interested. They had their long-term commitments elsewhere. The war altered all that. Today, the surplus ore goes to the United Kingdom and Germany.

When the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Corporation started to build the paper mills at Grand Falls in 1909, which today feed Lord Rothermere's London newspapers, they little thought that they would find copper, lead and zinc. Yet it happened.

The corporation needed sulphur, essential for pulp production. They prospected for it. They found, instead, copper, zinc and lead, plus gold and silver, just forty miles away at Buchans on Red Indian Lake. Today the Buchans mines are one of the biggest metal producers on the island.

In the Tilt Cove area the Boylen mining companies of Toronto have started several new copper mines with all modern resources of finance and engineering. They have already spent ten million dollars at Tilt Cove. I flew over it, a green cup of a tiny bay, set deep under six-hundred-foot cliffs. They produce two thousand tons of copper ore a day. No aeroplane can land there. You must go by boat or float 'plane and land on the open sea.

Nearby, at Baie Verte, new deposits of asbestos, approximately 25 million tons proven of Class IV asbestos ore, have been discovered. This represents a significant addition to Canadian resources. Thus, the exciting story of ever-new discoveries unfolds.

Limestone, essential to building, farms and a score of other industries, is another asset. Bowaters' quarry is near Corner Brook. There, also, is "a mountain of gypsum" now actively worked. The Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation have another limestone quarry at Agathuna on the west coast near Port aux Basques. They use the limestone as a flux in the manufacture of steel in their plants at Sydney, Nova Scotia.

It is a pointer to the way which Newfoundland will soon export vaster quantities of minerals to mainland markets by short sea routes.

Meanwhile the Island of Newfoundland is known to contain more than 300 mineral deposits still to be explored.

Labrador is the ultimate treasure chest. It may well outstrip all these island resources. That bleak territory covers a hundred and ten thousand square miles. A land of forbidding, prehistoric majesty, silent and terrifying in its loneliness, it is inhabited by less than twenty-five thousand people. Fewer than ten thousand are Europeans.

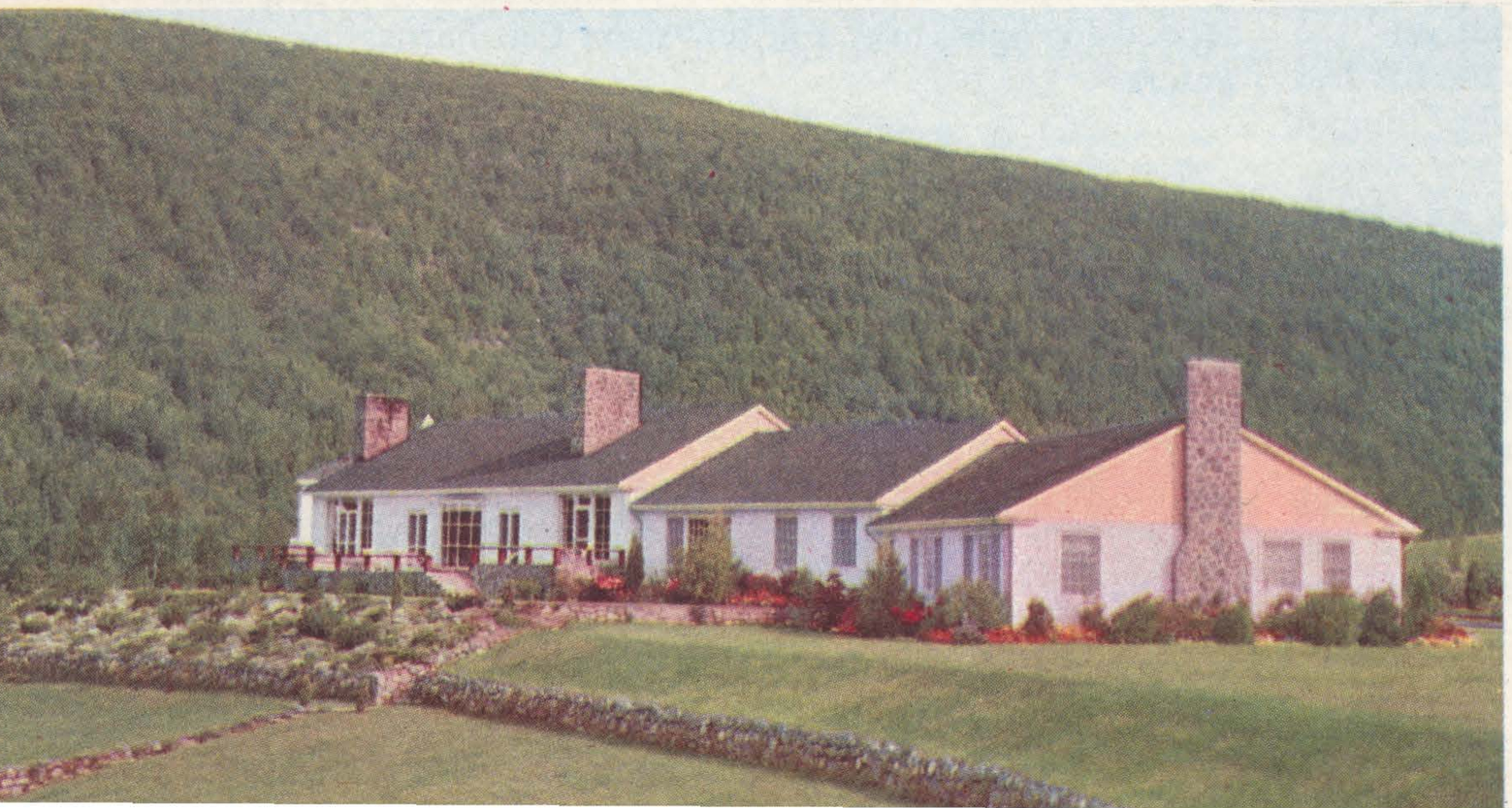
I flew sixteen hundred miles over Labrador. One looked between the clouds, down on endless miles of bare hills, marching forest and the glittering panorama of lake after unbelievable lake. Shields of beaten silver and stippled bronze glittering in majestic loneliness far into the sunset.

There was no sign of life for hundreds of miles save, here and there, a tiny exploration camp in the sea of trees and bare hills. Half a score, perhaps, of huts. There, geologists, drillers and surveyors have brought the science of the New World to tap the secrets of the savage land that was there before human life began. Seen from the air they were insects in an infinity of grey-green derision.

Labrador is one of the richest iron ore areas in the world. It has what is probably one of the richest deposits of uranium, from the assay point of view—i.e. quality. That has been found at Makkovik on the coast north of Goose Bay. Two years ago it was the unknown hunting ground of the wandering fur-trapper, the Montagnais Indians and the cheerful, slit-eyed Eskimos. Today, it holds a major key to the nuclear world of the frightening tomorrow.

This find emphasizes, yet again, that Labrador's potentialities are enormous. Her bleak mountains, dark gorges, thundering rivers, dense forests and awesome barrens, swept by snow in winter, scorched by brief summers, made her, for centuries, the Ugly Sister of the Western World.

Today, Labrador comes into her own. The wilderness enchants, the barrens beckon. The rocks reveal riches. The rivers hold power.



Strawberry Hill, residence of Sir Eric Bowater. It was here that the Queen and Prince Philip stayed during their Royal Tour of Canada in 1959. Sir Eric Bowater is chairman of the Bowater Paper Corporation and controls a mighty complex of mills whose sales total nearly $400 million a year. A tenth of this total is manufactured at the Bowater's Newfoundland Pulp and Paper Mills at Corner Brook.

CITY OF ST. JOHN'S

CITY OF ST. JOHN'S NEWFOUNDLAND

Population — 61,000

The base for the Property and Business Taxes is annual rental value and the assessments for 1959 were set at—

Property Tax	$8,156,803.00
Business Tax	$2,975,265.00

The taxes collected from the foregoing sources in 1959 were
$2,370,112.00

There were substantial surpluses for the years 1953 to 1959 inclusive.

DEBENTURE DEBT

General	$5,308,500.00
Net Floating Debt	144,454.00
Total Sinking Funds	84,395.00

Per Capita Net Debt $80.00

H. G. R. MEWS, *Mayor* J. D. HIGGINS, Q.C., *Deputy Mayor*

Councillors:

J. FitzGIBBON G. C. CARNELL G. M. NIGHTINGALE

A. G. HENLEY, C.L.U. R. F. MacLEOD

E. B. FORAN, F.C.I.S.
City Clerk

The Iron Ore Company of Canada helped to start the ball rolling a few years ago. They discovered enormous ore deposits in the bleak and lonely Knob Lake district on the borders of Newfoundland and Northern Quebec.

Canadian and American mining interests, including Pickands Mather and Company, Falconbridge Nickel Mines, New Jersey Zinc Exploration Company (Canada), Canadian Javelin and Frobishers acquired mineral rights over vast territories from the Newfoundland Government. These are in addition to the concessions held by the Iron Ore Company of Canada.

A new town, Schefferville, of 3,800 inhabitants, sprang up almost overnight at Knob Lake.

Wabush Lake has *three billion tons* of iron ore waiting to be mined. It is the world's biggest iron ore field.

Knob Lake, by comparison, is about one-seventh the size. Yet consider these facts. The open-cast minefield at Knob Lake is about three miles long and up to half a mile or more wide.

I stood on the precipice edge of this great gash in the world's surface and looked down into a vast, sun-filled bowl of rust-red earth, streaked with blood-red pools. The cliff sides rose in terraces to the lonely sky. It was like looking into some vast excavation in the Egyptian desert, mute with the memories of a vanished Pharaoh.

But there was no silence of the desert. Far below, the roar of giant trucks, the snorting of bulldozers, stabbed the endless silence of barren hills which looked down on this rape of the Old World. The roar of sound in the deep pit deafened the ears, even as the chill wind from the cold hills brought water to the eyes.

By 1957, as much as thirteen million tons of iron ore a year had been taken out of this ore field. Production is expected to rise to twenty million tons of iron ore annually, yet to be gouged out of the earth by the steel teeth of the great dippers. For an example, one mine, which I saw, Ruth Lake, is 5,000 feet long and 325 feet deep. The mine will go down another three hundred feet yet.

In all, the proven reserves of the Iron Ore Company's holdings are 417 million tons in the Knob Lake area alone.

The shovels of those giant dippers are each the size of a small bathroom. In one devouring grab they seize and lift sixteen to eighteen tons of ore.

A hundred or more miles south of Knob Lake, as the aircraft flies, lies Wabush Lake. Twelve miles long, three miles wide, cradled in blue hills and green forests it glitters long and lonely under the cold Labrador sky.

In a few years the railway will come burrowing and clanking through the hills and forests. The giant grabs and trucks will lumber in. The cranes and gantries will raise their arms against the sky. The bulldozers and snowmobiles will move in.

And the virgin earth where now the timber wolf and black bear are lords, will be gouged to its hidden heart. The beaver dams which lie across the stream will vanish. And the forest where the Ashuanipi Indians live in log cabins will be felled. For in this place they will open to the sky the biggest iron ore mine in the world. Three billion tons lie under the earth.

Later, from Wabush we flew on over the forest until far ahead, like a vast plume of smoke from a prairie fire, billowed the upflung iridescent clouds of spume and spray from the fabulous Grand Falls on the Hamilton River—the Falls which are mightier than Niagara. Not one white man in a million has seen them.

The aircraft banked steeply over that awesome sight. We looked down from a thousand feet to where

> "*The river springs like a racer; sweeps thro' a gash in the rock,*
> *Butts at the boulder-ribbed bottom; staggers and rears at the shock;*
> *Leaps like a terrified monster, writhes in its fury and pain,*
> *Then, with the crash of a demon, springs to the onset again.*"

Below, the river, broad and glittering, snaked through a canyon of grey and purple cliffs. A great gorge sliced through the tufted carpet of trees. It plunged over a sheer cliff, two hundred and forty-five feet high, in a lace of thunderous foam. The waters broke at the foot in a mad whirl of black and shining rocks—racing waters, green-marble, wrinkled with foam. The plume of spume flew high above canyon and forest, a cloud of smoky white and glittering spray. An eternal rainbow lights it with unearthly majesty.

The white cascade of broken waters sweeps down to yet other falls. Always there is the blown spume, the flying spray and the rainbow dancing in the sun. A place of

Iron ore in Labrador. "A vast, sun-filled bowl of rust-red earth, streaked with blood-red pools . . . It was like looking into some vast excavation in the Egyptian desert, mute with the memories of a vanished Pharaoh"

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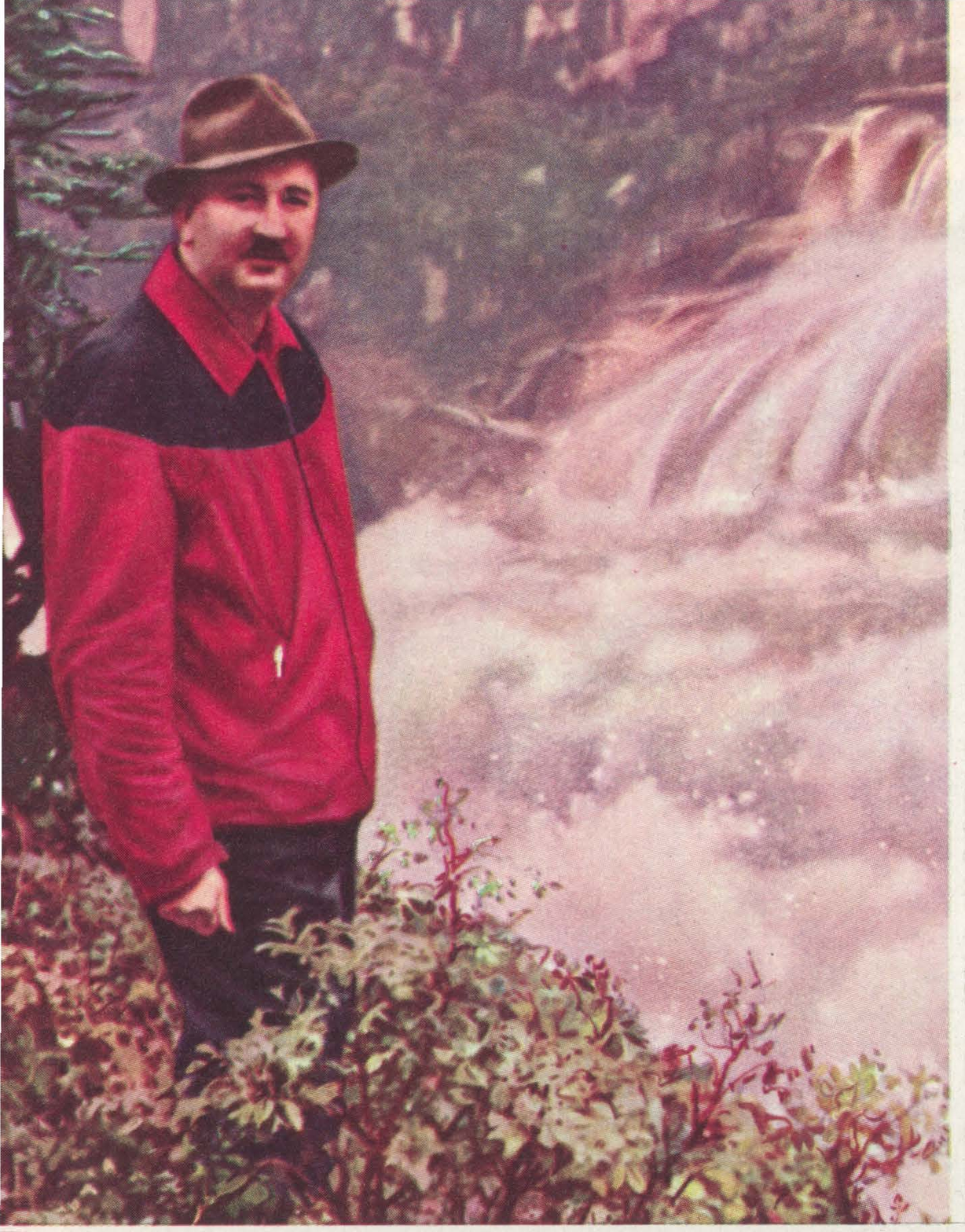


Edmund de Rothschild, of the great London finance house, at Hamilton Falls

savage, unearthly beauty where "we saw ablaze, in the deathless days, the savage sunsets burn." It was all there ten thousand years before Christ walked upon the waters of Galilee.

We were intruders in an ancient place of immemorial ghosts—the place that the Indians call "The Abode of Evil Spirits".

The aircraft swept down in a slow, sideways slide. Cliffs rushed up to meet us. The forest thrust up its million spikes in serried spears of green. The waters roared devouring welcome.

For a split second one pictured the end, had the engines cut out and the aircraft nose-dived into that savage cliff-face, been flung like a broken butterfly into the growling maw of waters "in that vast white world where the silent sky communes with the silent snow."

The nose of the aircraft lifted. We climbed slowly from the menace of the gorge, from the hungry waters, lifted above the spruce and snored into the east, towards the Arctic Ocean, across a lost and empty land of forest, lake and river, the land of the bleak, bald-headed North.

Far below

"The tundra sponge was a golden-brown and some was a bright blood-red,
And the reindeer moss gleamed here and there like the tombstones of the dead."

On the starboard tack the Hamilton River, bronze and silver in the afternoon sun, plunged, miles on, in a roar of white and tossing waters over the Muskrat Falls. Majestic power soon to be tamed.

The Hamilton Falls, where the river plunges over a sheer cliff in a lace of thunderous foam

Beyond the Falls lay endless miles of the greatest remaining stand of black spruce in North America, 70 million cords of it sweeping out to the very Atlantic Ocean itself.

A vast area of spruce is leased, under concession, to the British Newfoundland Corporation, the greatest combination of British and Canadian industrial and financial capital operating in Newfoundland today.

One day, sooner than most people expect, those thousands of square miles of forest will be developed. Supplies in Eastern Canada are gradually becoming used up. And the long-term demand for pulpwood will rise in the next few years.

Hamilton Falls, the timber, the uranium deposits at Makkovik and the deposits of copper, lead, zinc, magnetite, ilmenite (ore of titanium), nickel, asbestos and limestone, all discovered within the last two or three years, come within the development plan of "Brinco"—the British Newfoundland Corporation, Ltd. This giant of finance and industrial genius deserves careful explanation.

It began when Sir Winston Churchill and Premier Smallwood met in the early 1950's. "I want a great conglomeration of British capital," Premier Smallwood explained, "because the job I have in mind is too big for any one company."

"Ah! This is a great Imperial concept," Sir Winston replied. And, bending forward, he added significantly, "And I don't mean Imperialistic when I say that."

Next day, Lord Leathers, instructed by Sir Winston, rang up Premier Smallwood. A meeting was arranged with Mr. Edmund de Rothschild of the great London finance house.

"From then on," Premier Smallwood told me, "we never looked back."

As a result "Brinco" was born from a syndicate of seven great British firms, under the leadership of N. M. Rothschild and Sons.

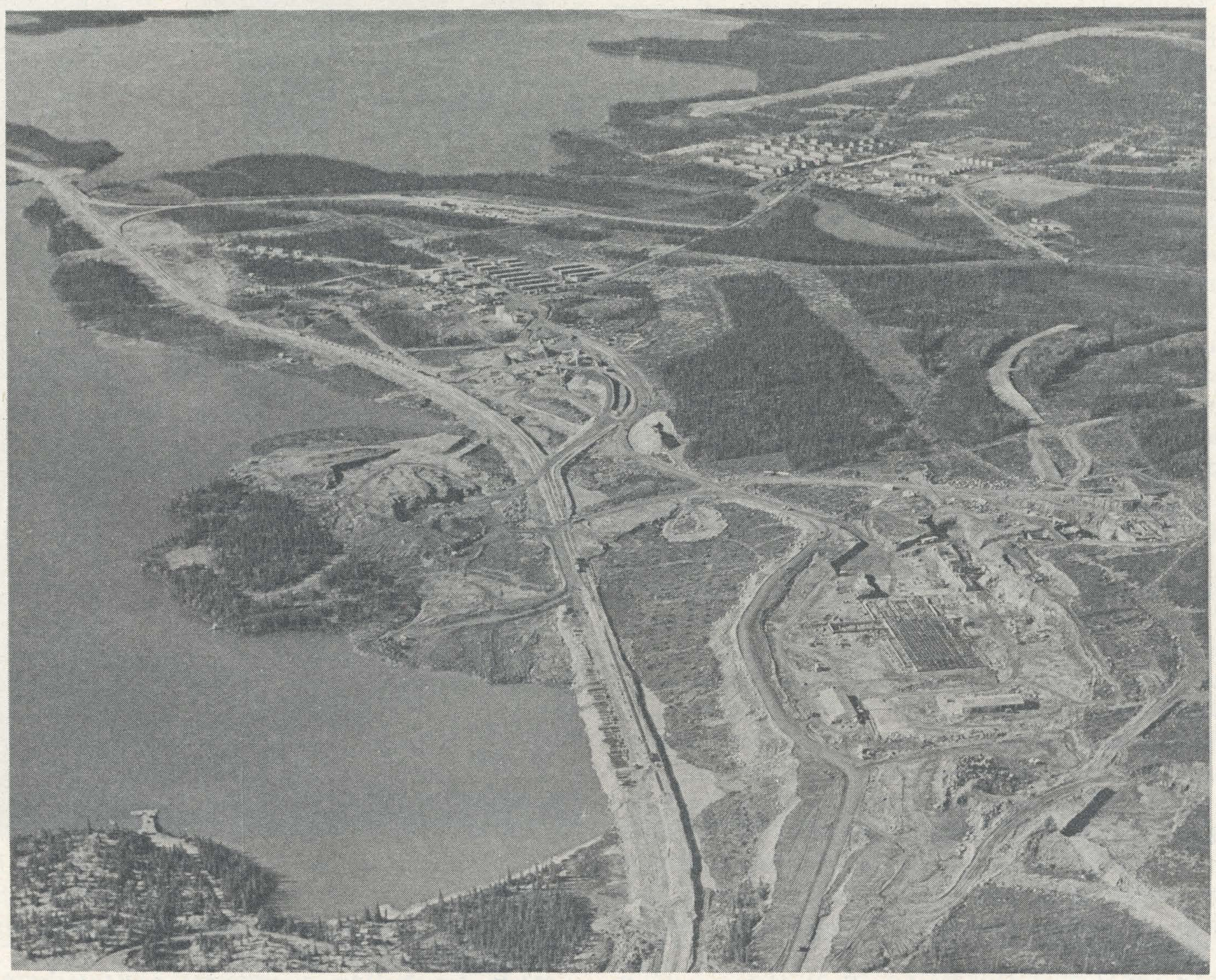
Brinco's first task with minerals was to choose for exploration 60,000 out of the 100,000 odd square miles—held by the Crown—an area larger than Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island combined. Most of Labrador's interior is inaccessible.

Significant results followed. At Kaipokok Bay near Makkovik, 125 miles north-east of Goose Bay, they found "an interesting area of uranium mineralization". Drilling began in September 1957 and is still going on.

Brinco then obtained certain other areas from the Government of Newfoundland in addition to the original 60,000 square miles. These areas, totalling 1,200 square miles in Labrador and about 10,000 square miles in the Island of Newfoundland, include a 7,000 square-mile oil

The Iron Ore Company of Canada

Carol Project – Labrador, Newfoundland



A new industry and a new town in the making

A large ore concentrator, capable of producing some seven million tons of iron ore concentrates yearly is now under construction. The concentrates will contain about 64% natural iron and production is scheduled to start in 1962.

"The Government makes itself responsible for the welfare, care and maintenance of the Eskimos and Indians in Labrador. Neither race nor colour debar any citizen of Newfoundland or Labrador from the benefits of education in its widest, most sensible form." Premier Smallwood goes visiting.

and gas concession in western Newfoundland. Some of these new areas show promise of ore deposits.

The men who do the field work in this barren land move by bush 'planes fitted with floats, motor boats on the coast and in canoes on the lakes and rivers. Some special work such as underground exploration and aero-magnetic surveys is done in winter, when the lakes are frozen hard and aircraft land on skis.

The next big development will be that of the vast hydro-electric power waiting at Hamilton Falls on the Hamilton River. It has been known as a potential source of power for the last hundred years. Development was seriously considered and rejected more than once for two reasons. First it was remote and inaccessible. Secondly, it was felt that to gather the engineering data necessary to design the project would take too long and cost too much.

In order to get on with the first stage of the main scheme —the development of a potential of an estimated 6 million horsepower is planned in four stages—Brinco must find buyers for a million horsepower. At present Canada has installed hydro capacity of more than 20 million horsepower. Full development of Hamilton Falls would increase this capacity by 30 per cent. Such an addition of cheap power would be a mighty step forward in the development of Canada's economy.

Brinco has another big water power potential on the southern coast of the Island of Newfoundland. There, at Bay d'Espoir, they could probably develop 350,000 horsepower at one site, plus 200,000 additional horsepower at various sites within 50 miles. This is the largest undeveloped source of hydro-electric power in the Island of Newfoundland. Besides being a basis for local industrial and ice-free port development, it could also supply the requirements of central Newfoundland.

Fact-finding work already carried out there includes preliminary studies of a transmission line to link Bay d'Espoir to central Newfoundland and of wharf and industrial sites near the principal settlement, St. Alban's. Discussions with consumers interested in Bay d'Espoir power are being developed. Bay d'Espoir, called Bay Despair, may yet become what the old French name means, "The Bay of Hope"

That is the Brinco picture in plain English. It may well turn out to be the brightest picture Newfoundland has known.

The Smallwood Government is not resting on these endeavours. It is determined that every available acre of the untapped wealth of Newfoundland and Labrador shall be explored and developed.

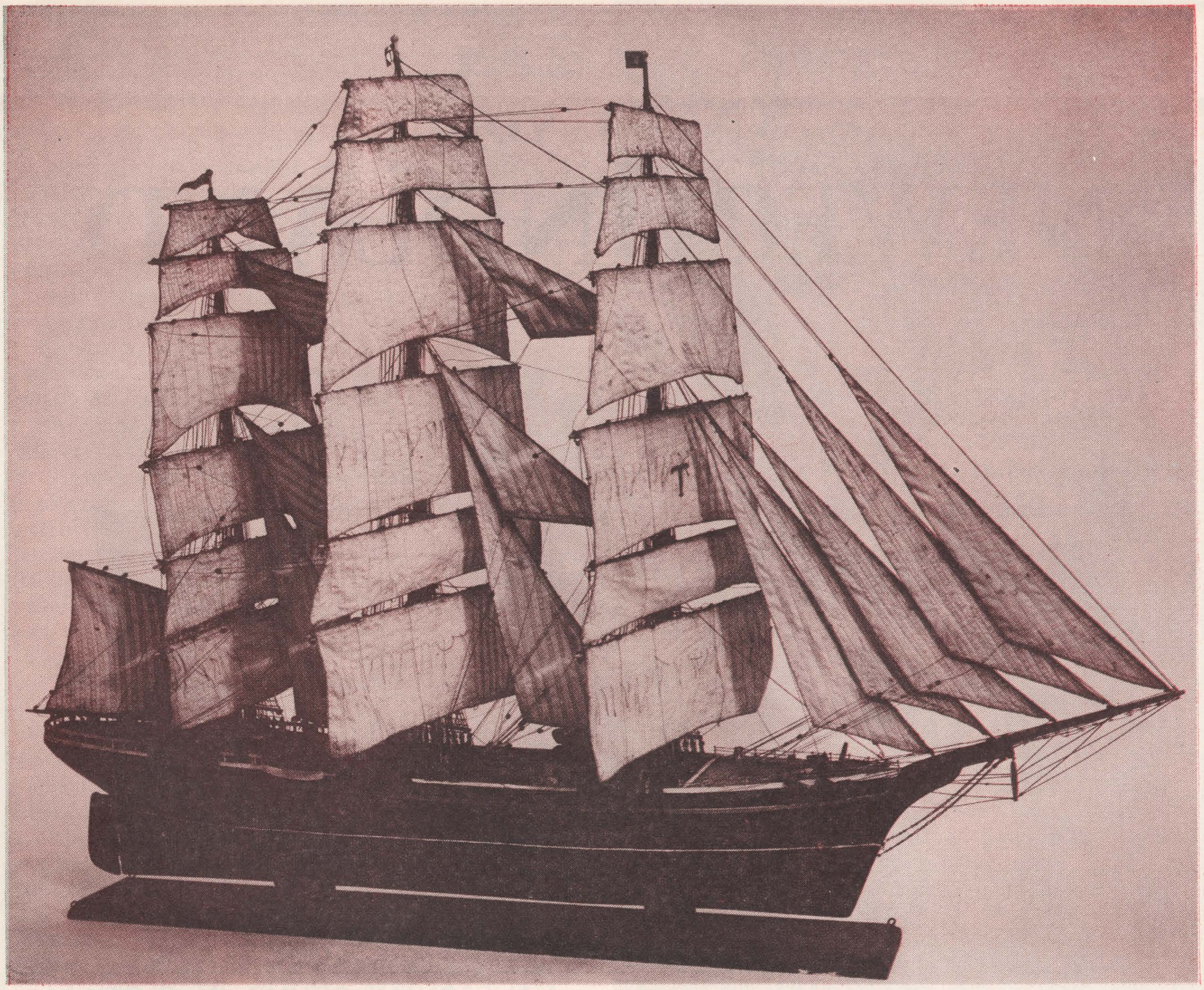
The benefits to Newfoundland from these large scale operations, including Brinco, which Premier Smallwood described as "the biggest estate deal on this continent in this century", are already apparent.

Helped to her feet by Canada and blessed by her own brains, hardihood and drive, Newfoundland can now become, by using her own resources, one of the richest provinces in Canada within the next ten years.

The first Decade of Confederation has ended. The next, the Golden Decade, is on the doorstep. The dawn beckons.

Confederation Building, which combines House of Assembly, Cabinet Chamber, and offices of all departments, boards, and commissions of the Newfoundland Government.

This is an extract of the book, Newfoundland, The Fortress Isle, *which is now on sale across Canada with 90 full-colour illustrations, and a foreword by Premier Smallwood.*



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Season's Greetings

This New Brunswick built ship, the *Terrace City* carried Christmas messages from Merrie England to New Brunswick sons in the 1870's.

May this model of the *Terrace City* carry our greetings to you, New Brunswickers at home and away from home, and especially to the many summer visitors who have come to love our province and return year after year.

NEW BRUNSWICK TRAVEL BUREAU, FREDERICTON, N.B., CANADA

THE CHINESE MADONNA

by Avery Gaul

ANYONE WOULD HAVE told you, and the whole parish spoke of it afterward, that Morna was the least obtrusive member of St. Mary's-in-the-Field. When she offered to lend her precious madonna to the Ladies' Guild none of them had ever heard of her. In fact, the treasurer who took care of the subscription envelopes was the only man in the Anglican congregation who knew her name.

Morna Ayers was a newcomer in Halifax and as she hailed from an island seaport on the east coast was less citified than her contemporaries in the metropolitan centre of Nova Scotia. Her dark hair, cut short above regular features, and direct brown eyes made her appear under twenty instead of over twenty-five. Her tweed suits were inconspicuous, nor were they topped by a stylish hat as she never wore one except to church. Busy all day in a new secretarial position at the Maritime Lumber Company she had no time to attend the popular Ladies' Guild at Saint Mary's which met once a month for luncheon followed by a speaker. Sometimes, on Monday evenings, she joined a group who worked for the Red Cross. She would have preferred the Saturday meetings of the "Young Marrieds" who put on plays, but was ineligible. She seldom went to the crowded Sunday morning service to hear the dynamic young rector for she was too tired to get up and dress for church. If she did go, she slid in and out of the side vestibule without shaking hands with anyone at the big front door.

It was not until the Rev. William Northrop (called "Bill" by his parishioners) happened in at her Red Cross meeting one night that Morna actually spoke to him. He asked if any of them owned a madonna suitable for a Christmas display, and without thinking she offered hers. Later, when she learned the important Ladies' Guild was arranging the annual affair, Morna was embarrassed. The rector expected a hundred people to attend.

Her unique little statue was of old porcelain, modelled by the devoted hand of a Chinese artisan. The calm face above a blue robe with gaily flowered sash and wide white sleeves filled the beholder with its own serenity. One arm held a baby, the other was raised, palm out, in a gesture of beneficence. The madonna was an heirloom in Morna's family and reminded her daily of her devout grandmother. In whatever surroundings the beautiful figure was placed it retained its grace, maintaining tranquillity in a fast-moving world. At Christmas time, when men's hearts returned to thoughts of peace, the madonna became especially dear to her owner. What if something dire should happen? Regretting her rashness, Morna looked at the minister in appeal. He smiled back as if well pleased with her. There was nothing she could say.

She knew that the Reverend Bill, when a lad of eighteen, had enlisted in the navy as soon as the Second World War drew Canada into its maelstrom. No one knew why, afterward, and after four years of university life, he continued his studies in a divinity school. Morna suspected that the war, itself, and his part in it—the Murmansk route in the freezing seas off the North Cape of Norway, the submarines always waiting off Halifax harbour—was the reason. She had lost a high school hero in that terror ending fifteen years ago, a boy whom she dreamed she would marry when they both grew up. Many people had recently learned that another war meant extinction. Morna had known it since she was twelve and felt the ex-lieutenant might be motivated in the same way. They had never, however, discussed either war or peace. The bachelor minister kept himself aloof from spinsters and was often a disappointment to hopeful hostesses who had daughters. Morna, unaware of any predicament, admired him from a distance for his zeal to serve, and his will to save the world.

The Reverend Bill was explaining that she must find a shadow box for her madonna and bring it to the church exhibition properly mounted. The Ladies' Guild would show her where to place it and arrange the lighting. He said he hoped to collect a dozen or so, but madonnas were harder to come by than one would suppose. Classical figures seemed to have gone out of style. A parlour-sized Winged Victory or dainty Mercury were apt to be relegated to the attic along with such keepsakes as carved walrus tusks from Hudson's Bay, chunks of amethyst quartz from the cliffs of Cape Blomidon, and birch bark boxes decorated with porcupine quills. Bronze warriors that once flanked an eight-day clock on a marble mantel had been abandoned in favour of Staffordshire shepherdesses who, in turn, looked askance at recent interlopers—the crude ebony images now being brought home by hunters on safaris in Africa. Descendants of sea captains began to ransack old cupboards for these grotesque objects hidden away since the great days of sail. But the black gods of East Africa and the pagan fetishes of the South Sea Islands had not been welcome in early Victorian surroundings. Now, however, the pendulum of popularity had swung back to include the primitives, and the rector thought it was high time to remind his parishioners of their own great heritage in ecclesiastical art.

Morna discovered it was not as easy as the Reverend Bill assumed to find the right kind of shadow box for her madonna among the crates at her fruit vendor's. Another difficulty was to line the interior. She heard of a Chinese restaurant where artists sometimes found sheets of bronze foil which the proprietor saved from his cases of imported tea. Sing Fu was too polite to ask why she wanted them but gave her all he had. These she smoothed out and glued together. Across the background she painted the delicate outlines of a pagoda and on each side arranged little moss roses to form a bower. The madonna measured only fourteen inches

It's an old Maritimes custom!

In the clear frosty invigorating winter air Maritimers play hard, "feel good", relax refreshed.

OLAND'S

HALIFAX AND SAINT JOHN

EXPORT ALE • EXTRA STOUT • SCHOONER BEER

including her crown but the shadow box lent added stature.

Soon the proud day came when she must turn over her treasure to the committee. On her way to work that blustering winter morning she stopped at the parish house and was surprised to find no one there to receive it. Would it be safe? Would they like it? Securing an early leave from her employer in the lumber company (who considered her absence as inevitable as attending an office party) she hurried back home to put on the new costume already laid out: the red dress with pumps to match and above her dark hair a gold band with sparkling veil. At four o'clock, feeling elated, she arrived at St. Mary's-in-the-Field after the festivities had begun and the ladies were seated before a guest speaker. Everyone turned at her entrance and frowned.

The only vacant chairs were in the front row and as Morna sank down facing the visiting minister, who ceased talking to let her do so, she found she was also facing the row of beautiful madonnas. Comparing them to her own she sighed in relief. Each stood in its own lighted niche below the footlights of the platform. Some were copies of classical statues done in Carrara marble. Others were of polychromed wood or showed traces of gold leaf in their old carving. A few in burnished metal were starkly modern. Hers was the single ceramic figure moulded by hand into exquisite form and painted brightly under a glaze that held the patina of ages. The Chinese madonna was smaller than many, but to Morna, more charming.

After the speaker had been applauded and a good smell of coffee was mounting from the parish house kitchen, the chairman asked if the owners of the madonnas would please tell their histories. Everyone looked around to see who would rise. An elderly woman in a pink hat said hers was an Italian piece that she had to haggle for in *Firenze**. A girl remarked casually that she had picked hers up in the Flea Market in Paris. Another, whose statue was clothed in silk and a lace *mantilla*, claimed it was a replica of the Conquistadora of Santa Fé: a fourth said hers represented the Virgin of Guadaloupe in Mexico—and should she tell the legend? But the chairman hurried right on. When Morna's turn came all she could say was that her own had been handed down from a seafaring captain of Salem when merchant ships rounded the Horn to trade with China.

She admitted she had never been in China or in any other foreign country as the other ladies had. The story of her ancestor was passed along with the madonna to the oldest daughter in each generation; and added that some women who inherited it said they wished the

* Florence.

captain had brought home something more useful—like a Ming tea set. The heirloom, by this time, might be two hundred years old.

She wondered why a general ripple ran around the room as she resumed her seat. A woman behind her whispered: "Where's Salem?" and was answered: "In the States!" Another said: "Loyalists?" but the reply was: "Depends on when they came here—who is she anyway?" and then the hushed word: "Yankee!"

Morna flinched. She knew her own ancestry, pioneer settlers who had migrated to the Maritimes by shiploads at the time of the American Revolution. What did it matter when one arrived? They were all of the same stock and the same faith in this gathering. So many men in her family had migrated west or been killed in two merciless wars that the name had dwindled. Only a few of her kin were left on the islands and inlets around Mahone Bay.

Her confusion went unnoticed as the folding chairs were shoved back. The Christmas tree burst into light while the choir sang carols and the harassed committee began to pass little red frosted cakes and pour coffee from a borrowed silver urn. As usual in strange gatherings, Morna stood to one side balancing her cup and trying to look animated. Soon she saw an elderly man edging toward her and recognized him as the missionary who had addressed the guild—and was now as ignored as herself. She smiled at him, hoping he could tell her more about the history of her madonna. He might well have been in China at some time.

Her conjecture proved true but what he said was upsetting. "It's a lovely figure, the sort made in the seventeenth century. The child on one arm and the other hand raised in blessing is typical of the period of the great ceramic makers."

His tone became didactic. "Many ignorant travellers—like your sea-captain ancestor—suppose it represents the Virgin Mary. But such, my dear child, is not the case. Not at all! Your statute is pagan! She is Kuan Yin, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy, revered all over China, of course, but not by our church, nor our converts."

Morna was appalled. Too stricken to take her eyes from the minister's watchful face she stood as if hypnotized.

"It is the same idea of mercy", he continued, "that in older, primitive days was represented in temple gardens by a grotesque or gilded stone figure with several huge arms stretched out from each side to gather in weak humanity."

This picture was worse yet. Unable to justify her mortifying mistake the innocent lender managed to ask: "But—the baby?"

"Oh, the infant whom Kuan Yin protects so graciously only symbolizes the needy! It is not in any sense the Christ Child—it is an unwanted orphan. They used to put girl children out to die."

Morna didn't know which way to look and hoped, above all, that no one had overheard. Aware that any missionary would consider it his duty to correct such blasphemy she darted away from his vicinity before he could involve her further in theology. The thing to do was to take her despised statue and vanish with it. And to do so before the rector arrived. She had not seen him around and did not want to. The Reverend William Northrop would think her a fool and her offering preposterous. A high-school girl would not have committed such a blunder and she was a graduate of college. However, she consoled herself, she had majored in economics, not in the history of religion.

Weaving her way through the throng of oblivious guild members she slunk along the line of madonnas and wrested hers from its shadow box. "They can have that," she decided, "and those expensive artificial roses, too."

She had nothing in which to wrap the fragile figure so tucked it inside her coat and held it close under her arm. It made quite a bulge. "They will think I have stolen a cake," she sighed, as she sidled towards the doorway.

No one paid any attention. No one was paying any attention, in fact, to any of the madonnas which had taken some women at least a week to prepare.

The outside vestibule door was heavy and swung back with its own weight. The noise within the church parlours subsided behind her. She breathed again. It was cold outside and had begun to snow. She tried to fasten her coat collar, forgetting in the excitement of escape why she fled. As she lifted her arm the porcelain figure slipped down to the brutal stone steps.

It did not crash—there was no sound as it hit the snow except her own sharp cry. But the crown broke off the head, and the head broke off the body, and the body broke off the brittle base. The Christ Child—or what she had always supposed was the Christ Child—remained intact within the encircling arm of the mother, or what she had always thought was the mother. It was a minor miracle.

Morna leaned over, sobbing, to pick up the scattered pieces. "So they would smash you!" she moaned. "So they would try to kill you! No! . . . I will put you together again. They can't do this to me, nor to you, my madonna . . . I mean to the 'Goddess of Mercy'."

The little white face with its sweet expression accented by slanting brows went into her handbag along with the fragments of the flowery crown. The green-leaved base went into one pocket of her coat and the unbroken torso into another.

She ran her hand through the snow that carpeted the steps and found a small bit which almost cut her fingers. "It must all be saved," she kept saying. She felt that if she failed, if she deserted this strange, unwanted, beautiful goddess, it would be the true Madonna, the Queen of Heaven, whom, in the end, she betrayed and destroyed.

She ran through the dusk of winding streets where quiet houses showed wreaths on the door and lighted trees inside the windows. Lamp posts made opaque circles in the falling snow. Down the icy steps to her basement apartment she walked carefully, thinking as always, how no one would guess the coziness within. She had chosen these rooms because of the fireplace—they had once been the lower service floor of a tall house above it, and because there was a back entrance on a fenced-in yard for her own use. Light disclosed old brocade on her chairs, worn oriental rugs, portraits of Nova Scotian forebears whose possessions had outlived them. It was good to be home again.

"Wait," she said to Kuan Yin, "as soon as I take my coat off I'll fix you right up. I love you if nobody else does."

She heard a car stop in the street and heavy footsteps tramping down her walk. A man was unmistakably pounding the snow off his shoes and a man's firm hand battered the knocker. There was no time to glance outside and she barely recognized the tall person who stamped into the room—Bill Northrop—not in the role of a minister at this moment, but an ex-naval officer beating snowflakes from his cap. Before she could ask what he wanted he told her.

"I've come to fix your madonna," he said, as a plumber announces that he has come to fix your faucet. "Where is it?"

She pointed to the pieces lying on the table. Tears stood in her eyes. Her humiliation choked her.

"Look!" He threw off his coat and took a small tube from one of its many pockets. "I brought you this. It's good stuff, this cement. I mended a thing of mine with it so you can't tell the difference —come here."

In the palm of his great hand he showed her a tiny sculptured image of the Aztec sun god. "I got it in Yucatan, once—no value, but my own. I dropped it—like you did. These images take wing from the orthodox!"

She realized then that he must have seen her . . . He had probably watched the whole episode of the shattering and the retrieval from his study window. Of all the people attending the Christmas party he was the one she especially wanted to avoid. He had not even granted her the safety of anonymity; he had tracked her down. A surge of resentment made her add to what he had already seen, what she least wanted him to know.

"It is not a madonna," she said miserably. "No glue, no cement in the world, can make it what it is not. She is Kuan Yin, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy. I ought never to have taken her to your church—an imposter with all the rest . . ."

"Here, here," he interrupted paying no attention to her words, engrossed with piecing things together. His hands were deft for so heavy a man, his touch sure. For a second she forgot her shame listening to his muttering as he worked without looking at her.

"I know where you got that idea. I'd thank the shepherds of other flocks not to come into St. Mary's fold and shear my lambs! I wish I had seen you sooner—I was called away."

Morna had never considered herself a lamb so was not sure of his allusion. She was bewildered when he went on; "Our visiting missionary told me the same thing when I was showing him around before I turned the meeting over to him."

"And you left it there? My madonna?" She stared at him in awe.

"Why not? That statue is revered in millions of homes where people beg mercy. What do you think makes an image holy? Prayer—only prayers! They imbue the image with their own sacredness." His fingers gently pressed Kuan Yin's broken crown back on her head. "This lady has been prayed to in China for centuries. And by your own account her likeness was held holy in your family for generations."

Morna was abashed. "How did you know it was mine?"

"You promised to bring something, didn't you? This morning you were too early for me but your name was on the shadow box. This afternoon I was getting out of my car when I saw you leave. No, I didn't follow you. I went into the parish house to check and the empty box told me all I wanted to know. Then I looked up your address in the parish register. 'Elementary'!" He smiled as he glanced around the room. "Besides, I wanted an excuse to descend on you and see the rest of your loot. Do you mind?"

"Oh," Morna said. "Let me make you some tea! You didn't stop for any, did you?"

She hurried into the kitchen ostensibly to put the kettle on and while she was there ran a comb through her hair and powdered her face at the mirror over the sink. When she returned her madonna was standing erect on the mantel where she always stood, and her mender had put a sprig of holly in her outstretched hand.

As they sat down before the fire with their teacups the expression on the enigmatic face watching above them was unusually benign. In a strange land, after a great shock, the Goddess of Mercy had again achieved the purpose for which she was created.

Merrymaking

This painting (completed in 1860) purely in the European tradition, is considered Krieghoff's outstanding work. Historic subject for this colorful composition, Gendron's country inn at Beauport, Quebec, still exists today, though greatly transformed.

by

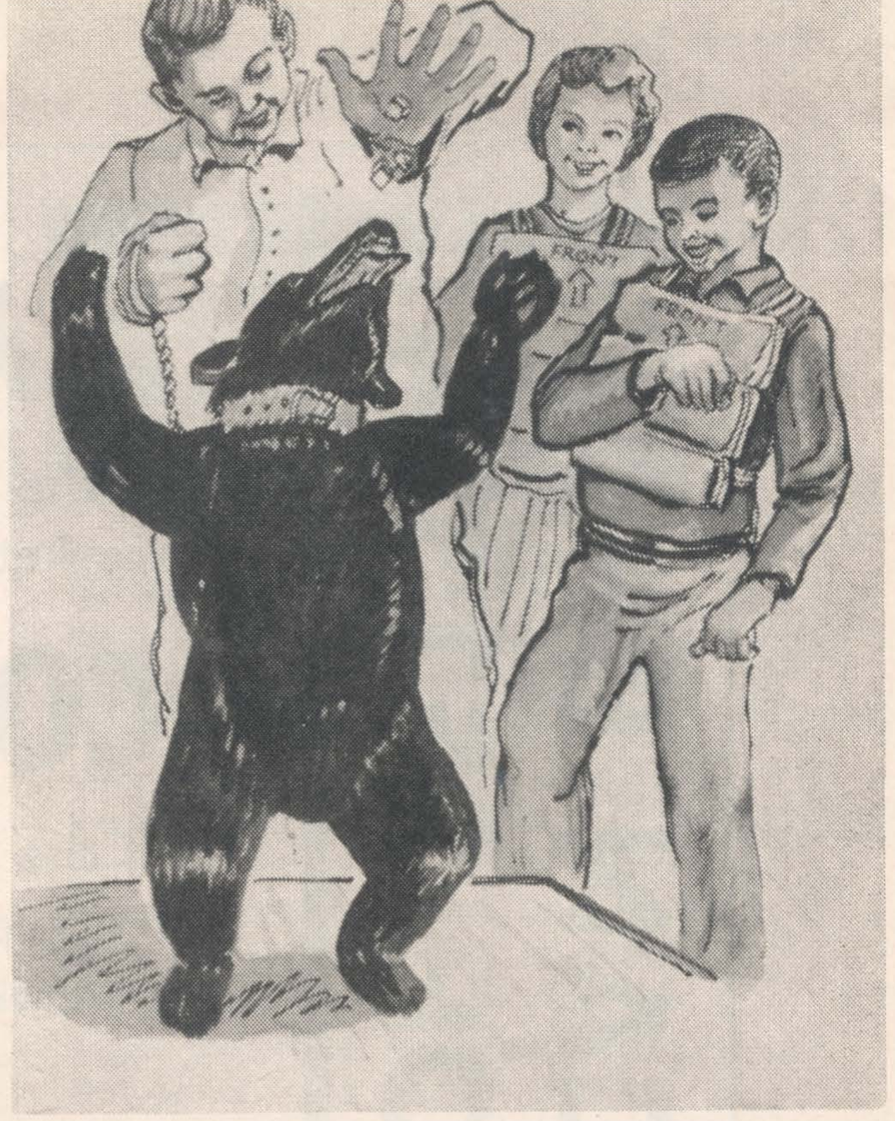
Cornelius Krieghoff

One of Canada's leading pioneer painters, Cornelius Krieghoff was born in 1815 in Amsterdam, Holland. Through his paintings, he leaves us a rich and authentic heritage of early Canadian life. He died in Chicago in 1872.

PROCEEDING

A True Story of a Christmas at Sea

by RUTH WHITMAN



"GOING TOMORROW DAWN," said the Dutch officer, smiling encouragingly up at Bert and me as we stood with Leslie, our fifteen-year-old son, at the edge of the Bombay Dry Dock.

Down there among the clanging hammers lay a neat brown ship—the *Klipfontein*, 11,000 tons—being given her final check-up for the trip to San Francisco, whence we three would continue by train to the Canadian Maritime Provinces. This long, circuitous route was necessary, because this was November, 1941, and there was a war on involving the Atlantic. We were happy to be going by the Pacific, for Leslie's sake. He was all agog to see those glamorous islands that lay on our route—Ceylon, Java, Bali, the Philippines, Hawaii. Some of our over-cautious friends had urged us to stay over another year, as there was danger of war with Japan. But surely it was very remote. Weren't the Japanese envoys conferring amicably with the authorities in Washington at this very moment?

Our furlough was due, and we were eager for it. It had been six and a half years since we had returned from Canada to Bert's little hospital in the Eastern Ghats, in India, leaving three children behind us. Leslie, too, should be making his adjustment to Canadian life without delay.

"That's tourist class," Leslie pointed to a cluttered bit of deck at the stern. "And up here, in this little hole forward, is where they are going to put the bear cub."

"The *bear cub*?" Bert asked.

"Yes. Mr. Mundy, a Y.M.C.A. man, is taking it home with him."

"You boys do get around."

"Oh, Jimmie de Sayre and I come down here every day."

Jimmie de Sayre's father had died suddenly in India, and his mother was taking him and his small sister back to America on the *Klipfontein*.

We devoutly hoped the officer's prediction would come true. We had already spent fifteen days in the stifling humidity of Bombay, our sailing postponed from day to day. We had explored Malabar Hill and visited the beach and the zoo; had made the rounds of the shops and parks; had driven along the lovely Marina; and every night before stretching out in the suffocating dark and hoping for some sleep, Bert would add another figure to the column in his notebook headed "Board Bill". We were bored, restless, impatient—especially Leslie, who had come direct from boarding-school in the 6,800-foot Palni Hills, and found the heat almost unbearable.

We calculated, months later, that had it not been for our eighteen-days' frustrating delay in Bombay, we would have been steaming along somewhere in the vicinity of Hawaii on the fateful seventh of December.

It was several "tomorrows"—November 20, in fact—before the *Klip* appeared at her berth, trim as a bright new button, busily loading bales of cotton for Batavia. We were so happy to be aboard that we couldn't even grumble at the cramped cabin, where Leslie must occupy a small settee, with feet propped on a camp stool—or the continued stifling heat—or the tiny circular route around the winches which was our very own promenade deck. As we sailed out of the harbour we recalled the comment of another happy home-goer—"The loveliest sight in all India! The Indian Ocean, with the Bombay lights astern."

By the second day out, Leslie had explored every corner of the ship, and learned the names of the Dutch officers, the Javanese stewards, and the young American engineer who became his special pal. The sea was calm, the weather ideal. Gradually Bert and I became acquainted with passengers and crew. We learned that this was the maiden voyage of the *Klip*. She had set out from Holland just before the outbreak of the war, and now that Hitler had annexed Holland she could not return, but must ply back and forth between Bombay and San Francisco, via the Dutch East Indies. Our Dutch officers were thus cut off completely from their families and friends; some had lost relatives—the purser his fiancée—in the German occupation. This explained the brusqueness and nervous tension evident at times among the staff.

We counted sixteen nationalities represented on board. There were two families of Jewish refugees—one had lost a little boy during the escape. There were a Roumanian lady, a Turkish youth, and a stout old Polish gentleman who showed everybody the enormous life-belt in which he had kept afloat for thirty-six hours on his long and hazardous escape through Russia. As he was apparently allergic to most of the regular menu and could speak very little English, he was given a small table to himself at the forward end of the dining-room, where he dined in state. "Uncle", we called him. Kind Mrs. de Sayre undertook to help him with his English.

Pindi, the bear cub, and his attendant, Mr. Mundy (a muscular, buoyant extrovert who we found was an ex-wrestler), became the darlings of the small fry on board. Leslie and Jimmie de Sayre joined the parade to the lower deck after each meal, carrying all the lumps of sugar they could snitch for their pet—and stayed to watch the daily sparring match between Mr. Mundy and the cub.

A dock-coolies' strike was on at Colombo, so the ship made only a brief stop there.

By the time the coast of Malaya appeared on the horizon, we "tourists" had been welded into one happy family. Relaxed, contented, carefree, we gave ourselves completely to the lazy atmosphere of the tropics. To most of us this was new territory, long idealized in our imagination, and at Penang we swarmed ashore to check our dreams with the reality. It exceeded all expectation. On every side stretched the lush green vegetation, sprinkled with bright flowers. The whole city was like an enormous park, crossed by winding lanes, along which padded barefoot, smiling people. "I just can't believe it," said Leslie, his romantic soul

alight, gazing at the laughing, raven-haired Malayan girls, clad in vivid-hued pyjamas and holding up gaudy parasols. "I just can't believe they're real."

At Singapore a new note was added. This was an eastern bastion of the British Empire, and we Canadians held our heads high with pride. "Singapore is absolutely secure," we were told, as we made our way slowly among the low-lying islands into the harbour. "Every inch of this water is mined." We had heard by radio of the arrival of the two battleships, *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales*, and wished that we could get a glimpse of them.

That was December 3, 1941.

On the fifth, after an idyllic two days, we reached Batavia (now Jakarta)—the most sophisticated city we had seen in the East. Such a clean place, with its trim Dutch cottages, wide canals, well-kept roads. At the modern shopping centre we crowded into souvenir shops or bargained for gay sarongs.

I am always amused at re-reading the page in my diary:

"Sunday, December 7, 1941, [In Pearl Harbour this would be December 6.]

"A quiet, lazy day. Most people went off to the Botanical Gardens and the Aquarium. Attended the church service on board . . . Walked along the dock. Loading rubber, almonds and tin."

It was hot and close in our cabin that night, with the clattering of winches right at our ears. We stayed out on deck till midnight, watching the bags of almonds go soaring aloft and drop into the hold. Leslie was enchanted with the lusty, rhythmic chanting of the Javanese coolies as they pulled on the ropes. The bales of rubber, sent sliding down a chute from a warehouse window, gave a gay little bounce as they struck the deck.

How far away were the cares and problems of life! I am glad we had that peaceful Sunday to remember.

We had left for Surabaya next morning, when the news came. With shocked unbelief we sat gaping at each other over our breakfast sausages. The radio crackled with sizzling denunciations of Japanese perfidy. Numbly we listened to the declarations of war and the national anthems of our allies.

It took time for the truth to dawn upon us. It came in stages:

Penang evacuated. Singapore bombed. The two battleships gone. We were there, four days ago. Now we are skirting the rich island of Java, which will surely be next on the list.

The United States is now at war. . . a relief to us Canadians, but startling and alarming to our American friends.

Hawaii. The Philippines. We won't be able to see them, now.

The Japanese island of Timor is directly in our path. What is to become of *us*?

A long line of oil tanks on the horizon announced Surabaya. This was an important naval station. A Japanese attack was evidently expected here at any time. Pits were being feverishly dug in the black earth. Signs were posted around the dock with instructions for defence. The stocky little Javanese officials were curt and efficient, searching thoroughly every passenger who disembarked. The Americans made a beeline for the consulate. We three stayed aboard, with the Roumanian lady and Orbay, the Turkish boy. These two were not allowed ashore at any port, for some unknown reason.

Back came the Americans with the information that we were *not* to be interned in Surabaya. That was all the consul knew. Where we were to go, and by what route, nobody could tell us. And from that day on, nobody did.

A hectic four days ensued. A gun was installed on the after deck, and as the tourist quarters were needed for the gun crew, we passengers were moved into the least desirable cabins in first class. That was a welcome change, and we were kept busy, carting our possessions up and down the hatchways. At intervals we would stand at the rail and watch the lifeboats being hastily loaded with provisions and utensils. A red metal raft was suspended from the rail on each side of the ship; a jerk from a rope would lower them to the water. Seamen were camouflaging the ship's sides, and painting the tall mast a soft blue shade that blended with the sky. Others criss-crossed the glass sides of the promenade deck with yards and yards of wide black tape, to prevent splintering.

Meantime, terrifying reports were brought in by passengers returning from the town. "We're done. There's no escape for us. Ships are coming in *here* every day, for shelter. Where can we go? . . . The Japs will arrive at any minute . . . and you know *them*—they use you for pincushions.—*Lifeboats*? That's a joke. What time would there be . . ."

"Hush!" an elderly woman rebuked one of these babblers. "Tell your stories somewhere in private, where the children can't hear."

Looking back, I marvel at our outward calm. Every one of us had to face the probability of a sudden death at any moment. Yet there was never any sign of panic. Most of us were missionaries, with a proven philosophy of life. Some had already faced deadly danger, and this was merely another episode. Others drew strength from prayer-meetings. I attended one of these, but was more disturbed by the fervent pleas for rescue than I had been by the frightening rumours of ill. In one petition we all heartily joined—strength and guidance for the captain. We never saw him now. Our individual burdens seemed light compared with his.

After one of these meetings, when the fervour of the petitions had only served to paint more vividly the peril we were in, I escaped to a quiet spot and tried to compose my jittery imagination. Lurid scenes from stories and films of torpedoed vessels were dancing in my brain. I closed my eyes and relaxed . . . Then came a recollection that amused me and pulled me completely out of my panic.

Years before, I had had to take our little Margaret to the hills of South India, out of season, for her health's sake, and live there alone for six months, in a big bungalow on the outskirts of town. Friends warned me that thieves were breaking into houses at night. I was terrified. Night after night I would lie awake, watching the window, and drop off to sleep only to dream of black hands opening the shutters. One day the thought struck me: "Suppose this thing really does happen. There's nothing to be gained be rehearsing it night after night. Wait till it comes, and then have yourself a first-class scare." Somehow the twisted humour in it had done the trick, so I tried it on myself now. "O.K., Ruth," I told myself. "When that torpedo actually hits, I'll let you indulge in a super-colossal fright. But not before." It worked again.

Before sailing from Surabaya we took on a few passengers from China, the last foreigners to get away before internment. Several women had left their husbands and all their possessions in Shanghai. Their red-rimmed eyes told of nights of weeping. "Why did I listen to him?" one woman sobbed. "Why did I let him persuade me to run away? I should have stayed with him."

One of these families we took immediately to our hearts. The Blacks, a young couple with two darling kiddies, had got away from Hong Kong with only a handful of belongings, including a pair of chinchilla rabbits. Mr. Black was a teacher; this was the second time they had had to flee from China empty-handed. They planned to start a chinchilla farm in Vancouver. The rabbits took their place with Pindi, the bear cub, in the kiddies' affections. Now the spoils from the dinner-plates included melon rinds and bits of green stuff for them.

One afternoon a scream sent us hurrying to the deck. Mrs. Schriver, a frail lady who had been seasick all the way from Bombay, was reclining in a deck-chair when a monster suddenly confronted her. None of us blamed her for screaming. It was (supposedly) a poodle, sheared in French style—but as big as a calf, and the ruffs of kinky hair stuck out like great rubber tires around its ankles, legs and neck. It had been brought on board by one of the new passengers.

On the thirteenth we deduced from bulletins received that we were to leave Surabaya. A strict blackout and great care in the use of water were ordered.

Shoes, overcoats, lifebelts and a small bag of necessities were to be at hand beside our bunks at night. At noon we left the dock, circled about the harbour, and returned. By this time we had learned to curb our curiosity; asking questions was a waste of breath. We packed our little bags and waited, envisioning a wakeful night. Our pretty nurse dragged a straw chair and some cushions out on deck, intending to die with her boots on. After much razzing from the crew, however, and the after-dinner consumption of numerous bottles of beer, she took in her chair and went to bed.

We woke in the morning to the steady hum of engines and the soft swishing of the sea. The sun was shining through our porthole. "South!" cried Leslie. "We're going *south*!" Excitedly we piled out on deck. A quiet sea stretched on all sides. We had slipped down between the islands and were zooming along toward Australia. For the time being we were comparatively safe—in the daytime, at any rate.

For seventeen days we saw no sign of the world of men; just sea and sky. The sense of danger returned when night came on and the curtains were drawn. It was an eerie sensation, when we stumbled up on deck for air, to stand there, each of us alone in the world, rushing ahead full speed into pitch blackness, none knew whither. Whatever route we took, we must eventually emerge into the dangerous waters off the west coast of America. On two different evenings there was an alarm of some sort. Crewmen dashed about with flashlights. The engines stopped dead a minute or two, and we were ploughing ahead once more. We shall never know what happened.

The thought of death was always with us as we lay down to sleep. And then we would waken with the bright sunshine streaming through the porthole . . . Why, I'm still here. I'm alive. Another day to live. We ran whistling down the corridor for a salt bath. We devoured the good Dutch food, swam in the pool, played boisterous deck games, and gathered in the writing-room with maps, trying to plot our course by the sun and the nightly changing of the ship's clock.

Common danger had cemented us into one big family. Hours were spent in sharing past experiences. There *was* only the past, and the precarious present—the future was completely blacked out. "If we ever get out of this," mused Mrs. C . . ., "I'll never be afraid of a voyage again." I added, to myself, "I'll never fear *anything*, death least of all."

Orbay, the Turkish boy, was the family pet. He was (or *had* been) on his way to study aeronautical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He had an airy way of flitting about, a gauzy veil wrapped round his head, picking up stray English words. "What is this word, *blub*?" he asked me. "Oh, that's a slang word." He shook his head and pointed to the electric light *bulb* . . . We sympathized with him when a conscientious missionary in a long black coat undertook to convert him. "Why should I go to the Sunday service?" he asked us. "I'm a Mohammedan. I read the Koran; why should I listen to *that* stuff?"

We discovered that the little Roumanian lady would slip into the lounge when no one was around and play Chopin on the piano. Old Polish "Uncle" became confused in the new cabins, and the story spread of his wandering one afternoon into the room he thought he shared with Mr. Meadows. Composing himself for a rest, he happened to glance at the other bed, and sat bolt upright with the shock. What was a *woman* doing in Mr. Meadows's bed? Finally realizing the truth, he beat a hasty retreat.

The underlying tension broke through to the surface at times. "Blondie", the owner of the poodle, was said to be a German, and her erratic actions evoked whispers of "spy". She had a way of leaving the iron on—it went off automatically when we pushed up the ironing-board to go out of the door, but she would crawl *under* the board. (Trying to set the ship on fire?) She was once seen pulling open the lounge curtains at night. (Signalling?) She used so much water that her cabin supply was cut off.

One could not blame the officers for being curt and tense and a bit resentful of our keen enjoyment of life, exiled as they were from home and country. This was brought starkly home to us one evening at dinner-time, when Johnny and the Chief Engineer got into a fight. Johnny was the handsome, popular chief steward. Whenever the current hit song "Oh Johnny, oh" came over the air at mealtime, we all sang it with soulful eyes turned on him, to his deep embarrassment. The fight was in progress as we took our seats at the table. The two of them were locked in an adjoining cabin, and the crashing of their heavy bodies, splitting the wood on one of the walls, was terrifying. Johnny emerged next day with strips of adhesive on his face and several teeth missing.

One person who helped to keep the troubled waters oiled was jolly, plump Mr. Mundy. When the young folk grew restless he herded them into the writing-room for games. "Hearts" was a favourite. It ended in someone's nose being whacked, for some reason, with one of the cards. His cheery smile smoothed the lines from anxious faces. One day a group of us females had our heads together, discussing Blondie's latest escapade, when Mr. Mundy breezed by. "Ever hear of Sonya?" he asked us. "Sonya *who*?" "S'ony-a rumour."

It was he who organized the games for the children's Christmas party. Passengers

and crew went all out to give the kiddies a rousing good time. For the grown-ups, a Christmas-eve carol-singing followed by a dance was felt to be an adequate celebration. Christmas had ceased to be important. Like the broadcasts we listened to, from King George, Churchill and Roosevelt, it seemed a mere echo from that shadowy world of which we were no longer a part.

Then came the storm. For two days the sea raged warningly. Waves thundered into cabins, doors slammed, mirrors and dishes crashed. The commander broke his ankle in a slide across the deck; the bones were kept apart until we should reach some port for an X-ray.

On the third day a few of us entered the dining-room hopefully for breakfast. A heavy slide whisked the salt and pepper shakers from the tables (the only articles thereon) and sent them careening musically back and forth across the floor. A Javanese waiter entered with a pile of plates; he suddenly pitched head-first into a corner, plates and all. We burst out laughing—and were thoroughly ashamed the next moment. Leslie was disgusted with us. "That was Waiter Number 44—Umpat-umpat, a friend of mine. You shouldn't have laughed."

Still hopeful (though not noticeably hungry) we staggered in again at lunch-time. The waiters, steadying themselves by the tables, put a mug half-full of soup in each outstretched hand, and we watched our chance to gulp it down. Sandwiches followed, but as we waited expectantly for dessert, Johnny appeared in the doorway and sadly announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, the pastry (he called it pass-tree) is on the floor." At tea-time we brought blankets and cushions to the lounge, now a scene of desolation, with chairs, tables and piano all roped securely together in a corner. We settled ourselves on the floor, backs against the wall. The waiters crept round, holding to pillars, and handed us half-cupfuls of tea. We "hove to" for twelve hours after that, until the sea began to subside.

On the morning of December 30 we woke to the sound of excited voices and running feet in the corridor. "Land! Land!" someone called. Sure enough; there were tiny islands on the horizon—some volcanic. Again the maps and charts were pored over in frenzied calculation. Where *were* we? In the afternoon a notice appeared in the lounge: *No New Zealand money accepted on board.* Local news began to come over the air from Auckland! Incredibly we had made a wide circle around Australia and New Zealand. No doubt we had the commander's broken ankle to thank for this welcome stopover.

We hurried ashore to a telegraph office. "May we send a cable to Canada?" Bert asked the girl at the desk. "You can send

a cable," she replied, "but you can't *say* anything." No time, no place, no route, no destination. Leslie tried his hand: "Safe and well. On our way." "Too long," said Bert. "Put it in one word—and cut out the 'safe'." So the message to our oldest daughter was the two words: "Proceeding. Daddy."

How good it was to be on firm land again. For seven years we had not walked with white people along a concrete sidewalk, or shopped in a store with fixed prices. Leslie and I rested afterwards on a seat in a bare little park near the sea. It was a most unreal day, to me. We were like prisoners, let loose for a day. Tomorrow we must cram ourselves behind the bars again, and "proceed". A child ran across the street to a store, with a pitcher in her hand. I stared. Was it possible that while we had been running from torpedos with nerves taut, there were little normal things like that in the world, children running to stores with pitchers?

Leslie was gazing at the *Klipfontein*. She lay there resting, too—completely crusted with crystallized salt, after her beating in the storm. "She's like a person to me, Mother," he said. "She's tired out, after those days and days in the ocean, and then that terrific hammering at the end of it. But she's good stuff. She's determined to see us through—us, and the rubber and tin she's carrying, and the Dutch officers, she's just *got* to get *them* safe home."

There was one radiant person on board that night: Mrs. Black. The storm had dealt a severe blow to this popular couple; both chinchilla rabbits had been drowned. Mr. Black's quiet comment had been: "Well—when one has already lost everything, what does a little more matter?" It turned out that Mrs. Black had a brother living in New Zealand, whom she had never expected to see again. She wired to him from Auckland, and he managed to reach the ship for an hour's visit before we sailed.

This had been New Year's Day. And next morning a sign in the lounge read, *New Year's Day*. Yes, we had two of them, for we had crossed the date line. We must have dropped below the Polynesian Islands, for we travelled south-east and for eighteen more days saw no land.

There was an undertone of excitement on board during this final dash for home. We could at least pretend that we would eventually reach some destination. We occupied our minds with the composition and rehearsal of a play—the ultimate in corny melodrama. We called it *Completely at Sea*, and stuffed it with spies, pirates, passion, fire and shipwreck.

Bright moonlight on deck made evening promenades enjoyable. Scientists had as yet invented no means of "blacking out" the moon, as they will no doubt have achieved before another world war.

Grown a trifle careless and light-hearted, we had to be brought up short with a stricter rationing of the water supply.

My diary notes our progress:

"Jan. 2—Quite rough. Boat drill . . . The *Neptune* sunk— Manila taken.
7—Smooth sea. Second act of the play is typed. Some calculate that we are halfway between Aukland and the west coast of South America.
8—Someone saw an island; could it be Pitcairn, or Easter? Clock put ahead thirty-one minutes.
9—Customs declarations given out! Seem to be aiming for Los Angeles, instead of San Francisco. Found a city directory of Los Angeles on board—excited to find Andrew's name in it! [This was my brother, whom I hadn't seen for fifteen years.] Rumour says ten or twelve days more, now.
11—Boat drill. Clock put back nineteen minutes. Have we crossed the equator? Argument about it among the men. Practised the play.
15—The Captain and First Mate censored our play . . . Had to cut out some of the dialogue between the officers. (How silly!)
17—Very good cabaret show put on in the evening. Man Mountain Mundy wrestled with "Pee-wee". Good items by Sarong Sisters and Wonga-Wonga Warriors."

On the eighteenth the captain issued a bulletin. We were entering more dangerous waters, and must now carry our coats and life-preservers *everywhere*. We must sleep fully clothed. So accustomed had we grown to leaving our lives in the captain's hands that we received the order almost apathetically.

"What about our play?" we asked the purser. Now that the danger had become acute, our first concern was for that crazy brain-child of ours. Regretfully we were told that it could not possibly be performed. We had to be content with handing out the stencilled programmes as souvenirs.

My diary for the day concludes—"Slept well."

At noon on the nineteenth we saw land. A snow-capped mountain on the horizon was hailed joyfully by the Americans as Old Baldy. Hope grew stronger; surely, surely, nothing could happen to us now. We learned afterward that a ship had been sunk in that very spot some days before.

That last evening on board stands out vividly in memory. The afternoon had been spent in hurried packing. After dinner we sauntered into the lounge, our overcoats flapping, the tapes of our lifebelts trailing after us. It was an enormous room, and tonight we were allowed only one light, a single sixty-watt bulb, high in a corner. Piling our lifebelts in the middle of the floor, we sat or prowled around chatting in this cavern of gloom. This would be our last leisure for farewells. Autograph albums were produced. Inscribers had to journey to the light bulb and hold them up against the wall under it as they wrote.

Next day we looked up to see the wings of a huge plane swooping over us, escorting us into San Pedro, the harbour of Los Angeles. At 2 p.m. we slipped quietly into place at the dock. The curious eyes of port officials looked us over—no wonder! The ship must have seemed a ghostly apparition, creeping in from nowhere, coated with white from stem to stern. We passengers, standing mutely on deck, were like ghosts, too. There was a choking in our throats as we listened to the stopping of the engines and the tightening of the ropes. We had an uncanny sense of being suddenly resurrected. For two months we had been buried deep in a tomb somewhere, and had just now emerged into the world of living men.

We came to earth with a thud when a group of immigration and customs officers bustled aboard and informed us that we could not land until we had submitted a complete itinerary from here to our respective destinations, detailed as to dates, routes, stopovers, means of conveyance. After a seven-years' absence this presented many problems to Bert and me, here across a continent from our home in the Maritime Provinces. We did our best, hazarding some wild guesses, and received the necessary approval. Then came an arduous customs inspection. It was 8.30 p.m., when we left the ship and I hurried to find a telephone. Tense with excitement, I dialled my brother's number.

"Hello, Andrew. This is Ruth."

An interval of stunned silence. Then in slow, measured tones he barked out this welcoming greeting: "Do you mean to tell me you folks were crazy enough to start across the Pacific at a time like this?"

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In 1953, Leslie happened to be watching a newsreel in a Toronto theatre when the *Klipfontein* appeared on the screen, sinking, in the dead of night, somewhere in the North Atlantic. Oil in the hold had caught fire and caused an explosion. The announcer sketched her history. After our memorable voyage she had plied as a troop-carrier between the United States and the East. Re-converted after the war, she was put into service across the Atlantic.

"It was hard to believe," Leslie wrote, "that it was actually our dear old *Klip*. It was like watching a seasoned veteran of many battles die of blood-poisoning after stubbing his toe on a lazy summer afternoon."

First Anniversary

by

Florence E. M. Williston

Haynes and Florence Williston on their wedding day, "the happiest day of our lives"

MY HEART BEAT faster as the miles sped by bringing me closer to my husband. We had been separated five whole days, and my heart ached with lonesomeness for him. With me were my sister and her husband-to-be; her wedding was just a week away. I had spent a few days with her attending the usual round of showers and pre-wedding parties in her honour.

My husband, Haynes, and I had only been back in Bay du Vin for a week before I had left him to go to my sister. Haynes had been employed in Ontario and on the trip home we had travelled through the White Mountains and the New England States. We had five wonderful carefree days, we called it "our second honeymoon". He had come home to fish salmon during the season, which lasted most of the summer. We were going to have so much fun, living at the beach in the cottage we were lucky enough to obtain. Our plans included a dance and sailing on the week-ends. We loved Bay du Vin, so it would be a perfect summer just being there! Everything seemed to be too good to be true, even the salmon promised to be plentiful, and this was best of all, because we had returned home for the summer to earn extra money to help fulfil our plans for the future.

We had invited my sister to spend a week with us prior to her wedding. It was to be a week of relaxation for her, lying on the beach, swimming and just getting a well-needed rest. We also planned to have a night out "drifting" (a term used for fishing salmon with nets) the first of the next week. We had always wanted to go drifting and were filled with excitement at thoughts of sailing in my husband's boat. What could be better than drifting under the stars? It would be wonderful!

That Sunday when Haynes and I had parted we hated to leave each other. I could still hear him whispering: "I'm going to miss you, honey," and I had answered: "I'll miss you too," as we clung to each other. As I watched him go I felt so alone and lost, but the days went by and here I was at last getting closer each minute to him.

This was a very *special* week-end too! This was Saturday, June 20. On Sunday, the 21st, we would celebrate our first anniversary. It would be one year since we were married; the happiest day of our lives. In my suit-case was my gift to my husband. I had bought him a pair of socks and matching tie, in the New Brunswick tartan. It was a new tartan just out and I could just see his eyes light up when he opened it. The card I had got was so appropriate, it started out with "I love you in the springtime, when the grass is getting green", and had gone on to mention all the seasons of the year. It had covered the whole year, our first year! In my suitcase I also had the record "First Anniversary". I was going to play it on Sunday. It was a crazy idea I suppose, but one I had formed during the past winter when I had first heard the song. I purchased the record when in Saint John and now all that was left to do would be to play it. Haynes had said he was giving me a portable record player for our an-

"Haynes's boat had come in alone, no one aboard."

niversary, along with some of "our" songs. "There'll never be anyone else for me but you" was one.

Tonight we were all going to the dance at "The Pines", a square dance. That would be fun! All of us loved dancing and it would celebrate our anniversary. At last we were in Bay du Vin! Crossing the bridge we noticed the water looked muddy. It's never muddy. We wondered why.

We drove into Haynes's mother's place. While I was in Saint John he had stayed at his mother's. I hopped out of the car and ran to the door. Before I could knock it was opened and one of his sisters met me at the door. "Where's Haynes?" I asked her.

"We can't tell you," she replied.

First, I thought he must be somewhere around the village and hadn't got back and they didn't know just where he might be. Then I saw her face! Her eyes were red and swollen. Just then her mother appeared behind her saying: "There's been a terrible storm . . ." My heart turned over—and stopped. Then I heard his sister saying: "She might as well know, Cunard (Haynes's brother) is in here dead and . . ." I didn't wait to hear, I *couldn't hear it*. Haynes was dead too, they must be going to say. I turned and ran for the car. It seemed like a bad dream. Surely I'd wake up and find I was dreaming. What I said, I don't know, but I flung myself in my sister's arms and my world came shattering down around me. My husband I loved so much taken from me, never to see him again or hear his voice whispering in my ear, or feel his arms, strong, loving and protecting, around me—I wanted to die too. My sister, Ruth, kept saying: "But it's not true." "It's not official," Murray, her fiancé, was saying. They were trying to break it gently, I thought. His sister was still saying: "She's got to know some time." She was in shock too and didn't realize what she was saying. Finally they got through to me and told me some boats were still out there waiting to come in when it calmed down, and they said, he could be in one of them. Slowly I began to see hope, perhaps he was still alive. Oh, how I prayed he would be! We stayed that night at his mother's. Ruth and I slept in the room that Haynes and I had used when we stayed there.

I never closed my eyes; I prayed all night long and listened for him to come running up the stairs. Haynes's boat had come in alone, no one aboard—but he *could* have been picked up by another boat. When dawn broke I was filled with hope; he was all right, I knew it now. A passage from the Bible kept running through my mind. I couldn't recall the first part, but it ended with "joy cometh in the morning". From then on I didn't give up hope, I knew our love was strong enough to bring us together again. He would come back to me, I was sure. Our anniversary cards lay unopened on the dresser, ones that had come in the mail from our friends. We would open them together when he returned.

That day the waters calmed down and one by one the boats returned with survivors aboard. Some homes rejoiced with happiness at the return of loved ones, but as the last boat with men aboard returned, there was many heavy hearts and sad homes. Still more boats returned empty, completely washed out, others returned in pieces. Bodies drifted in. Pieces of wreckage, masts, nets, dories, drifted up on the shore. As the sun began to set on our first anniversary, bringing the saddest day of my life to a close, Haynes was still missing. I shall never forget the lonely and empty feeling that crept over me. No one from his boat had been found. Perhaps they were safe somewhere; there were lots of little islands around.

All that week while helicopters and search planes buzzed overhead, I still had hope. Some people shook their heads sadly when I said I still hadn't given up hope; others said not to give up hope, and they too hadn't given up.

His brother was laid to rest along with two others at a very large funeral in the church, with the Bishop and four clergy officiating. My father was one of them. My father had been rector of this parish until the previous October. He felt so badly as he knew and liked all of these men so well. God gave me strength to get through the funeral service and I still hadn't given up hope, which also helped.

God helped me again through another still harder service the following Saturday —my sister's wedding. She and Murray hadn't known what to do. Should they postpone it or go on? I urged them to go on with it. All their plans had been made and neither Haynes nor I would want them to postpone their wedding. Go on they must and I would be her matron-of-honour as planned. She told me I didn't have to if I felt I couldn't, but I knew in after years I'd always regret it if I didn't. She told me later that it just wouldn't have been the same if I hadn't been there standing beside her. I prayed, and prayed I'd get through it, for I wasn't as brave as people thought.

As the first notes pealed in the wedding march, a lump came in my throat, and I blinked back the tears and prayed for strength; God answered my prayers. Once I heard my father, who had married Haynes and me and was also marrying Ruth and Murray, saying to Murray the words "until death us do part". It wasn't Murray I heard repeating them; it was another voice, a year and a week ago. It was Haynes's voice! Tears swelled in my eyes and a few drops escaped down my cheeks. "Don't let me spoil Ruthie's wedding," I prayed, and again my prayers were answered. So Ruth's wedding went off without a flaw, just as Haynes would have wanted it. He was to have been one of their ushers.

After the wedding the days went by again, long, lonely days. As the days crept into weeks and the weeks became months my hopes died and my heart died also. I couldn't eat, only very little which I made myself eat. I couldn't sleep either.

On the Monday following the disaster *The Daily Gleaner* and *The Atlantic Advocate* opened the New Brunswick Fishermen's Disaster Fund. The first to give was Lord Beaverbrook, who spent his own boyhood up on the Miramichi. Money started to flow in from tens, then hundreds, then literally thousands of subscribers from all parts of Canada. Then one day the Queen and Prince Philip themselves joined the Fund.

Money cannot bring back loved ones, but the knowledge that the Queen and thousands of Canadians were thinking of us, sympathizing with us and helping us was a spiritual aid in taking up the broken ends of our lives.

To those who together gave the $440,000 which has helped us so much, particularly those of us with large families, I want to say, through *The Atlantic Advocate* which promoted the Fund: "Thank you and God Bless You."

Then we were to meet Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip. She herself had asked to meet the survivors, the widows and children of the fishermen who were drowned in the Northumberland Strait fishing disaster. We met her at Point du Chêne before they embarked in the royal yacht *Britannia*. It was a big moment as they both spoke to me, one I shall appreciate more later on. I also have letters of sympathy written on behalf of Her Majesty and Prince Philip, and ones from members of Parliament as well. These I will treasure along with the many kind and comforting letters and cards from friends we loved so much.

One day they found Haynes's body, eight weeks after the disaster. I had him laid to rest in Bay du Vin, the place we both loved so much. Some day I'll lie beside him, but until then I must go on without him. I miss him more than I can say, but I shall always cherish the many happy days we shared in our first year of marriage. How could one year that began with such happiness end in such sadness? Why, I'll never know. It is as though my life were compressed into that one year, and when the time comes when I shall join him again, it will be for us 'our first anniversary'.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

When do we start for Bethlehem?
Now, ere the hour be late;
We have a weary road to go
Before we reach His gate.

What shall we find in Bethlehem?
A stable, dim and old,
And gentle beasts that huddle close,
To shield a Child from cold.

When shall we go from Bethlehem?
Not until moon and sun
Fade out beyond the olive hills,
And night and day are one.

AGNES FOLEY MACDONALD

ATLANTIC WIND

For seven days the wind blew from the east,
Roughing the seas that lick against our shores,
Spilling tidewater over the rims of creeks
Till all our thoughts were drowned, and no one could
Eat a field berry without tasting salt.

In the town houses there were ghosts that week,
And pale spars dipped and lifted at the slip
Under the little light of the washed moon;
Our ears were empty shells to hold the whine
Of bellied canvas riding out the storm.

So strong the blood is in us that we got
From the old mariners, so sharp with brine,
That neighbour looked in neighbour's eyes to see
If he, too, heard the bo'sun's whistle plain,
And smelled the cinnamon and sandalwood.

FLORENCE BREWSTER LOVE

THE WHITE ROBIN

I saw a snow-white robin, never seen
or heard of here: it stood perfectly still
atop a weathered fence post in the sun.
Its strange sickness had made it beautiful.

White deer and porcupines are rare, this bird
almost a miracle; old-timers said
albinos were half-ghost, born without blood.
Whenever possible they shot them dead.

ALDEN A. NOWLAN

A SONNET FOR CHRISTMAS

Soft as the blessings from a bishop's hands
The snow descends to rest upon the earth.
It is the season now in many lands
When Man will celebrate the Christ Child's birth.
He came, the Son of God, to bring to Man
Inestimable gifts of love and peace,
The gulf between the world and Heaven to span,
To conquer death and cause all sin to cease.

On that far winter's night when He was born
There was no room for Him at any inn;
And still, today, He waits outside, to mourn—
His gifts extended—that none asks Him in.
Fast shut to love and peace remains the door:
The world still entertains the god of war.

H. SHIRLEY FOWKE

SEASHORE SYMPHONY

Warm winds are blowing over smooth red rocks,
    And pipits cheep and whistle to the hungry gulls.
The tide is out. Calm is the sea,
    And overhead the clouds, suspended, rest.
Green seaweed drapes the rocks and covers half the shore;
    The air is sweet yet salty, redolent with growth
Which stirs among the ocean treasures on the beach,
    And time stands strangely still.
This is the Lord's domain. He lives and breathes with man
    Among the silences, mingling His love with ours.
Who dares to doubt?
    The tide is turning, slowly running in!

EVELYN R. WRIGHT

SUBMERGED

Far out, the ocean surges toward the shallow bay
quenching the thirsty flats upon its way,
    Drenching the wreckage wasting on the sand,
    reaching, at last, the waiting arms of land.

Once more, the empty basin fills from shore to brim
flaunting its face beyond the harbour rim,
    Whitecaps begin to crest the rising tide
    and sea-gulls rest where tethered dories ride.

Who, now, can know what lies below the waters' sweep?
—Lost ships, lost loot, and bones of men drift deep—
    As who can see beyond our high tide years
    the grounded hopes, the dreams that sank in tears?

AVERY GAUL

The Palace of Westminster, better known as the Houses of Parliament, in London

Question Time

by

Charlotte and Denis Plimmer

Last month in the Canadian House of Commons, a Newfoundland Member of Parliament asked the Prime Minister about a "homeless waif" who could find "no place around the capital for a working man to put down his desk." The Member was the Hon. J. W. Pickersgill, representing Bonavista-Twillingate. A "homeless waif" was Hon. Hugh John Flemming's description of himself. His new ministry of forestry had no office location. The Prime Minister felt that the Newfoundland Member did not understand the meaning of the expression. The subject arose in Question Time, an honoured institution of the Canadian Commons, which models its traditions and procedures closely on those of the "Mother of Parliaments" in Britain. Here is the story of Question Time.

"IS THE RIGHT HONOURABLE gentleman aware that a little girl is in the company of adult prisoners awaiting trial on such grave charges as murder and attempted murder?"

An angry member of Britain's Parliament was on his feet in the intimate, almost clublike House of Commons, with its green leather benches, its mellow oak and its glittering mace, to demand from a Government minister the immediate removal of a fourteen-year-old girl from temporary custody in a women's prison to a detention centre for juvenile offenders.

We leaned forward from the visitors' gallery to watch the tense drama being played under the impartial eye of the bewigged Speaker. It was an astonishing spectacle—the entire elected assembly of a major country turning its attention to the well-being of a single child!

But to British legislators, the issue was more than one child's welfare—the issue was justice itself. And, within twenty-four hours, thanks to the uniquely British Parliamentary institution called Question Time, justice was done. The girl was transferred, and a pledge was given that with the new building-programme for juvenile homes, no child need ever again be exposed to hardened adult criminals.

Question Time is the expression of one nation's never-ceasing battle for the freedom of the individual citizen, a battle as old as the Magna Charta and as new as the Congo. The British, who have seen civil liberties whittled away in land after land, some no more than an hour's flying-time from London, consider Question Time their strongest guarantee that "it can't happen here."

How does it work? For an uninhibited hour or so each weekday but Friday, any member of the House of Commons may question any Government minister (not even the Prime Minister is exempt) on any subject that falls within the minister's official responsibility. No politician in the world faces a rougher ordeal.

A single question can cause a minister to resign or even bring an entire government to its knees. It can not only lead to new laws but inaugurate entire new ways of thinking.

One day last March to angry cries of "Colour bar!" the Government was asked why coloured airmen had been excluded from a Kenya leave-centre. The reason given, with some embarrassment, was that the property was privately owned and the lease contained a Jim Crow clause. "A scandal and an outrage," cried the Opposition. The Government agreed, and on June 1, less than nine weeks later, a Defence Ministry representative rose to announce that the system had been overhauled and that now "no racial discrimination is exercised against service per-

sonnel in any leave-centre administered by the Service Departments."

Opposition Leader Hugh Gaitskell told us: "Question Time is an attacking thing. It is the spearhead of continuous examination, a very important defender of civil liberties and a powerful safeguard without which the bureaucracy would be much more careless."

A single Parliamentary Question six years ago virtually blew the roof off a major ministry and shook the Tory Government to its foundations. This was the question that turned the name of a tract of Dorset farmland, Crichel Down, into an anti-bureaucratic rallying cry. Crichel Down had been forcibly bought for use as a practice bombing-range just before the war. Afterwards, the Air Ministry, without consulting the wishes of the former owners, had bestowed the land on the Ministry of Agriculture, which had rented it out to a hand-picked model farmer.

For several years one of the owners campaigned for the right to buy his land back, trying every legal means to secure fair play. He ran into a succession of stone walls and, at last, turned to his local M.P., whose question in Parliament led to a public inquiry. Official carelessness, dissembling and bad judgment were revealed in a white light. No names were left unnamed, no punches pulled.

Four civil servants were severely censured, and finally the Minister of Agriculture himself confronted a packed Commons. He outlined an entirely new policy on forcible purchase of land and its later disposal, and acknowledged full culpability for his department's mistakes. As his fellow-members watched, some with pity in their eyes, but many stone-faced, he took a deep breath and then sharply brought a brilliant political career to a bitter end by announcing his resignation.

Among the great freedoms under British Common Law, the greatest of all—the freedom to live unhampered by the threat of police intimidation and arbitrary arrest—has always been a particular care of the House of Commons at Question Time.

On July 8, 1958, a lean elderly Scots Tory M.P., Sir David Robertson, asked why the charges against Police Constables Gunn and Harper for assaulting and injuring John Waters, aged fifteen years, had not been proceeded with.

Sir David believed that a concerted effort had been made to cover up for a pair of tough-fisted constables who had picked John Waters up in a juke-joint in Thurso, Scotland, for using obscene language. While questioning the boy, one of the two had struck him across the cheek.

The boy's father claimed that when he tried to bring charges, he was offered bribes by friends and relatives of one of the constables.

Sir David's question made "the Thurso boy" famous. More important, it led to a tribunal which concluded that, though no criminal charges could be brought against the police because there had been no witnesses, they had behaved improperly. This was widely interpreted as a warning to policemen everywhere who might be tempted to use their uniforms as a screen for bullying.

Prime Minister Harold Macmillan

"Thanks to Question Time", Sir David said to us, "that boy is getting a chance in life, with his reputation completely cleared. Question Time is probably the greatest freedom we have. That the public should see and know—that is the beginning and end of our democracy."

A year later, when a London policeman—unarmed as British bobbies always are—was shot dead while attempting to arrest a German-born alien, Guenther Podola, on a blackmailing charge, a wave of indignation swept England. But when Question Time was mobilized, it was not to attack the man whose brutal crime was beyond all doubt and who was later hanged, but fiercely to defend his rights.

In a marathon battering of parliamentary questions, members pinioned the Home Secretary: had Podola been beaten up by the police when he was captured; was he held *incommunicado* before the murder charge was made; was he denied the right to see a lawyer?

One M.P. declared passionately that, although "there is naturally universal horror about the cold-blooded murder of a policeman, and determination that whoever is guilty shall be brought to justice, none the less there is widespread feeling that unless even the most unpopular man in the country is given his full rights, our justice is in danger."

The House was at its most vigilant in 1928 when a series of irate questions launched what has become a classic probe into the methods of grilling a witness behind the thick walls of Scotland Yard.

Earlier, a London magistrate had dismissed a charge against a noted economist and former M.P. of immoral behaviour with a 22-year old girl. The policeman who made the arrest was assessed ten guineas costs. The decision raised the suspicion that the two constables had been conviction-hungry and had perjured themselves.

In the investigation that followed, the girl was brought from her business office to the Yard for questioning.

What went on there, no one knows for certain but she later accused the investigating police officers of threats, indecent suggestions, refusal to permit a policewoman to stay in the room during the grilling, and refusal to allow her to inform her mother of her whereabouts.

A future Prime Minister, Ramsay Macdonald, expostulated during question Time: "Does the Home Secretary think that this method of getting evidence, this method of handling witnesses, this method of interfering with His Majesty's lieges is a step for which he has no responsibility?" And that night, in a full debate, another member blazed: " . . . It is our duty to offer a resolute and determined opposition to anything in the nature of a Tcheka, or the Turkish system, or the Star Chamber method, or what is known in the United States as the third degree."

Within six days, a tribunal was appointed to examine the case. Loopholes were found in the laws covering the the questioning of witnesses, and a whole new set of procedures for taking evidence was firmly established to protect the rights of the British subjects. A tribunal member summed up: "If Parliament had not been sitting, the things that were done would probably never have been known to the public, and the girl would have had no practicable means of redress."

Nowhere else in the world, except in British Commonwealth and Empire nations which have followed the Mother Country's example (and in Norway since 1949), do reasonable approximations of Question Time exist. The West German Government in Bonn, however, is experimenting with a variation, and recently, the Speaker of the French National Assembly looked into the possibility of importing some version to Paris.

Prime Minister Harold Macmillan defined Question Time's importance for us this way: "In a concentrated and highly-focussed form, you could not have a better illustration of the principles and practice of democratic government than Question Time—the right to put questions publicly and directly to those in authority about their policies and actions."

During a single week this year (about four hundred questions are asked weekly) members wanted to know: why unem-

ployment insurance payments had been delayed in Scotland; why a defective fan-belt had been kept in use until it caused a mine disaster; why the Government was detaining Mau-Mau prisoners in Kenya without trial; why a certain Yorkshire toll-bridge had not yet been freed of tolls.

They wanted to know about progress in low-cost housing; about rehabilitation of land made derelict by industry; about compensation for colonial officials under Nigeria's new constitution; about protecting the very old and the very young from road accidents.

Was the Ministry of Science, they demanded, getting information about Russian rocket development? Had there been a combat alert for U.S. planes on the eve of the Summit Conference? What was being done to keep electoral registers in the Cameroons inviolate; to shield the patients in a London hospital from construction noises outside; to recruit much-needed teachers?

And what about a recent allegation that Government security agents had ordered a school principal to interrogate his pupils on their political leanings? This touchy question kindled a fiery debate on just how far security precautions could be allowed to interfere with British privacy. Though M.P.'s reluctantly agreed that people seeking "sensitive" jobs must face clearances, Parliament had, through Question Time, managed to point a finger at the possible national danger which one Member called "the nightmare lunacies of faceless men who think that every radical in dissent against the *status quo* is a potential traitor to his country."

A question may look far more trivial than it really is. Last June a member drew the Government's attention to the case of a Derbyshire farmer who lost 221 pullets because of the low flying of a Royal Air Force jet "over his chicken house, causing the birds to take flight and run into the corners of the shed, suffocating those underneath . . ." The issue was not, of course, merely whether the farmer would be compensated. He was. The question was part of a long campaign against jet noise which, in overcrowded Britain, mental health experts say, is a serious menace.

Some M.P.'s have established their entire reputations through Question Time. Between the wars, there was a Colonel Harry Day who never let a sitting pass without tabling at least three. Once, while electioneering, he boasted: "I have asked more questions than any member in history!" And a bored voice from the rear of the crowd called out: "Bloody ignoramus."

Today's top questioner is Gerald Nabarro, whose particular target is Britain's bewildering maze of purchase taxes, which affect thousands of products from clothing to the horsehair used in stringing violin bows. Thanks to his steady interrogatory drumfire, many of those taxes have been reduced or eliminated. Nabarro explains: "This is a calculated campaign against a most iniquitous form of taxation so fraught with absurdities as to bring the law into disrepute."

Nabarro, through other questions, has also been responsible for laws to cut down smoke in the air, to provide adequate warmth for factory workers and, this past year, after five children were burned to death in a fire caused by an oil heater, for new legislation guaranteeing minimum safety standards for oil-burning appliances.

No one knows for certain when Question Time began. In the early eighteenth century, there were sporadic queries in the House of Lords, then the dominant legislative chamber. Questions gained momentum in both Houses with the growing urgency of outside events, and they have threaded—a persistent obbligato—through the crashing music of history.

During the American War of Independence, the Commons, resentful of ministers' close-mouthedness about British losses, especially after the disastrous Battle of Lexington, demanded "the number, state and disposition of troops in America". When the Secretary for War pleaded security as an excuse for not disclosing casualty figures, the mighty Burke thundered with massive irony: "So, Sir, it is now laid down as a maxim not only to refuse the information, but to take care that such information shall never be given—and this is to be the case because Parliament, instead of calling for information, should give confidence to ministers . . . This is a mode of reasoning I never head of before."

In 1855, an M.P. questioned the "melancholy disaster which occurred at the Battle of Balaclava, since known, through Tennyson's poem, as 'The Charge of the Light Brigade'."

Why, the Member wanted to know, had the charge been ordered "under circumstances which precluded the possibility of success?" His angry query so shook the Front Bench that, before nightfall, the Government had been defeated.

A major triumph for indefatigable questioners was the Reform Bill of 1832, which extended the franchise and swung the full weight of power from the hereditary Lords to the elected Commons. So was the removal of discriminatory laws against Roman Catholics.

Legislation condemning sweated labour followed a question in 1863 about a woman whose death had been "accelerated by long hours of work in overcrowded apartments". And an incensed question in 1880, after a child of seven had been indecently assaulted, brought about a clear ruling on the age of consent.

As questions proved their strength, members asked them more and more. The peak was reached just after the Second World War when members tabled as many as 130 a day, chiefly concerned with demobilization problems. Nowadays the average is between ninety and one hundred, of which about eighty are "starred"—marked by the questioners with asterisks for oral answers. But only fifty-two or fifty-three can usually be squeezed into the allotted time. So those left over are deferred or answered in writing, as are the unstarred ones.

By tradition if not by rule, the member is permitted to follow his first question (of which the minister gets two day's advance notice if the answer is to be oral) with one or more supplementary questions. "The art of questioning", Hugh Gaitskell told us, "is to lead a minister on, then bang into the supplementary and knock him out."

In the Canadian House of Commons, questions may be and frequently are answered orally by members of the cabinet, unless the answers are detailed or lengthy. These answers are given in writing and printed at the back of *Hansard*.

Canadian ministers are usually given notice of questions, in writing, forty-eight hours before the answers are required, except in matters of urgency or the business of the House. In these latter cases, the Speaker permits oral questions which the ministers may answer orally. Oral questions on other matters are sometimes permitted, but often the minister being questioned will ask that he be given notice of the question.

Supplementary questions are sometimes asked orally but this practice is not encouraged. In general, the question period in the Canadian Commons is more formal than in the British Commons, although in other respects the questioning in Canada follows closely on the British procedure.

In Britain, every question must conform to strict rules, of which the Speaker and the officers of the House of Commons are the interpreters. It must be directed at the minister responsible. It must seek information or press for action. It must not repeat a question already asked in the same session. It must not be a speech in disguise, seek an opinion, pry into the affairs of foreign or Commonwealth governments, touch on a member's private life or his non-official utterances, or reflect on the Royal Family.

Question Time hangs like an ominous threat over every British public servant. As soon as the text of a scheduled question reaches the ministry concerned, the entire office leaps to battle-stations. "Top-priority" is the rule as experts send urgent memos back and forth and comb statistics for the facts and figures the minister will need when he rises to reply.

Underlings try to buttress their chief against any contingency. Their trickiest job is to anticipate the supplementaries, but sometimes things go wrong. One minister, rattled by a string of barbed "sups", shuffled among his papers and, by a horrifying mischance, read aloud the wrong note. The words an incredulous Parliament heard were these: "This M.P. is a crafty nuisance; the more you tell him, the more he wants to know."

The theatricality of Question Time still draws Sir Winston Churchill, who seldom appears for other business. Though Sir Winston no longer speaks, in his last

Sir Winston Churchill

days as Prime Minister members used to pop questions at him just to tease him into being witty. Once, when asked about plans for London's defence against atomic attack, he said: "Surely the Honourable Member does not wish me to take the bread out of the mouths of the Soviet Secret Service!"

Question Time always plays to packed houses. Members who may be lax about attending Commons at other times try never to miss these pyrotechnic sessions, and the visitors' gallery is invariably crammed.

"Why is it", we asked Emanuel Shinwell, a Labour member of nearly forty years' standing who has held many ministerial posts, "that Question Time is so popular?"

"I think," he replied, "that it reflects the British character. The country likes a question which castigates the Government, no matter what party is in power. We British resist authority. We love our policemen, but at the same time we resent them. There's a rebellious spirit which pervades the entire public. Often the formal debates are just so much pocket-fluff—but Question Time is the guts of the House."

ROUND and ABOUT - - - by Vedette

Et tu Brute

The celebrations at Campbellton and Dalhousie to mark the completion of federal building and winter port were remarkable for their exuberance and good cheer. The people in the northern part of New Brunswick did not disguise their delight at this evidence of their emergence as "haves" from their habitual role of "have nots".

Above, Mayor J. D. Vautour, M.D., of Dalhousie. Below, J. W. Anderson, the contractor who built the wharf.

Not the least remarkable aspect of it was the sight of Hon. Hugh John Flemming, M.P., and Joseph Charles Van Horne, M.P., standing together on the platform apparently the best of friends, and sharing the cheers which either could attribute in all or part to himself.

At top, left, Hon. Hugh John Flemming, M.P., speaks at the opening ceremony of the government wharf of the winter port at Dalhousie, N.B. To his right are J. C. Van Horne, M.P., and K. C. Irving. At left below, left to right, are: Walter R. Savoie, J. C. Van Horne, M.P., Hon. H. J. Flemming, M.P., L. Martin, A. P. N. McLaughlin, R. M. Raymond, and Dillan Arsenault.

At left above are Hon. Hugh John Flemming and R. D. Caldwell Stewart, M.P. for Charlotte County, N.B. They travelled together from Ottawa for the ceremony. In the background is the frigate H.M.C.S. Fort Erie, which visited the port of Dalhousie for the occasion. At right are J. C. Van Horne, M.P., A. P. N. McLaughlin and Hon. Hugh John Flemming, M.P.

It was for all the world like Caesar the victim standing with Brutus the assassin in a joint celebration; for Mr. Van Horne had stabbed Mr. Flemming with violence in the recent provincial election, and, though a Progressive Conservative Member of Parliament, had counselled the voters to vote Liberal. And, after the Conservative defeat, he had figured in full-page advertisements in the newspapers advocating that he himself should be the new leader of the defeated provincial Progressive Conservative party.

* * *

As to the cheers, and they were loud and many, there can be no doubt that a good part of them were reserved for Hugh John Flemming, who, in deputizing that day for Works Minister D. J. Walker, was making his first provincial appearance as Minister of Forestry and New Brunswick's representative in the Cabinet. Mr. Flemming is held in high affection and esteem in New Brunswick, despite his provincial election reverse.

Hon. Georges Dumont, M.L.A. for Restigouche, and Minister of Health and Social Services.

There can be no doubt, either, that many cheers were for Mr. Van Horne, and with reason; for it is generally agreed that he has won for his constituents by his oratory, his powers of persuasion and his cajolery, or what the Irish would call his blarney, a federal building, a harbour and a bridge. No mean accomplishments, these. And with them he has a really remarkable gift of eloquence in two languages.

* * *

In other words, Mr. Van Horne is a politician to be reckoned with.

* * *

Ports Day

The speaker at the Atlantic Ports Day luncheon at Halifax, November 28, was, somewhat paradoxically, an airman, and none other than T.C.A. president Gordon R. McGregor.

* * *

Did that indicate that the youngest member of the transportation family is making a serious bid for ocean freight? Not at present, according to the figures he gave, which represented half of one per cent on the 85 million tons of Canadian ocean freight for 1959. For future planning, T.C.A. regarded five per cent of the total sea traffic as the air transportation potential.

Gordon R. McGregor

It was in the field of passenger transportation that Mr. McGregor had such good news for the Atlantic Provinces. No longer will the widely advertised trans-Continental flights end at Montreal, as though the Maritimes were physically, as well as psychologically "sawn-off" from the body of Canada.

Newfoundland's Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. Campbell Macpherson, paid an official visit to Gander recently, and signed the guest book at the town office, above. He was accompanied by Mrs. Macpherson, and by his secretary, James Crawford, and Mrs. Crawford. They were welcomed by Mayor J. W. Robertson, shown at right above with Mrs. Macpherson.

On January 2, T.C.A. will introduce pure jet services to Halifax with weekly trans-continental DC-8 flights from Vancouver via Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, and on from Halifax to Prestwick, Scotland, and London. Flying time from Halifax to Scotland will be under five hours, and from Halifax to Montreal one hour and 35 minutes. The DC-8 will carry 127 passengers at over 550 miles-per-hour.

* * *

Vanguards, the turbo-prop giant version of Viscounts, carrying 96 passengers at 425 miles-per-hour, will be introduced into the Maritimes February 15 on daily round-trip services from Toronto and Montreal to Moncton, Halifax, Sydney, Stephenville, Gander and St. John's, and a second Vanguard service from Montreal to Saint John, N.B., and Halifax will start April 1.

* * *

As to the more distant future, Mr. McGregor said restraint was necessary in theorizing about flight in the supersonic speeds. The friction-heat at speeds over 1,500 miles per hour, or about double the speed of sound, would begin to melt the structural material now used. Steel might be necessary to withstand the stresses, but steel is heavy. He gave a fascinating glimpse of the long-range possibilities and problems of flight, explaining that it would be necessary in the 1970's to climb to 40,000 or 50,000 feet at subsonic speeds out of consideration for the groundmen's eardrums, then break through to supersonic speeds of 1,500 to 1,600 miles per hour.

* * *

This gave an opportunity to Brigadier Maurice Archer, National Harbours Board chairman, which he took advantage of in a brilliantly apt expression of thanks to the speaker, by impersonating a T.C.A. stewardess of the 'seventies:

* * *

'Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen. We take this opportunity of welcoming you aboard Trans-Canada Air Lines Flight number four 0 four.

'You have no captain on this flight, nor navigating officer, since the flight is electronically controlled.

'You are flying to Halifax at a height of 40,000 feet and a speed of 1,500 miles per hour.

'I am your stewardess, waiting at Halifax to greet you. We hope you will have a pleasant flight in the fullest confidence that everything is under control electronically electronically electronically electronically . . ."

The end was drowned in shouts of laughter.

* * *

Mr. Archer's National Harbours Board came in for some unkind criticism at the conference.

* * *

H. H. Smith, executive director of the Port and Industrial Bureau of Saint John, N.B., asked how the Board could justify an expenditure as low as an estimated $23,000 on advertising and promotion for a year's operations that grossed $24 million, or less than a tenth of one per cent. An appropriation scaled at five per cent of the gross would have provided more than fifty times the amount now spent.

* * *

Mr. Smith pointed out that while the total value of Canadian goods exported through American ports had dropped from $259 million in 1952 to $156 million in 1958, a gain of $103 million, yet the loss to Canadian ports in our import trade because of shipments to American ports had increased by $109 million. The net result, in terms of total overseas trade is, therefore, that we are much worse off now than we were in 1952.

* * *

Premier Robert L. Stanfield put the need very succinctly in his opening address. "In dealing with these matters," he said, "there is too much 'ought' and not enough incentive. I haven't much confidence in 'ought'. People get tired of it."

Premier Robert L. Stanfield

In the further discussions, it was generally agreed that incentives to importers and exporters to use Canadian ports should be clearly established as a preliminary to aggressive future promotion, which was promised by National Revenue Minister George Nowlan in his speech at the dinner that night.

* * *

Howard A. Mann was hailed by the delegates on his first appearance as the new National Harbours Board vice-president, who will no doubt play a big part in the future development of its policies. He was bidden farewell as the well-tried and trusted friend of the Atlantic Provinces in his office of executive manager of the Maritimes Transportation Commission. He was presented with a silver tray as a parting gift from the Maritimes Board of Trade by its president, John Wright of Charlottetown.

* * *

Alexander Watson, chairman of the Canadian Maritimes Commission in Ottawa, showed how misguided it is to attempt to stop icebreakers from assisting shipping out of the Port of Quebec. "The Maritimes have most to gain from the icebreakers, and no less than sixteen harbours and straits of the Atlantic Provinces are serviced by icebreakers in winter.

* * *

"Talk of keeping open the St. Lawrence River from Quebec to Montreal by icebreakers for commercial shipping is another matter altogether," he said. "That would be altogether impossible."

* * *

Jack Campbell, president of the Halifax and East Shore Longshoremen, had a warning that contrasted darkly with the general expressions of optimism. He said the longshoremen would have worked 1,300,000 man/hours in 1960, a loss of over 600,000 man-hours compared with 1955. "Add 40 per cent for allied trades, and you get nearly a million man-hours lost, a loss of $3 million to Halifax trade.

* * *

"The St. Lawrence Seaway is a nail in our coffin," he said. "Giving icebreaking services to the Port of Quebec is another nail. Unless the national transportation policy is revised, we shall have a ghost waterfront as well as ghost coalfields."

* * *

Closed Rift

The rift between Newfoundland and APEC is now happily closed, although Gordon Pushie, Newfoundland Director General of Economic Development is unlikely to rejoin the Council. He is too busy with his ever-increasing responsibilities in the growing economy of Newfoundland.

* * *

The cause of Newfoundland's complaint is clear, and it is equally clear that APEC did not intentionally offend.

* * *

The Wheatcroft Report recommended that regional carriers should be encouraged and that they might engage in limited competition with T.C.A. Under a Class II license, unless specifically banned, an air line can operate, not only between the points specified in its carrier application, but between any points in the system.

* * *

Maritime Central Airways applied for routes Moncton—Seven Islands and Moncton—Stephenville—Goose.

* * *

Eastern Provincial Airways applied for the route St. John's—Stephenville—Seven Islands, and St. John's — Gander — Stephenville—Goose.

The Stephenville—Seven Islands route has been developed in the past year by the Newfoundland Government, which has moved about 5,000 people by charter aircraft to the Carol and Wabush areas of Labrador. The Government has been pressing for a regular service to handle this traffic and has backed Eastern Provincial, which is a Newfoundland company.

* * *

In supporting the Maritime Central Airways' application for the route Moncton—Seven Islands, APEC was held to have inadvertently supported the whole Maritime Central Airways application in all its implications. Hence the conflict.

* * *

Direct Action

While the article "Question Time" was printing (page 84) an extraordinary incident shook the calm of question time in Westminster which was without precedent in the Mother of Parliaments.

* * *

Dame Irene Ward, the immaculate Conservative Member for Tynemouth, seated herself on the Government Front Bench a few feet from the Prime Minister's accustomed seat.

* * *

The house buzzed with amused speculation, but, according to *The Times*, nothing could have exceeded the *sang froid* of her ministerial neighbours. Neither the Government Chief Whip, Mr. Redmayne, nor Mr. Heath, Lord Privy Seal, showed any awareness of her presence until Mr. Charles Royle, during a question about passports, inquired what documents were necessary to enable the honourable lady to transfer to the Front Bench.

* * *

The House roared with laughter, and again when Mr. Heath replied that he assumed she was there to assist the Chief Whip.

* * *

Meanwhile, according to *The Times* report, Dame Irene Ward had greeted Mr. Redmayne with her brightest smile and he had responded courteously. While apparently engrossed in his order paper, he addressed her with almost ventriloquial immobility of the lips. Judging by the shaking of her head, her replies were negative.

* * *

Scribbled notes passed between the Chief Whip and the Clerk of the House, who conferred with the Speaker. Question Time came to an end. Dame Irene gathered up her handbag and made her exit.

* * *

Afterwards she said: "I was doing a little demonstration in support of the people in whom I am interested—retired people with small fixed incomes who cannot go on strike."

* * *

New Chancellor

Dr. Ralph Pickard Bell, the first chancellor of Mount Allison University in Sackville, N.B., has answered the challenge of this demanding position with a $15 million challenge to the university's supporters and alumni. Dr. Bell was installed as chancellor recently at the university's founder's day ceremonies.

* * *

The new chancellor, in his founder's day address, said that within the next ten years the university needed $7,500,000 for its endowment fund and an equal amount for new buildings. The total of $15 million, he said, "is necessary to retain and attract the calibre of faculty and administrative staff, and to provide the additional plant that will firmly establish Mount Allison as the leading university in Canada in the arts and allied courses...

* * *

"This is the specification that will make Mount Allison a word to conjure with, in university circles across and beyond Canada . . . What shall it be . . . 'the shallows and miseries' of mediocrity, or the fortune of high standards and highest quality?"

* * *

The university's plunge into the realm of high finance was well emphasized by the selection of two candidates to receive honorary degrees at the ceremony. They were Roy A. Jodrey of Hantsport, N.S., who is reputed to be director of more companies than any other man in Canada, and Frank William Nicks, president of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

* * *

Rev. Dr. W. T. Ross Flemington, the university's president, in presenting Mr. Jodrey for his degree, said: "All through the centuries of our history, men and women have left these Atlantic Provinces to become outstanding in church and state, in industry and in letters, and in sea-faring pursuits. Others have settled here and contributed to the well-being of these sea-girt provinces.

* * *

"Amongst these is Roy Adelbert Jodrey, who has probably contributed more in his lifetime than any other single individual to widespread prosperity in the field of business of Nova Scotia. His own companies headed by the parent Minas Basin Pulp and Paper Company Limited of Hantsport comprise a group of over a dozen prominent Nova Scotia companies covering a wide variety of business. Like all great Maritimers, however, his interests extend beyond our confines, and a national magazine states that Mr. Jodrey holds more directorates than any other Canadian."

* * *

Of Mr. Nicks, Dr. Flemington said: "During the past six years under his direction as general manager and later president, the total assets of the Bank of Nova Scotia have doubled—a most remarkable achievement."

* * *

The new chancellor himself, who conferred these degrees, is thoroughly familiar with finance on exalted levels. He is president

Dr. Ralph P. Bell, the new Chancellor of Mount Allison University, is shown at left above, with Mrs. Bell and Rev. Dr. W. T. Ross Flemington, president of the university, at the founder's day installation ceremonies recently. Below, Dr. Flemington talks with Roy A. Jodrey, left, who received an honorary degree, and Lady Banting, widow of Sir Frederick Banting, co-discoverer of insulin. Lady Banting is a graduate of Mount Allison.

Below, Dr. Flemington reads the citation as Dr. Bell, centre, prepares to confer an honorary degree upon F. W. Nicks, president of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

The Trappist monastery of Our Lady of Calvary in Rogersville, N.B., shown above, has been elevated to the status of abbey. The elevation, announced recently by the Abbot-General of the Order, Most Rev. Dom Gabriel Sortais of Rome, makes the Rogersville monastery the first male abbey in New Brunswick. The monastery is fifty-eight years old, and to have continued for that long as a priory is something of a record. The Trappists are members of the Cistercian Order.

of Pooled Investments, vice-president of the Bank of Nova Scotia, director of the Foundation Company of Canada, Foundation Engineering Corporation of Canada, Construction Equipment Company, Acadia-Atlantic Sugar Refineries, and Foundation Maritime. His former executive positions include the presidencies of National Sea Products and the Halifax Insurance Company.

* * *

Mount Allison is fortunate indeed in having a chancellor of such distinction who combines a wide knowledge of finance and industry with an abounding energy that should have remarkable results upon the fortunes of the university.

* * *

Acadians Meet

More than a hundred Acadian business and professional men met early this month at St. Joseph's University in Moncton to consider aspects of the Maritime economy. The meeting was organized by the extension department of the university, in co-operation with the commerce faculty.

* * *

Senator C. F. Savoie and Prof. Jean Cadieux were chairmen of the sessions, and delegates were welcomed by Rev. Clement Cormier, rector of the university. Speakers included Nelson Mann, the executive vice-president of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council; Prof. Aurèle Young, director of St. Joseph's department of economics; Rev. Oneil Ferguson, head of the commerce faculty; Léonce Chenard, New Brunswick's deputy minister of fisheries; Camille Chiasson, director of the Agricultural Bureau of New Brunswick, and Prof. Alexandre Boudreau, director of the university's extension department.

* * *

Our Literary Ladies

On page 97, a book review considers the eloquence of the late Hon. Angus L. Macdonald. On page 83 there is a poem by Mrs. Macdonald, who is no less distinguished a literary personality than her celebrated husband was.

* * *

Mrs. Macdonald, who is Nova Scotia's representative on the Canada Council, has for years been most active in the encouragement of writing in Nova Scotia, particularly in the writing of poetry. Under her aegis was formed the Nova Scotia Centre of the Poetry Society, which has published several chapbooks of verse.

* * *

Mrs. Macdonald's literary pursuits remind us of another former Maritime premier's wife who is also a writer. She is Mrs. Hugh John Flemming, the founder of the Kindness Club, who told *Atlantic Advocate* readers about this project in our December issue of last year.

* * *

A Gift for Benjamin

Another of our literary ladies is Miss H. Shirley Fowke of Chester, N.S. She is best known to readers of *The Atlantic Advocate* as a writer of short stories, historical pieces and verse (see page 83).

* * *

Elsewhere, however, she is known as a playwright whose work has won important international awards and appears in school textbooks.

* * *

She is short, quiet and modest, but abundantly full of energy, as any witness will testify who has seen her cavorting about the local golf course.

* * *

Last Christmas-time when Mrs. Flemming outlined her proposal for the Kindness Club in the *Advocate*, Miss Fowke became an enthusiastic supporter.

* * *

As a present to Mrs. Flemming she wrote a play for the Kindness Club entitled *A Gift for Benjamin*. It is a delightful one-act Christmas play, in four scenes, for children. It has thirteen characters, enabling a good-sized group of youngsters to take part.

* * *

The Atlantic Advocate has published this play and copies are available at 35 cents each. Sets of fourteen copies, one for the director and each of the characters, are available at $3.50 prepaid. Miss Fowke has turned over all royalties to the Kindness Club. This is a most generous gesture, especially since *A Gift for Benjamin* is bound to be performed year after year.

* * *

Rare Book!

Shortly after the book *Newfoundland, the Fortress Isle*, by J. Wentworth Day, was published, great interest in it was aroused in Ottawa. One widely-circulated report stated that Parliamentarians were "trying to borrow copies with all the eagerness of collectors of rare books."

* * *

There is good reason for the Ottawa interest. In the foreword of the book, Newfoundland's Premier Joseph R. Smallwood states the case for better treatment of the province from the federal government under Term 29 of the Confederation agreement.

* * *

The author of the book, like the Premier who ordered it, is a remarkable man, and a very distinguished writer. He is the author of thirty-four books, on such diverse subjects as sports, flying, country houses, dogs, ghosts, and members of the Royal Family. On the last subject, he is the official biographer of the late King George V and author of the recently published biography of the Duchess of Kent.

* * *

For the benefit of Parliamentarians, rare book collectors and other readers, an extract of *Newfoundland, the Fortress Isle*, is published on page 41, with the original coloured pictures.

* * *

Naval Post

Commodore John B. Caldwell of Amherst and Ottawa has been appointed deputy chief of naval technical services, to succeed Commodore John MacGillivray of Ottawa. Commodore Caldwell served on H.M.C. ships *Saguenay*, *Athabaskan* and *Uganda* and H.M.S. *Sheffield* during the Second World War. After the war he was stationed at H.M.C. Dockyard in Halifax and at naval headquarters in Ottawa. He has been engineer-in-chief at naval headquarters since 1958.

* * *

Glastonbury and Big Ben

Readers of Lorne C. Callbeck's article "Legends of Glastonbury" on page 31 will be interested to know that there is a connection between this historic location and Big Ben, the famous clock in the Houses of Parliament in London on page 84.

* * *

The link is one man, Major W. Tudor-Pole. He is chairman of the Chalice Well Trust of Glastonbury and of the Big Ben Council. In the issue of March, 1960, we published a letter from Major Tudor-Pole commenting on the article "Big Ben: the World's Best-loved Clock" in the January, 1960 issue.

* * *

In 1958, the Chalice Well estate, including twelve acres of gardens and orchards, the Chalice spring and well, and a fifteenth century house once used as a retreat by the Abbots of Glastonbury Abbey, came up for sale. Major Tudor-Pole purchased it and in co-operation with friends established two trusts to administer and develop the property, which was divided into two parts. One part is Glaston Tor School, a preparatory school for boys. The other is the Chalice Well Trust. The purpose of the latter is "to preserve and safeguard for ever the famous spring and well and their surroundings." Development and upkeep depend on voluntary support.

* * *

Key Post

Dr. Earle S. Ebers, a native of Saskatchewan who grew up in Prince Edward Island, has been appointed to a key executive post with the United States Rubber Company, one of the largest corporations in the United States.

* * *

Dr. Ebers becomes group executive vice-president in charge of all polymer, fiber and chemical operations for the company. He will be responsible for all manufacturing, sales and research for the company's Naugatuck Chemical, textile and plantation divisions and for Latex Fiber Industries, a subsidiary. The Canadian partner of the American firm is Dominion Rubber.

* * *

When Dr. Ebers was nine, his family moved to Charlottetown where he completed his elementary education and attended Prince of Wales College. Later he studied at Dalhousie, Harvard and Ohio State universities. He joined the United States Rubber Company in 1937 as a research chemist. Mrs. Ebers is the former Eleanor MacKay of Stanley Bridge, P.E.I.

* * *

McAvity Manager

The new manager of the Ontario division of T. McAvity and Sons of Saint John is Earle J. Kelley. A Maritimer, he began working for the company in 1937 in the shipping room at Saint

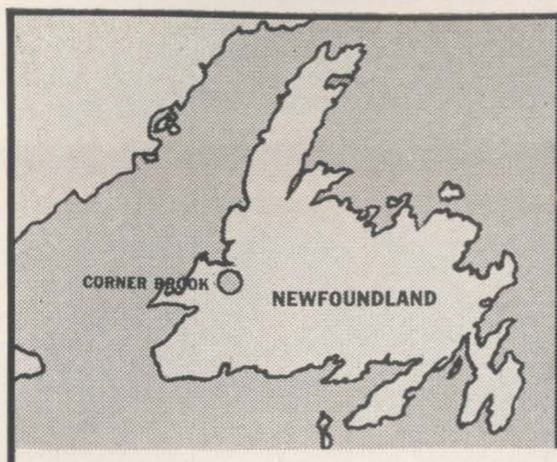
Earle J. Kelley

John. Since then he has been with the factory staff and the general sales staff. In 1956 he was transferred to the Toronto branch as a company salesman.

* * *

Development Manager

The Canadian National Railways have appointed Robert B. Thomas as the Atlantic region's first manager of industrial development. A native of Toronto, he has been with the railways' department of research and development in New York since 1951. Formerly he was field assistant with the department, specializing in town and regional industrial and economic surveys in the Maritimes.

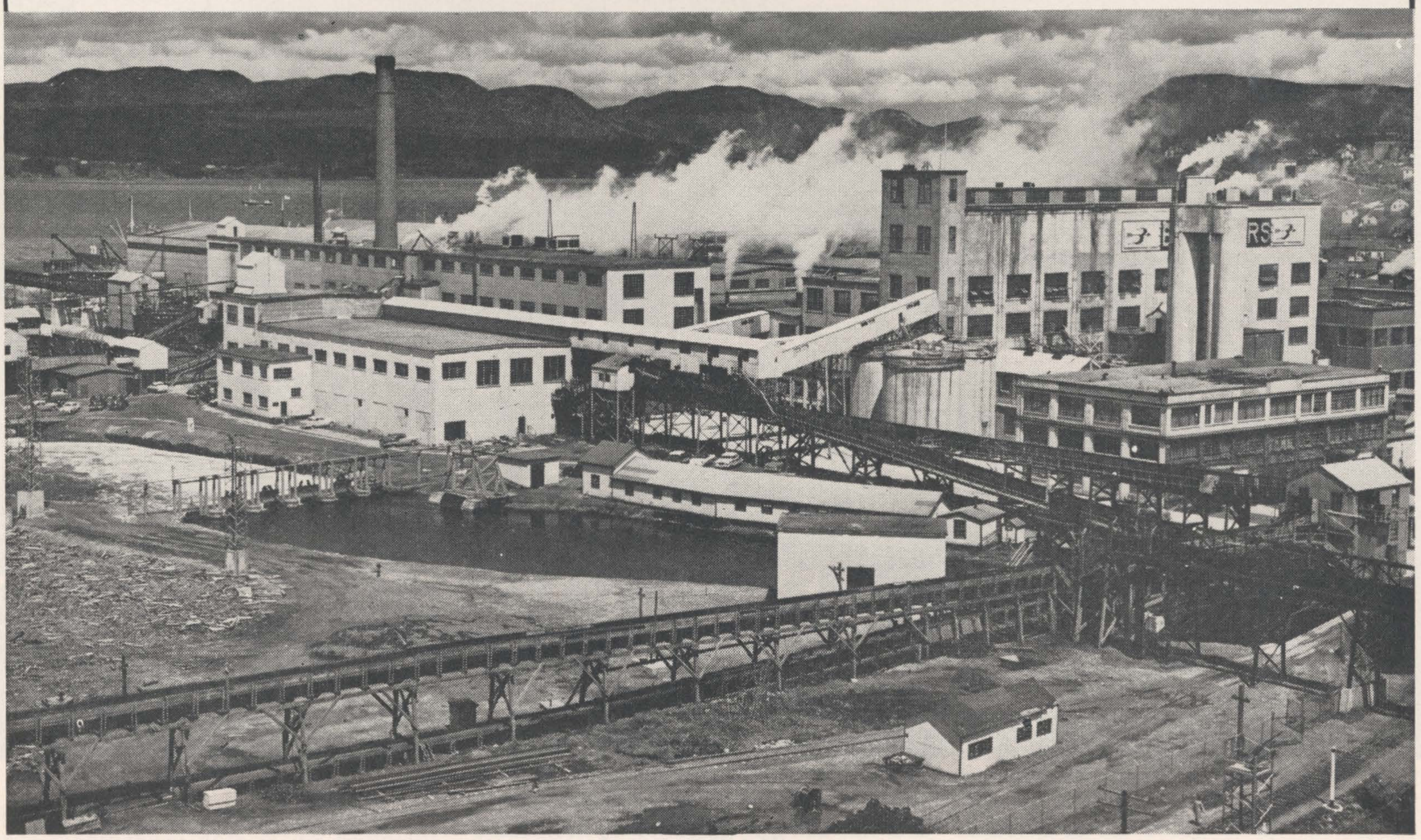


The Bowater mill at Corner Brook is one of the largest in North America.

Bowaters provide work for more than 8,000 Newfoundlanders.

The wealth of the forests and rivers requires special skills.

Two out of every five pages of the world's newspapers are printed on Canadian newsprint.



FRONT PAGE CENTRE—CORNER BROOK, NEWFOUNDLAND In over two hundred cities and towns in the United States, Europe, South Africa and Australia, the daily headlines of world events roll off the presses on newsprint made at the Bowater mill in Corner Brook.

World demand for newsprint has nearly doubled in the past thirty years. Helping to meet the needs of this growing market, this mill provides more than three hundred thousand tons annually.

Corner Brook is one of the four Bowater mills in North America that together constitute about sixty percent of the assets of the world-wide Bowater Organization.

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BOOK REVIEWS by D. Kermode Parr

SPEECHES OF ANGUS L. MACDONALD. Longmans, Green and Company, Toronto. $5.50.

Lord Beaverbrook advised the students at the University of New Brunswick: "Learn to speak . . . If you want to learn to speak, you must study speakers."*

To learn how an orator works on men and women by voice, emphasis, timing, facial expression and all the factors that make up a good speech delivered face to face with an audience, one must of course be in the meeting. But for careful study of choice of words, arrangement of material, prose rhythm and cadence, effective presentation of argument or exposition, printed speeches of great speakers are most valuable examples. This selection of speeches made by the late Angus L. Macdonald, for so long Premier of Nova Scotia, should be on the bookshelves of every student of the art of speaking.

It is also a very interesting book that ranges over a variety of topics from the desperate perils of the war at sea to the qualities of the poet Burns, from a Nova Scotian view of Confederation to a tribute to Flora Macdonald. As Chief Justice J. L. Ilsley puts it in his Foreword: "The speeches here collected show a deep and understanding interest by Angus L. in a wide range of matters. No one can read them without being impressed by his versatility. Nor can one fail to admire the high literary quality of the speeches."

As in all good speeches, a strong personality makes itself evident. In the brief biographical note at the beginning of the volume, Senator T. A. Crerar says: "He possessed a very attractive personality. In some magnetic fashion he drew people to him. They might differ with him politically, but they liked him. Though he was a sincere Roman Catholic, some of his warmest supporters and most ardent admirers were Scotch Presbyterians . . . In his mental make-up he combined strong intelligence with a fine imaginative power, both under the control of a practical, sound common sense."

There are many passages in these speeches with a splendid poetry of language. Consider the peroration of the report to the House of Commons on the war at sea, accompanying the naval estimates of April 1945.

Our men have fought on every sea of the world. They have brought honour and glory to this land. They have been actors in a great drama that now seems to be drawing steadily, inexorably to its close. Soon they will come back—those who are left—back over the great oceans where their laurels and honours have been gathered. They will come back to knit up the ravelled fabric of their lives, and some of them will dwell far from the element that was once their home and their battleground. Yet so long as memory lasts the recollection of these great days will be with them, and along with the consciousness of duty done they will carry in their hearts for ever the image of a gallant ship and the spell of the great sea.

There are twenty speeches in this 200-page book, all of them appropriate in matter and felicitous in phrase.

SIX SALMON RIVERS AND ANOTHER by George Frederick Clarke. Herbert Jenkins Ltd. (Great Britain) and Brunswick Press Ltd. (Canada). $5.

The six rivers on which Dr. Clarke has enjoyed the angling experiences so vividly described in this book are New Brunswick waters: the Main Southwest Miramichi, the St. John River, the Restigouche, the Kedgwick, the Tobique and the Upsalquitch. On all of them he has found, mystically, "another" river, the River of Contentment.

This is a book that will delight all those addicted to fly-fishing, which takes in a considerable proportion of the population of Canada, especially in these Atlantic Provinces. If you are one of those, however, who scarcely distinguish a salmon reel from a highland reel and guess vaguely when you see the term Silver Doctor that he must be some sort of specialized metallurgist, you will still find enchantment in these pages. Readers of *The Atlantic Advocate* need no introduction to George Frederick Clarke, archaeologist, historian, angler and poet. They will expect to find in his latest book a variety of narrative and description, and they will not be disappointed.

There is all through it an appreciative understanding and love of all nature, as when he delights in "the Kingfisher poised on the high limb of a tree that bends over the water; in its sudden plunge into the pellucid depths after a small fish; in the Osprey circling on tireless wings far overhead . . ." or sees "a doe deer—her hide, this season of the year, as red as that of a fox—emerge from the forest, pause and look to right and left to see if an enemy—human or otherwise—is near, and, assured of her safety, step daintily over the cobbles to within a couple of yards of the water, where she again pauses to gaze on every side. I am fascinated by her deliberate movements. Now she turns her graceful head towards the forest. She gives her tail a few hurried flips and presently a young fawn—its red coat dotted with large white spots—appears and minces its way over the rocks to her side."

There are legends gathered from the people who live beside the rivers. Did you know that in 1913 a Viking ship was seen being rowed down the Shiktahawk where that tributary joins the St. John River?

Some of the yarns scattered through the book have an uproarious humour, usually expressed in the picturesque speech of the guides who so often have a natural gift for telling a tale. "You remember that New York millionaire woman . . . that had that nice set of camps . . . when she was huntin' with me up Big Clearwater, she shot a four-hundred-pound bear . . ." It was taken to New York for stuffing and later shipped back to the camp, where it stood on the front porch. There . . . but you can read it for yourself when you get the book.

Six Salmon Rivers and Another by its timely appearance may solve very many problems in the selection of Christmas gifts.

THE MACKENZIE KING RECORD. Volume I, 1939-44. By J. W. Pickersgill. University of Toronto Press. $11.50.

This is not, of course, a regional book, though it may be noted that for a brief period in his career Mackenzie King represented a Prince Edward Island constituency, and the author, J. W. Pickersgill, is at the moment politically a Newfoundlander. It is brought to attention here as a work that will be regarded as essential in the study of the history of Canada in recent decades.

It is a big book of more than seven hundred pages, accurately described by the publishers when they say: "In this volume, William Lyon Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada for 25 years, tells in his own words of his activities in public life and the events of the momentous years from 1939 to 1944, as recorded in his personal diary. Mr. J. W. Pickersgill has provided a narrative framework."

The Prime Minister kept a voluminous diary, dictating it day by day, intended to form a record from which he could "recount and explain his conduct of public affairs" and it is largely by selection of passages from this material that Mr. Pickersgill has, he tells us in the preface, made up this volume. We have Mackenzie King himself making known to us who said what to him, what he himself thought and said, and what decisions were reached.

To quote the publishers again: "Of all the personalities in these engrossing pages, that of Mr. King remains probably the most provocative and perplexing." In spite of being printed on a book jacket, those are apt and precise words.

* *The Atlantic Advocate*, November, 1960: "Names and Faces".

A GIFT THAT KEEPS ON GIVING

A Financial Review by MAXIMUS

As the Yule season approaches, many are undecided as to what to give to whom. Some have solved this problem in the past and many will solve it this year, by giving stocks and/or bonds as Christmas presents. For the person who has everything, for a relative either near or distant upon whom you wish to bestow a gift, be it large or small, securities could be the ideal choice.

They may be acquired in varying dollar amounts, and of course such a gift will have the further value of earning income for the recipient and of possibly establishing a basis on which he or she may build an investment portfolio.

An individual may give any number of individuals a gift of $1,000, or any one individual a gift of up to $4,000 in any one year without becoming liable for gift taxes. Those persons contemplating a gift of major proportions would be well advised to check with their auditors before so doing.

Theoretically there are hundreds of different securities which could be chosen as a gift.

Canada Savings Bonds, as mentioned last month, have again been made available to the public, by the Government of Canada. The bonds are redeemable at any time at their full face value and this year are available in denominations of from $50 to $10,000. They must be registered in the holder's name. The 1960 series matures in 1970 and if held until then yields 4.71 per cent. Canada Savings Bonds are the top security in Canada, being a direct obligation of the government, and carrying the feature of redemption at any time at full face value.

Those wishing to give a seasoned mutual fund, thereby spreading the risk inherent in investing over a range of eighty-five to ninety different securities, could well consider shares of Canada's original mutual fund, **Canadian Investment Fund.** This company was established in 1932 and its assets now total over $120 million. There are over 24,000 individual shareholders.

When purchasing a mutual fund, diversification of risk and capable management are being sought. In purchasing Canadian Investment Fund, participation in the bulk of Canada's leading corporations is acquired and the management services of Calvin Bullock Ltd. of New York are obtained.

C. I. F. is generally considered to be one of the more conservative funds. Dividends have been paid continuously since inception and the indicated 1960 rate is thirty-six cents. The day to day price of the shares fluctuates as the value of the individual bonds and shares in the portfolio moves up and down. Because of the diversity of the holdings, and because of the constant supervision of management, the price swings in the past have not been as pronounced as those of the various stock market indices. The current price of C. I. F. is approximately $9.40 and the indicated yield at this level is 3.8 per cent.

The recipients of shares in the **Nova Scotia Light and Power Company** will receive a return of approximately 3.75 per cent and could expect to see their gift grow in value over the years. The common stock (many times reviewed and mentioned in these columns) is considered by many to be extremely attractive at current price levels.

As a result of rate increases granted about two years ago, anticipated savings due to the recently opened "grid" system, and very capable management, earnings have been, and are expected to continue, growing. A net profit of ninety-three

cents per share for the first nine months of 1960, was recently reported, which further substantiates the forecasts of $1.20 to $1.30 per share, made earlier. If these earnings materialize it would not be inconsistent to expect an increase in the annual dividend to be announced in 1961. Sixty cents per share is being paid annually at the present time.

The Nova Scotia Light and Power common stock is currently available at about $16 per share. The stock may be registered, and of course is negotiable on the signature of the registered owner.

In May of 1959 the common stock of the progressive food chain of **Steinbergs** was reviewed, and the conclusion drawn was "commitments in the stock are not particularly recommended at current levels" ($30 to $32). In June of that same year the stock traded at $35 and then began a downward trend similar to most of the other industry equities. It is currently available at $19 per share.

The physical growth of Steinbergs continues to be impressive. In 1958, sixty-six stores were in operation and total sales were $150 million. Through acquisition of other chains, and a constant building programme, by 1959-1960, 123 stores were owned and sales were $238 million.

Because of the rapid expansion of plant, net profit per dollar of sales declined during the latest fiscal period to 1.36 cents as compared to 1.9 cents for the year previous. This will be remedied as the consolidation programme is implemented, and as it is, the stock should strengthen.

A dividend of forty cents per share is currently being paid, and shares of this company may be acquired for those whose main objective would be capital gain.

The common shares of the **St. Lawrence Corporation** return almost 6 per cent, and as well possess capital appreciation possibilities. This stock could be considered as a gift to someone requiring perhaps more emphasis on the income to be received from it than other qualities it may possess.

This fully integrated pulp and paper company is enjoying a successful year. Nine-month figures, recently released, indicate that sales increased 25,000 tons over the same period in 1959. The company earned $1.08 per share as compared with .77 per share last year. Factors contributing to the more favourable showing would be: an increased demand for newsprint, the decrease in the premium of the Canadian dollar, and the more complete integration of the Hinde and Dauche operation which was acquired in 1959.

The company is aggressive, follows a liberal dividend policy (currently one dollar per share per year), and the stock should do well over the coming years. Approximate price is $17 per share.

From the Yacht Clubs

by NAUTILUS

WITH THE APPROACH of the Christmas season most of us are wondering what to obtain for husband or wife. If he is a boat-owner, girls, why not something along the nautical line? There is always some item of equipment that is needed, and a marine gift at Christmas seems to hurry along the next yachting season.

The gift possibilities are endless. If in doubt check with a close friend who is a yachtsman. Certainly seek advice where equipment requirements vary according to the type and size of boat or where standards have been set, particularly in the field of safety equipment.

With safety equipment, the possibilities include approved life-rings and cushions, a properly stocked first-aid kit, and fire extinguishers. All boats need lights of one kind or another. Perhaps a set of running lights, a masthead light or a spotlight might be the answer. Be sure the one you select matches the electrical system on the boat. A good, battery-operated hand spotlight has many uses on a boat, the dinghy or the family car. Then too, kerosene lamps in attractive, nautical designs are available for auxiliary cabin lighting.

The range in instruments is sufficient to gladden any yachtsman's eye. Compasses, chronometers, barometers, clocks, instruments recording wind velocities and water depths, speedometers, parallel rules and protractors are but a few of those available. A transistor radio will be a popular addition on the boat and will also be useful in the home or cottage.

Christmas is an excellent time for additions to the galley. Need some new dishes, salt and pepper shakers, glasses with a nautical emblem, or ash trays? Give them to the captain and solve your problems!

Marine hardware is always a good possibility, both for the yacht and dinghy. Cleats, chocks and mooring bitts are only a few items in this class. If you have a small dinghy, lifting handles will be very useful as will a solid, light-weight boarding ladder.

For those of us who have to suffer through several long, winter months between boating seasons, some gifts for the home with a nautical touch will be most appreciated. These could include floor mats for the front stoop, lights for outside the house or garage or a desk pen and pencil set. To while away the winter evenings how about a good book on yachting or yacht maintenance? A number are available through book stores and publishing houses.

If you are really perceptive, you can look ahead to fitting-out time. Does your sailor need wrenches, chisels, screwdrivers, or perhaps a good tool box for the boat? A kit of paint brushes, sandpaper, paint and varnish will be as practical as any gift you can name.

☆ ☆ ☆

Two new charts, No. 4347, "Shut-in Island to Pope's Harbour" and No. 4364, "Beaver Harbour" are now available from the Canadian Hydrographic Service, 249 Queen Street, Ottawa. The price is one dollar per copy.

☆ ☆ ☆

Yacht clubs throughout the Atlantic Provinces are now swinging into the winter season. Thanksgiving and Hallowe'en parties and dances are over and Christmas and New Year celebrations are ahead. Social activities will be main events in club calendars during the next few months.

☆ ☆ ☆

The 1960 yachting season has passed into history. It has been, in most respects, a highly successful year. More boat-owners than ever took to the water, clubs and marinas were added and improved, and boating came into its own as a major leisure-time activity in these provinces by the sea. As its popularity grows and the traffic on our waterways increases, so grows the responsibility of every operator of a boat. If we make no other resolution let's resolve to make 1961 the best and safest season on record.

And so to you all, a joyous Christmas. May 1961 bring you fair winds and safe anchorages.

Atlantic Calendar

Submissions for this column should be addressed to the Calendar Editor, and should come from the president, secretary or chairman of the event.

ART

NOVA SCOTIA

DECEMBER

5–17 **International Prints,** City of Halifax Art Museum.

19–Jan. 14 **Alberta Society of Artists,** City of Halifax Art Museum.

FEBRUARY

13–25 **Maritime Art Association** annual exhibition, City of Halifax Art Museum.

25–Mar. 11 **UNESCO watercolours** City of Halifax Art Museum.

APRIL

3–15 Exhibition, **sketches and small paintings** City of Halifax Art Museum.

YEAR ROUND

City of Halifax Art Museum, Memorial Library, Halifax.

NEW BRUNSWICK

FEBRUARY

17 Robert Rowe of Leeds, **lecture on early English watercolours,** University of New Brunswick, Fredericton.

YEAR ROUND

Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton: British, Canadian paintings; English porcelain. Hours: 3-5; 7-10 p.m., daily.

Owens Gallery, Mount Allison School of Fine Arts, Sackville. Exhibition hours, 9 a.m.—4.30 p.m. Monday—Friday; 9 a.m.—noon, Saturday; 2—5 p.m. one Sunday per month after opening of exhibition.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

YEAR ROUND

Robert Harris Memorial Art Gallery, Charlottetown.

DRAMATICS

NEW BRUNSWICK

DECEMBER

1 Canadian Players, **The Tempest,** Moncton.

5 Canadian Players, **The Tempest,** Edmundston.

NEWFOUNDLAND

DECEMBER

2 Canadian Players, **The Tempest,** St. John's.

3 Canadian Players, **Caucasian Chalk Circle,** St. John's.

HOLIDAYS

GENERAL

Dec. 25	Christmas Day
Dec. 26	Boxing Day
Jan. 1	New Year's Day
Feb. 15	Ash Wednesday
March 31	Good Friday
April 1	Passover begins
April 2	Easter Sunday
April 3	Easter Monday

NEWFOUNDLAND

March 17 St. Patrick's Day

MEETINGS

NOVA SCOTIA

JANUARY

23–26 **Canadian Electrical Association,** Halifax.

MUSIC

NOVA SCOTIA

DECEMBER

1 **Camilla Williams,** soprano, Halifax.

3 **Camilla Williams** soprano, Pictou.

JANUARY

9 **Thomas Brockman,** pianist, Halifax.

18 **Margaret Ann Ireland,** pianist, Acadia University, Wolfville.

FEBRUARY

20 **David Abel,** violinist, Dartmouth.

21 **Nina Dova,** soprano-guitarist, Windsor.

23 **David Abel,** Bridgetown.

26 Canadian Opera Company, **Orpheus in the Underworld,** Acadia University, Wolfville.

MARCH

4 **Cassado and Hara,** cellist, pianist, Halifax.

6 **The Theatremen,** male octet and soprano, Sydney.

7 **The Theatremen,** Pictou.

8 **The Theatremen,** Bridgewater.

9 **The Theatremen,** Bridgetown.

11 **The Theatremen,** Windsor.

13 **The Theatremen,** Dartmouth.

APRIL

13 **Mary McMurray** mezzo-soprano, Bridgewater.

13 **Florence Kopleff,** contralto, Dartmouth.

20 **Charles O'Neill,** tenor, Pictou.

27–May 6 **Cape Breton Competitive Festival of Music, Speech, Drama;** Sydney.

NEW BRUNSWICK

JANUARY

11 **Thomas Brockman,** pianist, Saint John.

13 **Thomas Brockman,** pianist, Edmundston

16 **Thomas Brockman,** pianist, Campbellton.

25 Canadian Opera Company, **Orpheus in the Underworld,** Mount Allison University, Sackville.

FEBRUARY

2 **New Brunswick Chamber Group,** University of New Brunswick, Fredericton.

6 **Nina Dova,** soprano-guitarist, Edmundston.

8 **Donald Bell,** baritone, Mount Allison University, Sackville.

8 **Nina Dova,** Grand Falls.

15 **David Abel,** violinist, St. Stephen.

27 **Cassado and Hara,** cellist and pianist, Saint John.

28 **Cassado and Hara,** cellist and pianist, Fredericton.

MARCH

1 **The Theatremen,** male octet and soprano, St. Stephen.

1 **Oranim Zabar,** Israeli folksong group, Mount Allison University, Sackville.

2 **Cassado and Hara,** cellist, pianist, Moncton.

9 **Nina Dova,** soprano-guitarist, Newcastle.

15 **The Theatremen,** Newcastle.

17 **The Theatremen,** Grand Falls.

18 **The Theatremen,** Campbellton.

20 **The Theatremen,** Edmundston.

APRIL

11 **Mary McMurray,** soprano, Fredericton.

18 **Charles O'Neill,** tenor, Grand Falls.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

FEBRUARY

11 **Nina Dova,** soprano-guitarist, Charlottetown.

MARCH

4 **The Theatremen,** male octet and soprano, Charlottetown.

APRIL

22 **Charles O'Neill,** tenor, Charlottetown.

MUSEUMS, PARKS

NOVA SCOTIA

Port Royal National Historic Park: "The Habitation". Reconstruction of DeMonts-Champlain fort of 1605. Hours: to June 1, 9 a.m.—noon, 1.30—5 p.m.; June, September, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.; July, August, 9 a.m.—9 p.m.; Sunday 2—5 p.m.

Fort Anne National Historic Park, Annapolis Royal. Earthwork fortifications, historical library, museum, military instruments, pioneers' effects. Hours to June 1, 9 a.m.—noon, 1.30—5 p.m.; June, September, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.; July, August, 9 a.m.—9 p.m.; Sunday, 2—5 p.m.

Grand Pré National Historic Park. Site of Acadian village 1680-1755, site of Longfellow's Evangeline. Replica chapel, museum, Acadian relics, French willows, gardens. Hours, June 5—September 15, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.

Fortress of Louisbourg National Historic Park. Ruins of walled city, military-naval station 1745-1760, museum. Hours, 9.30 a.m.—5 p.m.; Sunday, 2.30—5 p.m.

Cape Breton Highlands National Park. Cabot Trail, natural scenery, recreations, camping. Open year round.

Alexander Graham Bell Museum, Baddeck. Mementoes, models for experiments, aeronautics, teaching deaf, hydrofoil craft, sound recording, medicine, genetics, photophone, telephone. Hours, to June 15, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.; June 15—September 16, 9 a.m.—9 p.m.; Sunday, holidays, 2—7 p.m.

Giant MacAskill-Highland Folk Pioneers Museum, St. Anne's. Implements, utensils of giant, early pioneers. Hours, May 24—October 15, 8 a.m.—6 p.m. Closed Sunday.

Wildlife Park, Shubenacadie. Hours, 8 a.m.—sunset.

La Vieille Maison, Meteghan. Old Acadian home, early furnishings. Hours, August, 1.30—5 p.m.

Cleveland House, Wolfville. Art exhibits, historic relics. Hours, July 1—August 31, 2—5.30 p.m.

Fort Edward Blockhouse, Windsor, 1750. June 1—September 30.

Public Gardens, Halifax. Rare flowers, plants, birds.

Victoria Park, Truro. Natural scenery, camping, swimming. Hours, 8 a.m. —midnight.

Ross Thompson House, Shelburne, 1784. Loyalist relics. July 1—September 5, 10 a.m.—noon, 2—5 p.m.

DesBrisayMuseum,Bridgewater. Indian relics, sea curiosities, coins, settlers' effects. Hours, July 1—September 5, 10 a.m.—noon, 2—5 p.m.; Saturday 7—9 p.m.

Ovens Natural Park, Rose Bay. Gold pits, caverns. May—October.

Sunrise Trail Museum, Tatamagouche. Local relics, colonial to confederation. Hours, June 15—September 7, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.; Sunday 1—5.30 p.m.

Mining Museum, Stellarton. July—September.

Halifax Citadel National Historic Park. Hilltop fortress 1828-56, earlier fortifications from 1749, Old Town Clock 1803, Army, Navy, Provincial museums.

Maritime Museum of Canada, nautical relics. Hours 9 a.m.—5 p.m.

Experimental Farm, Kentville. Crop experiments, ornamental gardening, bees, poultry, livestock, picnic grounds. Hours 2—7 p.m.

Experimental Farm, Nappan. Hours 8.30 a.m.—5 p.m. Picnic grounds, to 9 p.m.

Uniacke House, Mount Uniacke. Colonial-style country home, 1813, original furnishings. Hours, June 1—September 30, 9.30 a.m.—5.30 p.m.

Clifton Haliburton Memorial Museum, Windsor. Home of Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick stories, 1835, furnishings of period, gardens. Hours, June 1—September 30, 9.30 a.m.—5.30 p.m.

Perkins House, Liverpool. Home of diarist Simeon Perkins, 1762. Hours June 1—September 30, 9.30 a.m.—5.30 p.m.

Nova Scotia Museum of Science, Halifax. Exhibits, planetarium. Hours, 9 a.m. —5 p.m.; Saturday, 10 a.m.—5 p.m.; Sunday, 2.15—4.30 p.m.; one evening per week 7—9 p.m.

Province House, Halifax. Seat of Government, portraits, library. Hours, 8.30 a.m.—5 p.m. Monday—Friday.

Public Archives of Nova Scotia, Dalhousie University campus, Halifax. Historic museum with archives, art gallery, library. Hours, 9 a.m.—5 p.m. Monday—Friday.

City of Halifax Art Museum, Memorial Library, Halifax.

Yarmouth County Historical Society Museum, Yarmouth. Hours, from July 1, 2—5 p.m. Closed Sunday.

NEW BRUNSWICK

New Brunswick Museum, Saint John. Antiquities, marine collection, military uniforms, weapons, pioneers' effects, Indian relics, natural history, Canadian art, library. Hours, 2—5 p.m. except Monday.

Fort Beauséjour, Aulac. Site of French, English forts, earthworks, museum, military relics. Hours, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.; Sunday, June, September, 9 a.m.—9 p.m.; Sunday, July, August, 2—9 p.m.

Miramichi Natural History Museum, Chatham.

York-Sunbury Historical Museum, Officers' Square, Fredericton. Military, pioneer relics. Hours, 10 a.m.—noon, 2 p.m.—5 p.m.

Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton (see Art).

Owens Gallery, Mount Allison School of Fine and Applied Arts, Sackville.

Martello Tower, Lancaster. Fortification 1812-14, museum.

Parliament Building, Fredericton. Seat of Government, portraits, **Legislative Library,** Audubon books.

Fundy National Park, Albert County. Recreations, camping, golf, swimming, handicrafts school.

Agricultural Research Station, Fredericton. Crop, livestock experiments, picnic area, ornamental grounds. Hours, May—October, 8 a.m.—sunset.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

P.E.I. National Park, Cavendish. Recreations, camping, golf, swimming, boating, angling, deep-sea fishing.

Garden of the Gulf Museum, Montague. Pioneer relics.

Provincial Building, Charlottetown. Confederation Chamber, site of preliminary conference, 1864, seat of Provincial Government.

Robert Harris Memorial Art Gallery, Charlottetown.

Green Gables, Cavendish. Farm house made famous by L. M. Montgomery.

Woodleigh Replicas, Kensington. Model churches, castles, houses. Hours, Monday—Saturday 8 a.m. —10 p.m.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Confederation Building, St. John's. Seat of Government, government offices.

Newfoundland Museum, St. John's. Indian relics, Eskimo artifacts, industrial exhibits, ship models, military relics, fort models. Hours, 10 a.m.—12.30 p.m.; 2.30—5 p.m. Closed Sunday, holidays.

Terra Nova National Park, Bonavista South.

Signal Hill National Historic Park, St. John's. Cabot tower, Marconi Monument, fortifications.

OTHER EVENTS

NOVA SCOTIA

DECEMBER

2, 5, 6 **Prof. P. N. S. Mansergh,** Reid lectures on South Africa, Acadia University, Wolfville.

FEBRUARY

17 **Charles T. Hotchkiss,** Audubon lecture on Grand Teton National Park, Acadia University, Wolfville.

LETTERS (*Continued from page 8*)
record of the Indians having used this site for burial purposes after this time. It was some time shortly before 1794 that the Maliseets sold this chapel lot, and it passed permanently out of Indian hands.

GEORGE MACBEATH
Curator,
Department of Canadian History,
The New Brunswick Museum,
Saint John, N.B.

Art Auction

Sir:

It is my pleasure on behalf of the Women's Committee of the Saint John Symphony Orchestra Association to thank you for the very fine support given through the *Advocate* to the recent art auction sponsored by them.

We feel the publicity given through the articles in the *Advocate* reached many who otherwise would not have known about our art auction.

I am sure you will be pleased to know that it was a most successful venture.

NINA K. MILLER
Corresponding Secretary,
519 Earle Avenue,
Lancaster, N.B.

Best Canadian Publication

Sir:

The Atlantic Advocate is warmly received at my office each month. I find it to be the best Canadian publication we have and rates with the best on this continent.

Having lived in Fredericton and sold the Fredericton *Gleaner* on the streets there when a lad, my heart and memory are fresh to the greatness of the Maritime Provinces and the determination of its peoples to secure the best there is for the youth in educational facilities; may they ever succeed in producing many of the "greats" of our Canada.

Every Maritimer should be a subscriber of this excellent magazine.

W. CARLETON WHITESIDE, M.D.
415 Medical Arts Building,
1105 Pandora at Cook,
Victoria, B.C.

Generating Equipment

Sir:

A copy of your September, 1960, issue has come into my hands. I was interested in the photograph on page 50, showing generating equipment owned by the Nova Scotia Light and Power Company in 1910. The caption implies that this equipment served the ordinary commercial and residential customers of the company in Halifax. The picture shows three motor-generator sets, which used an alternating-current motor to drive a direct-current generator. This equipment is producing direct current for the street railway system only, with perhaps a little being sold for public elevator hoists.

Incidentally, I believe that at least one of the pictured sets was still in use as recently as 1947.

IVAN C. SMITH
Gallatin Hall D-25,
Boston 63, Mass.

United Appeals

Sir:

In the item about women and the United Appeals in Round and About in the October issue, mention might have been made of Mrs. Gladys Kennedy of Halifax, who had directed the United Appeal here since 1925.

Mrs. Kennedy died in October, and *The Chronicle-Herald* in an editorial about the growth of the Halifax appeal stated: "Much of this progress would not have been possible, however, without the efforts of the pioneers, one of whom was Mrs. Gladys H. Kennedy, who served as Executive Secretary from 1925 to 1953. During her tenure of office, the number of participating agencies rose from 11 to 18, the amount sought from $56,000 to the $155,000 of her last campaign, that of 1952.

"Working with the part-time help of a stenographer, Mrs. Kennedy served her community well. Her death last week was yet another reminder of how much we owe to the public spirited people of her kind."

DOUGLAS H. MAHON
Halifax, N.S.

I AM KIND TO ANIMALS

A moth,
White fingers, softly scratching at my window-pane,
Beating its head
With a muffled, snowball thud
Again and again on the unseen glass.
    Poor thing, I think,
It will get a headache,
Or dent its beaten-copper eyes.
    So, laying down my pen,
I open the window.
In a roaring flutter
The moth enters,
And in little loops
Threshes up the whitened walls,
Constantly colliding with its shadow
On the false-sky ceiling.
Now, turning towards the light,
It slams and slams again into the hot bulb,
Fluttering down, stalling, with burned antennae,
Only to rise and stagger madly
Round the lamp again.
    There can only be one end
To that suicidal career,
Unless I stop it.
    So, putting down my pen again,
I give chase,
Cupping my hands,
Like old two-spoon tea-strainers.
The ink spills on the table,
And the lamp rocks perilously,
But I have the moth
Safe, trembling within my grasp.
Carefully I put it outside
Upon the window-sill,
And, quickly, close the window
On my finger.
    And, as I watch,
The white form,
Vibrating into grey,
Takes off from the edge,
And rises, dwindling,
Like a solitary snowflake
Lit in my window-beam —
Till it disappears, suddenly,
Into the maw
Of a silent, swooping black bat.
    I am kind to animals.
I have done my best,
And am glad.
    That bat must have been
Hungry.

RALPH A. LEWIN

NEWPORT RECTORY
(before restoration, 1958)

Square head nails,
Crown glass panes,
Live-cut floors,
Hand-hewn beams,
Draughty open grates,
Many-panelled doors,
Solid to the core.

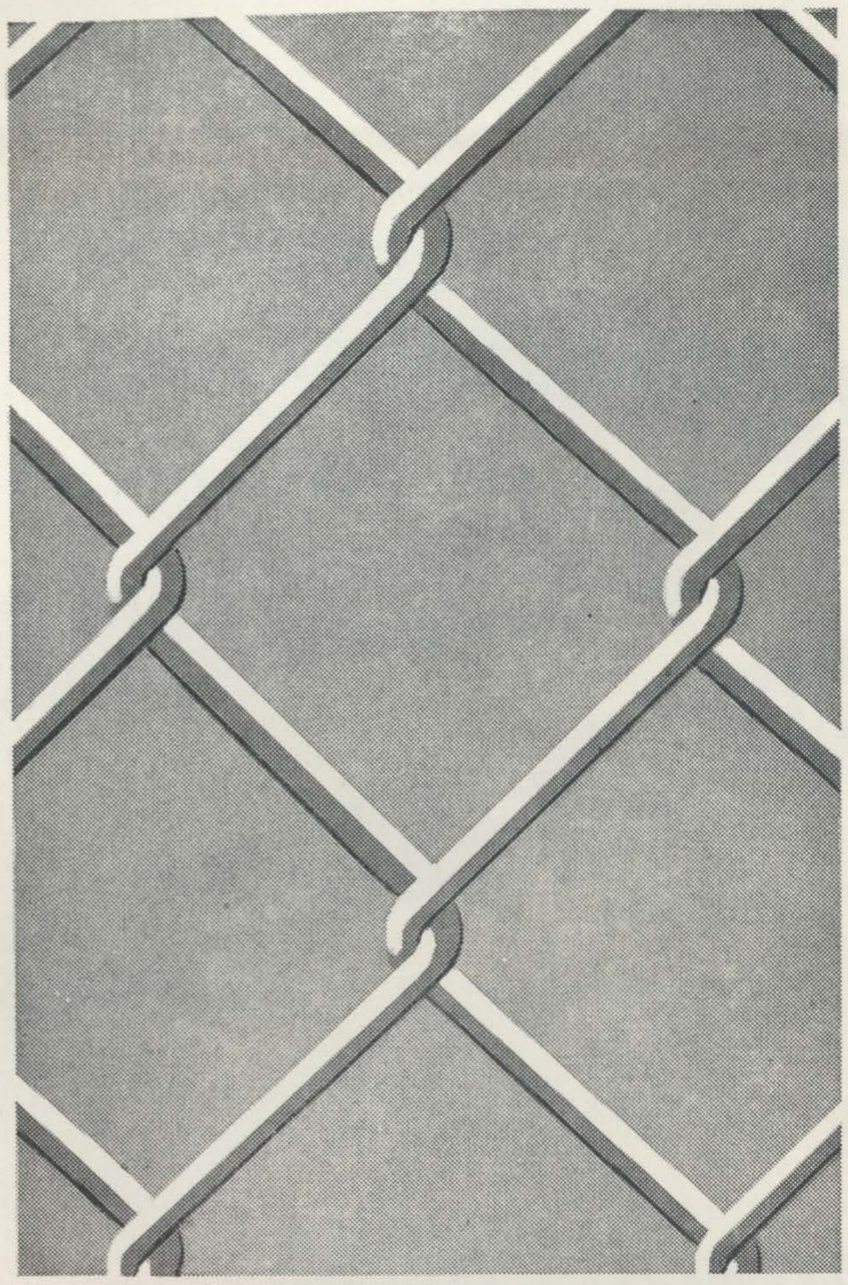
The very finest once—
But not any more.

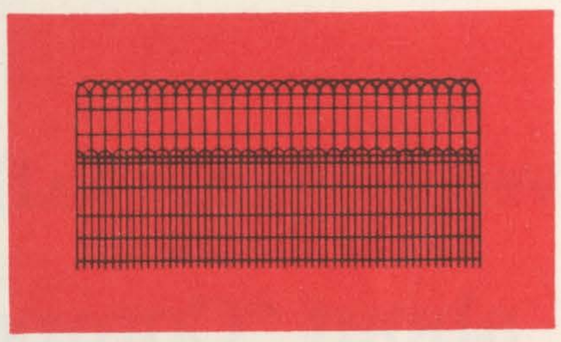
F. W. THIRKELL

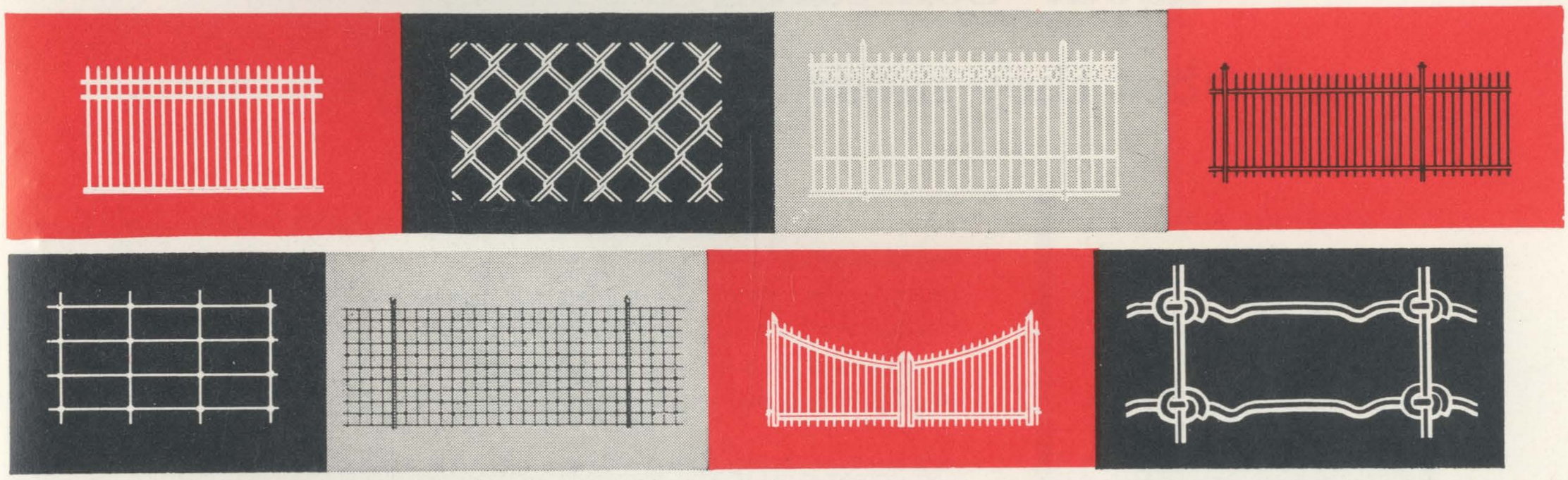
IN NOVA SCOTIA

The road goes winding—twisting—
  Turning right, turning left,
Seeking the most comfortable way
  Up the hills, round the inlets,
On, on for mile upon mile,
  Procrastinating through small villages,
Rumbling over bridges to enter
  Towns, neat towns, sprawling towns
Going about their business
  Unaware of their neighbours' rhythm.
Sunlight on water—shadow of mountain—
  Weaving, the road journeys on.

R. M. HENDERSON







DOSCO DOES IT...

makes steel products of many kinds
including a complete range of Steel Fencing...

DOSCO produces all types of fencing for home, industry, the institution and farm...chain link, farm, lawn and steel picket fence, with all fittings, gates and supports to provide protection. DOSCO will install a complete security system, custom-made to your requirements.

DOMINION STEEL AND COAL CORPORATION, LIMITED

MEMBER OF THE A. V. ROE CANADA GROUP

STEEL MAKING: ingots, blooms, billets, rails, angles, bars

FABRICATED STEEL PRODUCTS: forgings, bolts, screws, wire, nails, reinforcing bars, pipe, wire mesh, fencing

MINING: iron ore, limestone, coal

STEEL STRUCTURES: bridges, buildings, towers, ship and ship repairs, railway cars, machinery, etc.

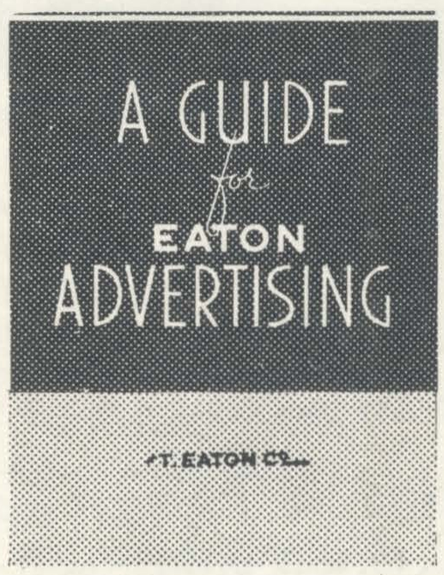
Clearance! Reg. 9.95 to 15.00

Manufacturer's Clearance! Much Below Usual Price!

Half Price! Reg. 13.95 to 24.50

Half Usual Price! Ordinarily 4.98!

Let's have a frank talk about "Comparative Prices"... and what they mean in EATON advertising!



This is the text-book that guides our advertising writers in everything they say about our merchandise. It lays down hard-and-fast rules against exaggeration and misrepresentation, helps us to keep our advertising accurate and true!

Comparative prices are common currency in advertising. They're expressed in many ways, in terms like "Regularly"–"Ordinarily"–"Originally"–"Made to sell for"–"Worth twice the price"–and so on . . . phrases that are sometimes meaningful, sometimes misleading, often hard to prove or understand.

WE WANT OUR CUSTOMERS TO KNOW HOW WE AT EATON'S USE COMPARATIVE PRICES IN OUR ADVERTISING . . . HOW WE LIMIT THEIR USE BY STRICT REGULATIONS TO ENSURE THAT THEIR MEANING WILL BE CONSISTENTLY CLEAR:

✶ When we quote "comparative prices"—that is, compare an Eaton special price with the ordinary price prevailing—a thorough survey is made of the local market, to make certain that *the special price to be quoted is substantially lower than the price at which this article is presently being sold in other stores as well as our own.* Only when this condition
✶ is fulfilled will we quote comparative prices in our advertising.

Whenever we quote a "regular price," we refer to *the last price at which the merchandise was sold at Eaton's*. . . even though that price may have been a reduction of an earlier "regular price." Thus, if we sell an article at 4.95, reduce it to 3.98 and later on reduce it to 2.98—it will be advertised as "Regular 3.98, Special price 2.98."

✶ If we advertise an article "Regular 4.95 Special Price 3.25," we mean that this same article has been selling for some time on our counters for the regular price and has been reduced for some specific reason, which we state—such as "ends of lines" or "broken sizes," or "discontinued styles."

Strict limitation on the use of comparative prices is only one of the many ways by which we maintain our reputation for integrity. We rigidly adhere to a principle of clarity, truth and accuracy in every phase of our advertising for ABOVE ALL THINGS WE VALUE YOUR CONFIDENCE. Therefore we stick to this simple, straight-forward rule:

EATON ADVERTISING MUST MEAN WHAT IT SAYS AND SAY WHAT IT MEANS